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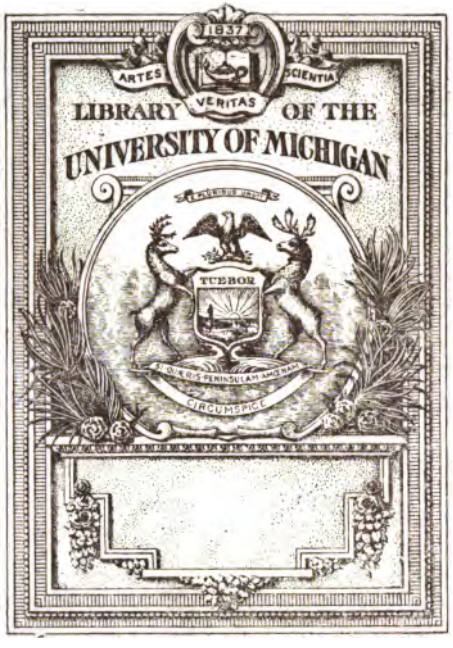
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OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

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AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

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The Monthly Packet.

JULY, 1890.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MINSTREL KING'S COURT.

'Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumph hold,
With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while all contend
To win her grace whom all commend.'—*L'Allegro.*

THE whole of the two Courts had to be received in the capital of Lorraine in full state under the beautiful old gateway, but as mediæval pageants are wearisome matters this may be passed over, though it was exceptionally beautiful and poetic, owing to the influence of King René's taste, and it perfectly dazzled the two Scottish Princesses—though, to tell the truth, they were somewhat disappointed in the personal appearance of their entertainers, who did not come up to their notion of royalty. Their father had been a stately and magnificent man; their mother a beautiful woman. Henry VI. was a tall, well-made, handsome man, with Plantagenet fairness and regularity of feature and a sweetness all his own; but both these kings were, like all the house of Valois, small men with insignificant features and sallow complexions. René, indeed, had something vivid about him that compensated for want of beauty, and Charles had a good-natured, easy, indolent look and gracious smile that gave him an undefinable air of royalty. René's daughters were both very lovely, but their beauty came from the other side of the house, with the blood of Charles the Great, through their mother, the heiress of Lorraine.

There was a curious contrast between the brothers-in-law, when, dismounting at the castle gate, Charles, not disguising his weariness and relief that it was over, and René, eager and anxious, desirous of making all his bewildering multitude of guests as happy as possible,

while the Dauphin Louis stood by, half-interested and amused, half-mocking. He was really fond of his uncle, though in a contemptuous superior sort of manner, despising his religious and honourable scruples as mere simplicity of mind.

René of Anjou has been hardly dealt with, as is often the case with princes, upright, religious, and chivalrous beyond the average of their time; yet without the strength or the genius to enforce their rights and opinions, and therefore thrust aside. After his early unsuccessful wars, his lands of Provence and Lorraine were islands of peace, prosperity, and progress, and withal he was an extremely able artist, musician, and poet, striving to revive the old troubadour spirit of Provence, and everywhere casting about him an atmosphere of refinement and kindliness.

The hall of his 'hôtel' at Nanci was a beautiful place, with all the gorgeous grace of the fifteenth century, and here his guests assembled for supper soon after their arrival, all being placed as much as possible according to rank. Eleanor found herself between a deaf old Church dignitary and Duke Sigismund, on whose other side was Yolande, the Infanta, as the Provençals called the daughters of René; while Jean found the Dauphin on one side of her, and a great French Duke on the other. Louis amused himself with compliments and questions that sometimes nettled her, sometimes pleased her, giving her a sense that he might admire her beauty, but was playing on her simplicity, and trying to make her betray the destitution of her home, and her purpose in coming.

Eleanor, on the other hand, found her Cavalier more simple than herself. In fact, he properly belonged to the Infanta, but she paid no attention to him, nor did the Bishop try to speak to the Scottish Princess. Sigismund's French was very lame, and Eleanor's not perfect, but she had a natural turn for languages, and had, in the convent, picked up some German, which in those days had many likenesses to her own broad Scotch. They made one another out, between the two languages, with signs, smiles, and laughter, and whereas the subleties along the table represented the entire story of Sir Gamain and his Loathly Lady, she contrived to explain the story to him, greatly to his edification; and they went on to King Arthur, and he did his best to narrate the German reading of Sir Parzival. The difficulties engrossed them till the rose water was brought in silver bowls to wash their fingers, on which Sigismund, after observing and imitating the two ladies, remarked that they had no such *Schwärmerei* in Deutschland, and Yolande looked as if she could well believe it, while Elleen, though ignorant of the meaning of his word, laughed and said they had as little in Scotland.

There was still an hour of daylight to come, and moon-rise would not be far off, so that the hosts proposed to adjourn to the garden, where fresh music awaited them.

King René was an ardent gardener, his love of flowers was viewed

as one of his weaknesses, only worthy of an old Abbot, but he went his own way, and the space within the walls of his castle at Nanci was lovely with bright spring flowers, blossoming trees, and green walks, where, as Lady Suffolk said, her grandfather could have mused all day and all night long, to the sound of the nightingales.

But what the sisters valued it for was that they could ramble away together to a stone bench under the wall, and there sit at perfect ease and pour out their hearts to one another. Margaret, indeed, seemed to bask in their presence, and held them as they leant against her as if to convince herself of their reality, and yet she said that they knew not what they did when they put the sea between themselves and Scotland, nor how sick the heart could be for its bonnie hills.

'O gin I could see a mountain top again, I feel as though I could lay me down and die content. What garred ye come daundering to these weary flats of France?'

'Ah, sister, Scotland is not what you mind it when our blessed father lived!'

And they told her how their lives had been spent in being hurried from one prison castle to another.

'Prison castles be not wanting here,' replied Margaret, with a sigh. Then, as Elleen held up a hand in delight at the trill of a neighbouring nightingale, she cried, 'What is yon sing-song, sea-saw, gurgling bird to our own bonnie laverock, soaring away to the sky, without making such a wark of tuning his pipes, and never thinking himself too dainty and tender for a wholesome frost or two! So Jamie sent you off to seek for husbands here, did he? Couldna ye put up with a leal Scot like Glenuskie there.'

'There were too many of them,' said Jean.

'And not ower leal either,' said Eleanor.

'Lealty is a rare plant ony gate,' sighed Margaret, 'and where sae little is recked of our Scots royalty, mayhap ye'll find that tocherless lasses be less sought for than at hame. Didna I see theo, Elleen, clavering with that muckle Archduke that nane can talk with?'

'Aye,' said Eleanor.

'He is come here a courting Madame Yolande, with her father's good will, for Alsace and Tyrol be his, mountains that might be in our ain Hielands, they tell me.'

'Methought,' said Eleanor, 'she scunnered from him, as Jeanie does at—shall I say whom?'

'And reason gude,' said Margaret. 'She has a joe of her ain, County Ferrand de Vaudémont, that is the heir male of the line, and a gallant laddie. At the great joust the morn, methinks ye'll see what may well be sung by minstrels, and can scarce fail to touch the heart of a true troubadour as is my good uncle René.'

Margaret became quite animated, and her sisters pressed her to tell them if she knew of any secret; but she playfully shook her head, and said that if she did know, she would not mar the romaunt that

was to be played out before them. 'Nay,' said Eleanor, 'we have a romaunt of our own. May I tell, Jeanie?'

'Who recks?' replied Jean, with a little toss of her head.

Thus Eleanor proceeded to tell her sister what—since the adventure of the goose—had gone far beyond a guess as to the tall, red haired young man at arms who had ridden close behind David Drummond.

'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true,' exclaimed Margaret. 'He loves you so as to follow for weeks, nay, months, in this guise without word or look? O Jeanie, Jeanie, happy lassie, did ye but ken it. Nay, put not on that scornful moue. It sorts you not weel, my bairn! He is of degree befitting a Stewart, and even were he not—oh, sisters, sisters, better to wed with a leal loving soul in ane high peel-tower than to bear a broken heart to a throne!' and she fell into a convulsive fit of choked and bitter weeping, which terrified her sisters.

At the sound of a lute, apparently being brought nearer, accompanied with footsteps, she hastily recovered herself, and rose to her feet, while a smile broke out over her face, as the musician, a slender, graceful figure, appeared on the path in the moonlight. 'Answering the nightingales, Maître Alain,' she said.

'This is the court of nightingales, Madame,' he replied. 'It is presumption to endeavour to rival them, even though the heart be torn like that of Philomel.' Wherewith he touched his lute, and began to sing from his famous idyll—

'En ce plaisant lieu solitaire
Où un doux ventelet venoit,
Si seri qu'on le sentoit
Forsque violette mieux flaire.
De bel et joyeux en esté,
La n'avait-il rien à nefaire,
De tout ce qu'il me peuvent place,
Forsque, Madame, y eust esté.'

Again, as Eleanor heard the sweet strains, and saw the long shadows of the trees, and the light of the rising moon, it was like the attainment of her dreamland; and Margaret proceeded to make known to her sisters Maître Alain Chartier, the prince of song, adding: 'Thou, too, wast a songster, sister Elleen, even while almost a babe. Dost sing as of old?'

'I have brought my father's harp,' said Eleanor.

'Ah! I must hear it,' she cried, with effusion. 'The harp. It will be his voice again.'

'Madame! Madame! Madame la Dauphine. Out here! Ever reckless of dew—aye, and of waur than dew.'

These last words were added in Scotch, as a tall dark-cloaked figure appeared on the scene from between the trees. Margaret laughed with a little annoyance in her tone, as she said, 'Ever my shadow, good Madame! Ever wearying yourself with care! Here, sisters, here is my trusty and well-beloved Dame de Ste. Petronille, who takes such care of me, that she dogs my footsteps like a messan.'

'And reason gude,' replied the lady. 'Here is the muckle hall all alight, and this King René, as they call him, twanging on his lute, and but that the Seigneur Dauphin is talking to the English Lord on some question of Gascon boundaries, we should have him speiring for you. I saw the eye of him roaming after you as it was.'

'His eye seeking me!' cried Margaret, springing up from her languid attitude with a tone like exultation in her voice, such as evoked a low sigh from the old dame, as all began to move towards the castle. She was the widow of a Scot adventurer who had won lands and honours in France; and she was now attached to the service of the Dauphiness—not as her chief lady, that post was held by an old French countess—but still close enough to her to act as her guardian and monitor whenever it was possible to deal with her.

The old lady, in great delight at meeting a compatriot, poured out her confidences to Dame Lilias of Glenuskie. Infinitely grieved and annoyed was she next day when, early as were the ordinary hours of the Court of Nanci, it proved that the Dauphiness had called up her sisters an hour before, and taken them across the chace which surrounded the castle to hear mass at a convent of Benedictine nuns.

It was perfectly safe, though only her two sisters, Annis, a tirewoman, and a page followed the Dauphiness, for the grounds were enclosed, and King René's domains were far better ruled and peaceful than those of the princes who despised him. It was an exquisite spring morning, with grass silvery with dew, and enamelled with flowers, birds singing ecstatically on every branch, squirrels here and there racing up a trunk. Margaret was in joyous spirits and almost danced between her sisters. Eleanor was amazed at the luxuriant beauty of the scene, and could not admire enough. Jean, though at first a little cross at the early summons, could not but be infected with their delight, and the three laughed and frolicked together with almost childish glee in the delight of their content.

The great gentle-eyed, long-horned kine were being driven in at the convent yard to be milked by the lay Sisters; at another entrance, peasants, beggars, and sick were congregating, the bell from the lace-worked spire rang out, and the Dauphiness led the way to the gateway, where, at her knock on the iron-studded door, a lay Sister looked through the wicket.

'Good Sister, here are some early pilgrims to the shrine of St. Scolastique,' she began.

'To the other gate,' said the portress hastily.

Margaret's face twinkled with fun. 'I wad fain take a turn with the beggar crew,' she said to her sisters in Scotch; 'but it might cause too great an outcry, if I were kenned. Commend me to the Mère St. Antoine,' she added in French, 'and tell her that the Dauphiness would fain hear mass with her.'

The portress cast an anxious doubtful glance, but being apparently convinced, cried out for pardon, while hastily unlocking her door, and sending a message to the Abbess.

As they entered the cloistered quadrangle, the nuns in black procession were on their way to mass, but turned aside to receive their visitors. Margaret knelt for a moment for the blessing and kiss of the Abbess, then greeted the nun, whom she had mentioned, but begged for no further ceremony, and then was led into church.

It was a brief festival mass, and was not really over before she, with a restlessness of which her sister began to be conscious, began to rise and make her way out. A nun followed and entreated her to stay and break her fast, but she would accept nothing save a draught of milk, which she swallowed hastily, and with signs of impatience as her sisters took their turn.

She walked quickly rather as one guilty of an escapade, again surprising her sisters, who fancied the liberty of a married princess illimitable.

Jean even ventured to ask her why she went so fast, 'Would the King of France be displeased?'

'He! Poor gude sire Charles! He heeds not what one does, good or bad; no, not the murdering of his minion before his eyes,' said Margaret, half laughing.

'Thy husband, would he be angered?' pressed on Jean.

'My husband? Oh, no, it is not in the depth and greatness of his thoughts to find fault with his poor worm,' said Margaret, a strange look, half of exultation, half of pain, on her face. 'Ah! Jeanie woman, none kens in sooth how great and wise my Dauphin is, nor how far he sees beyond all men around him, so that he cannot choose but scorn them and make them his tools. When he has the power, he will do more for this poor realm of France than any king before him.'

'As our father would have done for Scotland,' said Eleanor. 'Then he tells thee of his plans?'

'Me!' said Margaret, with the suffering look returning, 'how should he talk to me, the muckle uncouth wife that I am, kenning nought but a wheen ballants and romaunts—not even able to give him the heir for whom he longs,' and she wrung her hands together; 'how can I be aught but a pain and grief to him!'

'Nay, but thou lovest him?' said Jean, over simply.

'Lassie!' exclaimed Margaret hotly, 'what thinkest thou I am made of? How should a wife not love her man, the wisest, canniest prince in Christendom, too? Love him? I worship him, as the trouvères say, with all my heart, and wad lay down my life if I could win one kind blink of his eye, and yet—and yet—such a creature am I that I am ever wittingly or unwittingly transgressing these weary rules, and garring him think me a fool, or others report me such,' clenching her hands again.

'Madame de Ste. Petronille?' asked Jean.

'She! Oh, no! She is a true loyal Lindsay, heart and soul, dour and wearisome; but she would guard me from every foe, and most of all, as she is ever telling me, from mine ain self, that is my worst enemy. Only she sets about it in such guise that, for very vexation, I am driven farther! No, it is the Countess de Craylierre, who is for ever spiting me, and striving to put whatever I do in a cruel light, if I dinna walk after her will—hers! As if she could rule a king's daughter.'

And Margaret stamped her foot on the ground, while a hot flush arose in her cheeks. Her sisters, young girls as they were, could not understand her moods, either of wild mirth, eager delight in poetry and music, childish wilfulness and petulant temper or deep melancholy, all coming in turn with feverish alternation and vehemence. As the ladies approached the castle, they were met by various gentlemen, among whom was Maître Alain Chartier, and a bandying of compliments and witticisms began in such rapid French that even Eleanor could not follow it, but there was something in the ring of the Dauphiness's hard laugh that pained her, she knew not why.

At the entrance they found the chief of the party returning from the cathedral where they had heard mass, not exactly in state, but publicly.

'Ha! ha! good daughter,' laughed the king, 'I took thee for a slugabed, but it is by thy errant fashion that thou hast cheated us.'

'I have been to mass at St. Mary's,' returned Margaret, 'with my sisters. I love the early walk across the park.'

'No wonder,' came from between the thin lips of the Dauphin, as his keen little eye fell on Chartier.

Margaret drew herself up and vouchsafed not to reply. Jean marvelled, but Eleanor felt with her, that she was too proud to defend herself from the insult. Madame de Ste. Petronille, however, stepped forward and began: 'Madame la Dauphine loves not attendance. She made her journey alone with Mesdames ses sœurs with no male company, till she reached home.'

But before the first words were well out of the good lady's mouth, Louis had turned away, with an air of the most careless indifference, to a courtier in a long gown, longer shoes, and a jewelled girdle, who became known to the sisters as Messire Jamet de Tillay. Eleanor felt indignant. Was he too heedless of his wife to listen to the vindication?

Madame de Ste. Petronille took the Lady of Glenuskie aside and poured out her lamentations. That was ever the way, she said, the Dauphiness *would* give occasion to slanderers, by her wilful ways, and there were those who would turn all she said or did against her, poisoning the ear of the Dauphin, little as he cared.

'Is he an ill man to her?' asked Dame Lilias, little prepossessed by his looks.

'He! Madame, mind you an auld tale of the Etin wi' no heart in

his body! I verily believe he and his father both were created like that giant. No; that the King is sair to live with either, so that he can eat and drink and daff, and be let alone to take his ease. I have seen him, and my gude man, and them we kenned have marked him this score of years, and whether his kingdom were lost or won, whether his best friends were free or bound, dead or alive, he recks as little as though it were a game of chess, so that he can sit in the ingle neuk at Bourges and toy with Madame de Beauté, shameless limmer that she is, and crack his jests with yon viper, Jamet de Tillay, and the rest of the crew. But he'll let you alone, and has a kindly word for them that don't cross him—and there be those that would go through fire and water for him. He is no that ill! But for his son, he has a sneer and a spite such as never his father had. He is never a one to sit still and let things gang their gate; but he has as little pity or compassion as his father, and if King Charles will not stir a finger to hinder a gruesome deed, Dauphin Louis will not spare to do it so that he can gain by it, and I trow verily that to give pain and sting with that bitter tongue of his is joy to him.'

'Then is there no love between them?'

'Alack, lady, there is love, but 'tis all on one side of the house. I doubt me whether Messire le Dauphin hath it in him to love any living creature. I longed, when I saw your maidens, that my poor lady had been as bonnie as her sister Jean; but mayhap that would not have served her better. If she were as dull as the Duchess of Brittany—who they say can scarce find a word to speak to a stranger at Nantes—she might even anger him less than she does with her wit and her books and her verses, sitting up half the night to read and write rondeaux, forsooth!'

'Her blessed father's own daughter!'

'That may be; but how doth it sort a wife? It might serve here, where every one is mad after poesy, as they call it; but such ways are in no good odour with the French dames, who never put eye to book, pen to paper, nor foot to ground if they can help it; and when she behoves to gang off roaming afoot, as she did this morn, there's no garring the ill-minded carlines believe that there's no ill purpose behind.'

'It is scarce wise.'

'Yet to hear her, 'tis such walking and wearing herself out that keeps the life in her and alone gives her sleep. My puir bairn, worshipping the very ground her man sets foot on, and never getting aught but a gibe or a girn from him, and, for the very wilfulness of her sair heart, ever putting herself further from him!'

Such was the piteous account that Madame de Sainte Petronille (otherwise Dame Elspeth Langley) gave, and which the Lady of Glenuskie soon perceived to be only too true during the days spent at Nanci. To the two young sisters the condition of things were less evident. To Margaret their presence was such sunshine, that

they usually saw her in her highest, most flighty, and imprudent spirits, taking at times absolute delight in shocking her two duennas; and it was in this temper that one hot noon day, coming after an evening of song and music, finding Alain Chartier asleep on a bench in the garden, she declared that she must kiss the mouth from which such sweet strains proceeded, and bending down, imprinted so light a kiss as not to waken him, then turned round, her whole face rippling with silent laughter at the amusement of Jean and Margaret of Anjou, Elleen's puzzled gravity, and the horror and dismay of her elder ladies. Only Dame Lilias saw what she did not—a look of triumphant malice on the face of Jamet de Tillay. Or at other times the Dauphiness would sit listening, with silent tears in her eyes, to plaintive Scottish airs on Eleanor's harp, which she declared brought back to her her father's voice, and with it the scent of the heather, and the very sight of Arthur's Seat or the hills of Perth. Elleen had some sudden qualms of heart lest her sister's blitheness should cover wounds within; but she was too young to be often haunted by such thoughts in the delightful surroundings in which that Easter week was spent—the companionship of their sister and of the two young Infantas of Anjou, as well as all the charm of King René's graceful attention. Eleanor found opened fresh stores of beauty, exquisite illuminations, books of all kinds—legend, history, romance, poetry—all freely displayed to her by her royal host, who took an elderly man's delight in an intelligent girl; nor, perhaps, was the pleasure lessened by the need of explaining to Archduke Sigismund, in German ever improving, that which he could not understand. There was a delightful freedom about the Court—not hard, rugged, always on the defence, like that of Scotland, nor stiffly ecclesiastical, as had been that of Henry of Windsor. Athough there was devotion every morning, there was, for the rest of the day, holiday making according to each one's taste—not hawking, for the 'bon roi René' was merciful to the birds in nesting time, for which he was grumbled and laughed at by the young nobles, and even by Jean, who wanted to exhibit Skywing's prowess. Instead, there was riding at the ring, and jousting, or long rides in the environs, minstrelsey in the gardens, and once a graceful ballet of the king's own composition; and the evenings sometimes in-doors, sometimes out-of-doors, were given to song and music. Altogether it was a land of enchantment to most, whether gaily or poetically inclined.

Only there were certain murmurs by the rugged Scots and fierce Gascons among the guests. George observed to David Drummond that he felt as if this was a nest of eider ducks, all down and fluff. Davie responded that it was like a pasteboard town in a mystery play, and that he longed to strike at it with his good broad sword. The English squire who stood by, in his turn compared it to a castle of flummery and blanc-manger. A French captain of a Free company declared that he wished he had the plundering of it; and a fierce-

looking mountaineer of the Vosges of Alsace growled that if the harping old King of Nowhere flouted his master, Duke Sigismund, maybe they should have a taste of plunder.

There was actually to be a tournament on the Monday, the day before the wedding, and a first tournament was a prodigious event in the life of a young lady. Jean was in the utmost excitement, and never looked at her own pretty face of roses and lilies in the Venice mirror without comparing it with those of the two Infantas, in the hope of being chosen Queen of Beauty; but to her great disappointment, King René prudently ordained that there should be no such competition, but that the prizes should be bestowed by his sister, the Queen of France.

The Marquess of Suffolk requested Sir Patrick to convey to young Douglas a free offer of fitting him out for the encounter, with armour and horse if needful, and even of conferring knighthood on him, so that he might take his place on equal terms in the lists.

'He would like to do it, the insolent loon!' was George's grim comment. 'Will De la Pole dare to talk of dubbing the Red Douglas! When I bide his buffet, it shall be in another sort. When I take knighthood, it shall be from my lawful king or my father.'

'So I shall tell him,' replied Sir Patrick, 'and I deem you wise, for there be tricks of French chivalry that a man needs to know ere he can acquit himself well in the lists; and to see you fail would scarce raise you in the eyes of your lady.'

'More likely they would find too much earnest in the midst of their sham!' returned George. 'You had best tell your English Marquess, as he calls himself, that he had better not trust a lance in a Scotsman's hand, if he wouldna have all the shams that fret me beyond my patience about their ears.'

This was not exactly what Sir Patrick told the Marquess; though he was far from disapproving of the resolution. He kept an eye on this strange follower, and was glad to see that there was no evil or licence in his conduct, but that he chiefly consorted with David, and a few other young squires to whom this week, so delightful to the ladies, was inexpressibly wearisome.

Tournaments have been described, so far as the nineteenth century can describe them, so often that no one wishes to hear more of their details. These had nearly reached their culmination in the middle of the fifteenth century. Defensive armour had become highly ornamental and very cumbrous, so that it was scarcely possible for the champions to do one another much harm, except that a fall under such a weight was dangerous. Thus it was only an exercise of skill in arms and horsemanship on which the ladies gazed as they sat in the gallery around Queen Marie, the five young Princesses together forming, as the minstrels declared, a perfect wreath of loveliness. The Dauphiness, with a flush on her cheek and an eager look on her face, her tall form, and dress more carefully

arranged than usual, looked well and princely; Eleanor, very like her, but much developed in expression, and improved in looks since she left home, had a beauty of her own; but the palm lay between the other three, Yolande, tall, grave, stately, and anxious, with darker blue eyes and browner hair than her sister, who, with her innocent childish face showing something of the shyness of a bride, sat somewhat back, as if to conceal herself between Yolande and Jean, who was all excitement, her cheeks flushed, and her sunny hair seeming to glow with a radiance of its own. Duke Sigismund was among the defenders, in a very splendid suit of armour, made in Italy, and embossed in that new taste of the Cinquecento that was fast coming in.

The two kings began with an amicable joust! in which René had the best of it. Then they took their seats, and as usual there was a good deal of riding one against the other at the lists, and shivering of lances, while some knights were borne backwards, horse and all, others had their helmets carried off; but René, who sat in great enjoyment, with his staff in hand, between his sister and her husband, King Charles, had taken care that all the weapons should be blunted. Sigismund, a tall, large, strongly made man, was for some time the leading champion. Perhaps there was an understanding that the Lion of Hapsburg and famed Eagle of the Tyrol was to carry all before him and win, in an undoubted manner, the prize of the tourney, and the hand of the Infanta Yolande. Certainly the colour rose higher and higher in her delicate cheek, but those nearest could see that it was not with pleasure, for she bit her lip with annoyance, and her eyes wandered in search of some one.

Presently, in a pause, there came forward on a tall white horse, a magnificently tall man, in plain but bright armour, three allerions or beakless eagles on his breast, and on his shield a violet plant, with the motto '*Si douce est la violette.*' The Dauphiness leant across her sister, and squeezed Yolande's hand vehemently, as the knight inclined his lance to the king, and was understood to crave permission to show his prowess. Charles turned to René, whose good-humored face looked annoyed, but who could not withhold his consent. The Dauphiness, whose vehement excitement was more visible than even Yolande's, whispered to Eleanor that this was Messire Ferry de Vaudémont, her true love, come to win her at point of the lance.

History is the parent of romance, and romance now and then becomes history. It is an absolute and undoubted fact that Count Frederic or Ferry de Vaudémont, the male representative of the line of Charles the Great, did win his lady love, Yolande of Anjou, by his good lance within the lists, and that thus the direct descent was brought eventually back to Lorraine, though this was not contemplated at the time, since Yolande had then living both a brother and a nephew, and it was simply for her own sake that Messire Ferry,

in all the strength and beauty that descended to the noted house of Guise, was now bearing down all before him, touching shield after shield, only to gain the better of their owners in the encounter. Yolande sat with a deep colour in her cheeks, and her hands clasped rigidly together without a movement, while the Lorrainer spectators, with a strong suspicion who the Knight of the Violet really was, and with a leaning to their own line, loudly applauded each victory.

King René, long ago, had had to fight for his wife's inheritance with this young man's father, who, supported by the strength of Burgundy, had defeated and made him prisoner, so that he was naturally disinclined to the match, and would have preferred the Hapsburg Duke, whose Alsatian possessions were only divided from his own by the Vosges; but his generous and romantic spirit could not choose but be gained by the proceeding of Count Ferry, and the mute appeal in the face and attitude of his much-loved daughter.

He could not help joining in the applause at the grace and ease of the young Knight, till by-and-by all interest became concentrated on the last critical encounter with Sigismund.

Every one watched almost breathlessly as the big heavy Austrian, mounted on a fresh horse, and the slim Lorrainer in armour less strong but less weighty, had their meeting. Two courses were run with mere splintering of lances; at the third, while René held his staff ready to throw if signs of fighting *à l'outrance* appeared, Ferry lifted his lance a little, and when both steeds recoiled from the clash, the azure eagle of the Tyrol was impaled on the point, and Sigismund, though not losing his saddle, was bending low on it, half-stunned by the force of the blow. Down went René's warder. Loud were the shouts, 'Vive the Knight of the Violet! Victory to the Allerions.'

The voice of René was as clear and exulting as the rest. As the heralds, with blast of trumpet, proclaimed the Chevalier de la Violette the victor of the day, and then came forward to lead him to the feet of the Queen of France, his helmet was removed, and at the face of manly beauty that it revealed, the applause was renewed; but as Marie held out the prize, a splendidly hilted sword, he bowed low, and said, 'Madame, one boon alone do I ask for my guerdon.' And withal, he laid the blue eagle on his lance, at the feet of Yolande!

René was not the father to withstand such an appeal. He leapt from his chair of state, he hurried to Yolande in her gallery, took her by the hand, and in another moment, Ferry had sprung from his horse, and on the steps, knight and lady, in their youthful glory and grace, stood hand in hand, all blushes and bliss, amid the ecstatic applause of the multitude, while the Dauphiness shed tears of joy. Thus brilliantly ended the first tournament witnessed by the Scottish Princesses. Eleanor had been most interested on the whole in Duke Sigismund, and had exulted in his successes and been sorry

to see him defeated; but then she knew that Yolande dreaded his victory, and she suspected that he did not greatly care for Yolande, so that since he was not hurt, and was certainly the second in the field, she could look on with complacency.

Moreover, at the evening's dance, when Margaret and Suffolk, and afterwards Ferry and Yolande stood up for a stately pavise together, he came to her, and while she was thinking whether or not to condole with him, he shyly mumbled something about not regretting—being free—the Dauphin—her brother—enduring a beaten knight. It was all in a mixture of French and German, much the most of the latter, and far less comprehensible than usual, unless, indeed, maidenly shyness made her afraid to understand or to seem to do so. He kept on standing by her, while both of them were mute and embarrassed, not quite unconscious that they were observed, and perhaps secretly derided by some of the lookers on. The first relief was when the Dauphiness came and sat down by her sister, and began to talk fast in French, scarce heeding whether the Duke understood or answered her.

One question she asked was, who was a red-faced young man with stubbly sunburnt hair, and a scar on his cheek, who had appeared in the lists in very gaudy, but ill-fitting armour, and a great raw-boned, snorting horse, and now stood in a corner of the hall with his eyes steadily fixed on the Lady Joanna.

'So!' said Sigismund. 'That fellow is the Baron Rudiger von Balchenburg. *Der Schelm!* how has he the face to show himself here?'

'Is he one of your Borderers—your robber Castellanes?' asked Margaret.

'Even so! His father's castle of Balchenburg is so cunningly placed on the march between Elsass and Lothringen that neither our good host nor I can fully claim it, and these rogues shelter themselves behind one or other of us till it is, what they call in Germany, a Rat Castle, the refuge of all the *écorcheurs* and *routiers* of this part of the country. They will bring us both down on them one of these days, but the place is well-nigh past scaling by any save a gemsbock or an *écorcheur!*'

Jean herself had remarked the gaze of the Alsatian mountaineer. It was the chief homage that her beauty had received, and she was somewhat mortified at being only viewed as part of the constellation of royalty and beauty doing honour to the Infantas. She believed, too, that if Geordie of the Red Peel had chosen he could have brought her out in as effective and romantic a light as that in which Yolande had appeared, and she was, in some of her moods, hurt and angered with him for refraining, while in others she supposed sometimes that he was too awkward thus to venture himself, and yet she did him the justice of believing that he disdained to appear in borrowed plumes.

The wedding was by no means so splendid an affair as the tournament, as, indeed, it was merely a marriage by proxy, and

Yolande and her Count of Vaudémont were too near of kin to be married before a dispensation could be procured.

The King and Queen of France would leave Nanci to see the bride partly on her way. The Dauphin and his wife were to tarry a day or two behind, and the Princesses belonged to their Court. Sir Patrick had fulfilled his charge of conducting them to their sister, and he had now to avail himself of the protection of the King's party to Chalons sur Marne, where he would meet his daughter's bridegroom and his father.

Dame Lilias did not by any means like leaving her young cousins, so long her charge, without attendants of their own; but the Dauphiness gave them a tirewoman of her own, and undertook that Madame de Ste. Petronille should attend them in case of need, as well as that she would endeavour to have Annis, when Madame de Terreforte, at her Court as long as they were there. They also had a squire as equerry, and George Douglas was bent on continuing in that capacity till his outfit from his father arrived, as it was sure to do sooner or later.

Margaret knew who he was, and promised Sir Patrick to do all in her power for him, as truly his patience and forbearance well deserved.

It was a very sorrowful parting between the two maidens and the Lady of Glenuskie, who for more than half a year had been as a mother to them; nay, more than their own mother had ever been, and had done much to mitigate the sharp angles of their neglected girlhood by her influence. In a very few months more she would see James, and Mary, and the 'weans,' and the three sisters loaded her with gifts, letters, and messages for all. Eleanor promised never to forget her counsel, and to strive not to let the bright new world drive away all those devout feelings and hopes that Mother Clare and King Henry had inspired, and that Lady Drummond had done her best to keep up.

Duke Sigismund had communicated to Sir Patrick his intention of making a formal request to King James for the hand of the Lady Eleanor. He was to find an envoy to make his proposal in due form, who would join Sir Patrick at Terreforte after the wedding was over, so as to go with the party to Scotland.

Meantime, with many fond embraces and tears, Lady Drummond took leave of her Princesses, and they owned themselves to feel as if a protecting wall had been taken away in her and her husband.

'It is folly though thus to speak,' said Jean, 'when we have our sister, and her husband, and his father, and all his Court to protect us.'

'We ought to be happy,' said Eleanor gravely. 'Here at Nanci, it is all that my fancy ever shaped, and yet—and yet there is a strange sense of fear beyond.'

'Oh, talk not that gate,' cried Jean, 'as thou wilt be having thy gruesome visions!'

'No; it is not of that sort,' returned Eleanor. 'I trow not! It may be rather the feeling of the vanity of all this world's show.'

'Oh, for mercy's sake, dinna let us have clavers of that sort, or we shall have thee in yonder nunnery!' exclaimed Jean. 'See this girdle of Maggie's, which she has given me. Must I not make another hole to draw it up enough for my waist?'

Jean herself was much disappointed when Margaret, with great regret, told her that the Dauphin had to go out of his way to visit some castles on his way to Chalons sur Marne, and that he could not encumber his hosts with so large a train as the presence of two royal ladies rendered needful. They were, therefore, to travel by another route, leading through towns where there were hostels. Madame de Ste. Petronille was to go with them, and an escort of trusty Scotch archers, and all would meet again in a fortnight's time.

All sounded simple and easy, and Margaret repeated, 'It will be a troop quite large enough to defend you from all *écorcheurs;* indeed, those robbers dare not come near our Scottish archers, whom Messire, my husband, has told off for your escort. And you will have your own squire,' she added, looking at Jean.

'That's as he lists,' said Jean scornfully.

'Ah, Jeanie, Jeanie, thou mayst have to rue it if thou turnst lightly from a leal heart.'

'I'm not a damsel errant of romance, as thou and Elleen would fain be,' said Jean.

'Nay,' said Margaret, 'love is not mere romance. And oh, sister, credit me, a Scottish lassie's heart craves better food than crowns and coronets. Hard and unco' cold be they, where there is no warmth to meet the yearning soul beneath, that would give all and ten times more for one glint of a loving eye, one word from a tender lip.' Again she had one of those hysteric burst of tears, but she laughed herself back, crying, 'But what is the treason wifie is saying of her gudeman—her Louis, that never yet said a rough word to his Meg.'

Then came another laugh, but she gathered herself up at a summons to come down and mount.

She was tenderly embraced by all, King René kissing her and calling her his dear niece and princess of minstrelsy, who should come to him at Toulouse and bestow the golden violet.

She rode away, looking back, smiling and kissing her hand, but Eleanor's eyes grew wide and her cheeks pale.

'Jean,' she murmured, low and hoarsely, 'Margaret's shroud is up to her throat.'

'Hoots with thy clavers,' exclaimed Jeanie, in return. 'I never let thee sing that fule song, but Meg's fancies have brought the megrims into thine head! Thou and she are a pair.'

'That we shall be nae longer,' sighed Eleanor. 'I saw the shroud as clear as I see yon cross on the spire.'

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN'S NAME.

BY JOANNA HARRISON.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago, when our fathers and mothers were still quite young people, there was an old man who lived quite alone in a little cottage, far away from any town or village. The parish he lived in was called Windygates, and it was well named, for it was a high bleak moorland district, without either hills or trees to cheer the eye, or to break the force of the wild wintry blasts. The cottage stood in the midst of grass fields which had never been ploughed up, but were covered with short turf and heather, and with rushes and cotton-grass in wet places. The old man's name was Peter Adamson, and he was a park-keeper; that is to say, he had the charge of all those meadows, or grass parks, as we Scotch people call them, which every spring were let to different owners, who sent their cattle and horses to graze upon them in the summer.

Peter Adamson was considered a very disagreeable old man by most people who knew him; he was very gruff and cross in his manner, and very suspicious, as if he thought every one wished to cheat him. This made him generally disliked, and very few of the people who lived in the village two miles off were pleased to see old Peter when he came, as he was sometimes obliged to do, to the village shop. But though Peter had no human acquaintances, he understood a great deal about animals, and made friends with them. The cattle and horses in the fields knew him and would follow him; his bees never stung him, but would even let him handle them with his horny fingers; and if any one had a sick horse or cow or sheep Peter would be sent for, because he was so kind and skilful with all beasts, and often wrought wonderful cures.

But there was one human being whom Peter was kind to, and that was his little grand-daughter, Christian, or Chris, as he called her. Little Chris was seven or eight years old at the time our story begins, and in all her life she had never heard her grandfather say a cross word to her, so that she was not afraid of him, as most other people were. Indeed, she was not much afraid of anything, and was as familiar with all the animals and as fond of them as her grand-

father was. When she was a little thing of three or four she used to toddle out with a big stick to help him to drive the cattle, and even when some great creature put down its head and horns quite close to her she did not mind a bit, but called out, in her shrill little voice, 'I'm no feared, Gran.' She always called old Peter Gran. Chris was small for her age, but a very pretty child. Her little head was covered with such thick bright curls that strangers who saw her for the first time always turned to have another look; and she had great dark brown eyes, which looked straight at every one without fear, and she was as light on her feet as a young fawn. It must be confessed that she was rather an idle little girl, and that her grandfather spoilt her. She never thought of helping him to do the work of the cottage, but would sit playing with the cat or the puppies, while old Peter cooked the porridge, or made the beds, or washed up the dishes, for he was wonderfully clever with his hands, and could do all those things very tidily. He even washed and dressed Chris herself when she was quite little, and every Saturday night he used to wash her head in a wooden tub, and then setting her in front of him before the fire, and pulling a comb out of his pocket, he would arrange her curls until they stood out all round her head and shone like gold. He took an especial pleasure and pride in this performance, and though Chris disliked having her hair pulled, she generally submitted with a good grace.

There was another thing that Chris hated, and yet had to submit to, and that was going to school. But about this her grandfather was very determined. He could neither read nor write himself, but he had a great respect for book-learning, and from the time Chris was five years old she had attended the parish school every day when the weather permitted, although it was more than two miles off. But it was not the long rough road which troubled Chris, nor was it the lessons, for she learnt very easily and quickly, but her schoolfellows used to tease her, and this she could not bear. They used to call her the 'witch lassie,' and ask her who her father and mother were; and Chris could not tell them, because her grandfather had never spoken to her about her parents, so she used to answer proudly that it was no business of theirs, and this made them tease her the more; not that they were really ill-natured, but the big boys thought it was fun to put the little thing into a passion. To make her still more angry they used to tell her that she had no right to her name. One day in playtime—for the scholars played outside every day from twelve till one—Chris had gone with some others to the village shop to buy a roll for her dinner. Sometimes the boys thought it a good joke to snatch away their bread from the counter without paying for it, so the woman in the shop had to look very sharply after them.

'Where's your penny, Christian Adamson?' she cried out in a shrill voice as soon as she saw the child come in. Chris paid her penny,

and was carrying away her large currant bun, when a big boy snatched it out of her hand.

'Wha's aucht this breid?' he cried, holding it up.

'It's mines,' answered Chris, pressing forward to get it.

'That's a lee,' said the boy.

'It's nae lee,' said Chris, 'I paid a penny for 't.'

'I'll very soon let you see it's a lee,' said the boy, addressing his companions, who now crowded round. 'That lassie,' he went on, 'would tell ye her name's Christian Adamson. Weel, that's no her name. She disna hae a name. There's no sic a person as Christian Adamson. Wha's for the breid?'

He broke up the roll into little bits, keeping the largest for himself, and distributed the rest amongst the other boys. Chris became red with passion at these insults, but being only one against many, she made no useless attempt to get back her bread, and only said fiercely, 'I've got a bonnier name than you, Sandy Mucklehose.'

'Ye've nae name ava, ye've never been kirstened,' retorted Sandy contemptuously. 'Kirsten Adamson, quo' she! It's Haythen Adamson, I'm thinkin' it's Deil Adamson. Isna yer mither a witch?'

'I dinna hae a mither,' said poor Chris.

'Yer mither's a witch, and yer faither's a deil!' was shouted on all sides; and Chris, unable to bear it any longer, put her fingers in her ears to shut out that hateful song, and ran, out of the playground, past the school-house, and away, never stopping till she reached her grandfather's cottage.

It was late in the evening before old Peter came home; so Chris had time to cool down, and did not run to him with complaints of her ill-treatment as her first intention had been. Indeed, she felt rather ashamed of having played truant from school all the afternoon, and when her grandfather asked her whereabouts she stood in her class, she hung her head and made no reply. Old Peter did not press her with questions, but when their meal was over he sat down to his work of making baskets, which he always did in the winter evenings. Chris watched his skilful fingers for some time in silence, thinking her own thoughts. At last she said, 'Gran, is Christian no my richt name?'

Peter let go his basket, and looked at her in surprise. He was a little, clean-looking old man, with white hair and beard, and very bright keen blue eyes, which gleamed out sometimes with a fierce look, reminding one of a wild cat. He bent this look on Chris for a moment, and then answered quietly, 'Christian's yer name sure enough, bairn. What gars you speir?'

'They were sayin' at the school, but its maybe a lee ye ken, Gran—they're awfu' leears some o' them,' said Chris, trying to speak indifferently—'that I never was—was christened, ye ken.'

At this Peter became very angry, for nothing made him so furious as the thought that any one should have dared to gossip about him

and his affairs. He jumped off his arm-chair and began to walk up and down the cottage, shaking his fist and muttering to himself in language which I am afraid it was not at all right for him to use, or for Chris to listen to. For it was quite true that poor Peter was a very wicked, heathenish old man. He could not read the Bible, nor had he any wish to do so. He never went to church, and if any well-meaning people spoke to him of God or of holy things, he would get into a passion, or turn them out of the house. All this was very sad; poor Peter had had many losses and misfortunes which had made him hard and sour, but because he did not believe in God he was far more unhappy than he needed to have been. After a while he left off cursing and muttering to himself, came back to his chair, and desired Chris to tell him exactly all that the school children had said. This she did very simply, and in as few words as possible, for now that she was cooled she began to be rather sorry she had made such a fuss about it. Her grandfather, however, was still wrathful, and said he would complain to the master the next day.

'What 'll you say to him, Gran?' asked Chris curiously. 'It wasna him, ye ken, we was at the play.'

'Tuts, bairn!' said Peter, not yet pacified. 'A doited auld deevil, no fit to hae a schule. Can ye read writin'?' he asked, breaking off suddenly and jumping off his chair again.

'Ay, whiles,' said Chris doubtfully, thinking of the black-board which hung in the school, and how she had sometimes a faint idea of what the master wrote upon it.

Old Peter went to a shelf where the tea-cups were kept, on one side of the cottage. In a corner of this shelf there always stood a pretty old blue sugar-basin with a lid, too much cracked to be used at meals. He lifted the lid and took out a key, with which he proceeded to unlock his 'kist.' Chris drew near and looked on with much interest and wonder. It was not often that she saw the inside of that kist, but she knew that it smelt nicely of apples, and that it had a very interesting small inner compartment which sometimes contained bags of caraways, or smooth white peppermint lozenges; yet she could not think it likely that her grandfather in his present frame of mind would produce these delicacies. After a little search in this small compartment, Peter brought out an old letter, and a little moleskin purse with a clasp. He unfolded the letter, sat down in his own chair, and desired Chris to come and read it. She came and stood beside his knee, and peered at the writing over the old hands which held the paper so fast. At last she heaved a deep sigh.

'Weel, bairn,' said old Peter mildly, 'what do you make of it?'

'Gran,' said Chris, 'I think I could maybe tell you better if I held it my ain sel.'

Peter looked at her a little sternly and said, 'It's a puir scholar

that needs hands to read wi',' but he let go the paper, and Chris carried it carefully nearer to the light and pored over it, with her elbows on the table, and her hands clasped over her forehead.

'Can you make anything of it?' her grandfather asked her again, restlessly.

Chris ran and got a copybook, and spread it out beside the letter, but even this did not seem to help her much.

'Oh, Gran!' she said at last desparingly, 'I dinna think these words is made right.'

'You'll need to go back to the school till you can read it, Chris,' said old Peter, taking the letter from her, and folding it up. 'Twa year as ye've been at the school, an no to read yer ain mither's writin' yet! I'll gie ye anither twelvemonth, and——'

'Did my ain mither write that letter, Gran?' asked Chris.

'She did so,' answered Peter, 'an here's seven—near aucht year past since she wrote it, an nae living mortal kens what she said.'

'Gran!' cried Chris, her little face flushing with eagerness, 'if ye was takin' it to the minister, he would maybe read it to you—that is, if any one in the hale world could read it,' she added, for she did not like to confess herself defeated. 'But folk say the minister's a grand reader.'

'I'se warrant he'd read it!' said Peter, with a very disagreeable sort of sneer. 'I'll hae nae bletherin' fules readin' my private papers! See ye haud yer tongue now, Chris,' he added rather moodily; 'I'm vexed I said a word to you about it.'

He moved to put away the letter, and in doing so his eye fell upon the moleskin purse. He took it up, and looked at it, and then at Chris's expectant face, and shook his head.

'Oh, Gran!' she said softly, 'let me see. 'Oh dinna put it by till I've seen! Is there nothing in it?'

The purse, indeed, looked very empty, but there was something in it. A small thing, wrapped in a torn strip of linen, which was now slowly unwound before Chris's wondering eyes.

'A ring!' she said at length. She picked it up as it dropped cut and held it in the palm of her hand admiringly. 'Is it—is it real gold, Gran?'

'Chris,' said old Peter, 'that was yer ain mither's marriage ring. Dinna speak to me o' witches, lassie; yon ring 'll tell you if she was a richt mither or no. It's no ilka wife that has a weddin' ring, let alone a gold ane.'

'I ay kent that she was a richt mither,' said Chris. 'And can I keep the ring, Gran?'

It was far too large for the little fingers, but Peter said she might hang it round her neck if she was careful not to lose it. He knotted it to a stout leather bootlace, which he produced out of the kist, and fastened it securely under Chris's frock, bidding her keep it hidden, and never part with it.

CHAPTER II.

PETER did not carry out his threat of complaining to the schoolmaster the next day, nor was Chris able to attend school for nearly a week. It was now late in November, and winter was beginning in earnest. Peter's little house stood in a spot where there was no sort of shelter from the wind, and for days the storms howled and raged round it, and driving snow and sleet dashed fiercely against the little windows, and streamed in under the door, till it was difficult to find a dry corner in the cottage. Poor old Peter began to suffer much from rheumatism, and Chris, for the first time in her little life, felt anxious about him, and tried to wait upon him instead of letting him do everything for her.

At last the storm was over, and with the milder weather came hard work for Peter. He received a message one evening that the fox hounds were to meet in the neighbourhood next day, and that he must go out early in the morning and stop the earths. He came in tired and stiff from doing this, and was sitting in his corner grumbling and rubbing his rheumatic knees, when a violent knock was heard at the door.

'Come in, whoever ye are,' said Peter testily, 'an' dinna batter the door doun. We'll sune no hae a door ava'—an' deed it's no muckle use,' he added aside to Chris, as he looked ruefully at a large dark spot in the middle of the floor, where the rain had scarcely yet dried. A boy's head was thrust in, and an eager voice cried out, 'Is Peter Adamson here?'

'Ay, he's here,' said the old man impatiently, 'a' that's left o' him, for fegs I've just been deaved wi' folk this day. Wha's speirin' for Peter Adamson noo?'

'It's my faither,' said the boy, coming in. Chris recognised him as Willy Morton, the son of a neighbouring farmer. He looked a little abashed, and tried to speak more quietly. 'Thaat's—faither says—will ye come an' gie's a hand wi' Satan, for he'll no let onybody near him?'

Chris listened with great surprise. She thought it strange that any one should wish to go near the Prince of Darkness, but Peter knew at once that Willy Morton was speaking of a black colt which his father was breaking in, and would have felt interested had he not been so cross and tired. As it was, he merely said that the horse was a useless, vicious brute, and that Willy might go home and tell his father that he need never expect it to turn out fit for anything. 'Can ye no say what's wrang wi' him, ony way?' he called after the boy, who was turning as if to leave the cottage.

'Thaat's—they put him in the loose box,' replied Willy, brightening up, 'an' he's stooden there since Sabbath, an' was rale content-like. An' to-day faither thought to take him out, and we've had the awfullest wark, for he bites an' kicks baith, an' he'll no hear tell o'

a saddle, nor yet a bridle. And faither said, "Bid Peter Adamson come or e'er he do himsel' a mischief," for he just stands and kicks even on.'

'Ay, that's the way wi' them, "Bid Peter Adamson come," where they're feared to gang theirsels. Your faither 'll no gang near-hand him, I'll warrant?'

'Na—faither's no feared,' said the boy, a little doubtfully. 'We tried him wi' corn, an' syne he lickit him, an' syne he stude an' roared at him. We tried a' thing.'

Peter angrily bade the boy begone, telling him it was plain his father was quite unfit to break in a horse; but that he, Peter, for his part, would stir on no such fool's errand as to lend him a hand.

The old man sat quite still for a while after the boy had gone, then he began to move about uneasily, and to mutter to himself. 'Chris,' he said, 'bring me—what way are ye no at the school, bairn?'

'Oh, Gran!'—the tears came into Chris's eyes—'I thought ye would come in wearied, and I keepit your brose het.'

'Ye're a gude bairn,' he said, 'but ye maun gang to the school, Chris, or e'er ye can read writin'. Now bring me my stick an' my bonnet, for I maun awa'.' The child brought what he wanted in silence, for she knew he had made up his mind to go and help Mr. Morton with the colt. It was his way to refuse churlishly whatever was asked of him, but he loved a horse too well to bear that it should be ill-treated or mismanaged.

'I canna bide to see a beast abused,' he muttered to himself. 'I dinna ken if I can hirple that far. Dinna let the fire oot, Chris, an' keep a wee drap in the kettle, but dinna burn yersel', noo.'

Chris followed him when he went out, and kept by his side for a little way, but very soon he sent her home.

'I hear the horn,' he called after her as she left him. 'You'll maybe get a sight of the hounds, Chris—that'll keep you frae wearyin'.'

Chris did not go straight into the house; she stood looking after her grandfather until he was out of sight. She felt very sad without exactly knowing why. Perhaps it was that she had been very early awake that morning and was a little tired; it seemed to her as if the day ought to be over, though it was not very long past noon. The morning had been bright, but now there was no longer any sun; all was soft and grey and cloudy. She strained her eyes into the dim distance, over the grey green meadow land which lay all round her; she felt so lonely that by-and-by two big tears came into her eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks. She stood long watching and listening, but everything she heard sounded melancholy; the murmur of the wind, the rush of the dark wintry burn, even the distant crowing of the cocks from the farmyard came to her ears with a strangely mournful tone. She was preparing dejectedly to go in,

when a more cheerful sound reached her, and she brightened up. The hounds! surely she heard the hounds, and they were running. Chris forgot her sorrows in an instant. She ran with all her might to a steep bank which lay between her and the cottage, and scrambled up it eager to gain a view of the hunt. There were the hounds! Chris could see them looking almost like a flock of pigeons as they moved over the ground in the far distance, but coming nearer every moment; and there were the hunters, a goodly company, close behind; the red coats of the foremost riders were just visible.

'Oh,' thought Chris, in great excitement, 'they'll come richt past oor hoose! if only Gran were here to see them.' She clasped her hands as a sudden thought struck her. 'They'll frighten the cat—oh, me! I must go in—she'll not like all thae muckle dogs, and I left the door open.' She was going to dart into the cottage when something else caught her eye, a small red creature, muddy and draggled. Chris had seen a fox before; a vixen playing with her cubs on a summer evening, and a pretty sight it was. How different from this poor hunted beast, with his muddy coat and drooping brush. The fox was quite exhausted, he could run no more; and almost before Chris had time to wish that she could save him from those cruel hounds, he had slipped through the open door into the cottage, and underneath Chris's bed, where he lay motionless, but with heaving sides. She sprang in after him, shut the door and barred it, trembling all over with excitement, and scarcely able to believe in her own good fortune. Now she had a fox of her very own, which had come to her of its own accord, and which she was determined to protect and save. The cat, she observed with satisfaction, was from home; she had a young family in the henhouse to support, and the duties of a mother had no doubt called her away. It was fortunate for her nerves, for in another instant the hounds were yelping round the cottage. They had tracked the fox to the door, and were trying to get in; two or three black noses were thrust underneath, and the yelping and scratching made Chris tremble for her guest's safety. She dragged a chair to the door to barricade it better; then with a scream she sprang to the window, where a big head and a pair of glaring eyes were visible. She closed the shutters; the noise sounded even more terrible in the dark, and now there was only the fire to give a glimmer of light to the cottage. Chris was terrified, not for herself—though she had no doubt that she would be torn in pieces if the hounds once got in—but the dear little fox which had come to her for protection! 'Poor foxie!' she said to him. 'Poor beastie! Bide still; Chris 'll no let them get ye.' But now she heard men's voices outside; some one seemed to be calling off the hounds. Then there came loud raps at the door, but Chris knew better than to open it to the fox's enemies.

'Open the door! be quick!' was shouted from outside, and Chris shouted back, 'Na, I winna!' at the top of her voice.

A harder thump at the door followed, and the child began to fear it would give way; but the next moment she heard another voice outside, gentler, but having more command in it than the former ones.

'Open the door,' it said. 'Don't be frightened, there's nothing will do you any harm.'

'No! no!' she cried again vehemently. 'I'll no open the door.'

'Who is in the house?' cried the voice impatiently.

'It's just me,' returned Chris.

'Who's me?'

'Christian Adamson.'

There was a pause, quite a long pause this time.

'Let me see you.'

Chris did not feel inclined to resist this authoritative tone, and besides she rather wanted to see who spoke; so she went to the window, and cautiously undid the shutter. She had to climb upon the broad window-sill to do this; and looking out she saw quite a crowd of gentlemen riders, some of whom were laughing, others looked angry.

'Oh, get away!' cried one of the latter roughly, when the little face appeared at the window. 'Go and tell your mammy to come out and speak to us.'

'No, no, Wedderburn,' cried another, the owner of the voice Chris had heard before. 'This is evidently the mistress of the house, you see. Are you all alone here, little girl?'

'Aye,' said Chris.

She did not speak very politely, it is true, but then she was only a little child, and had not been accustomed to converse with gentlemen.

'And where have you hidden the fox, eh?'

'He's in aneath the bed, and—and—oh, gang awa'—gang awa'—and tak' awa' the dowgs!' and Chris burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly. Then she jumped off the window-sill, and shut the shutter again with a bang.

There was consultation outside, some laughter, and a little strong language, then came a trampling of horses' feet, a few notes of the horn, and the whole pack of hounds and hunters moved away disappointed in the direction of the nearest cover.

Chris breathed freely once more. She dried her tears, and proceeded to make preparations for entertaining her new guest. She undid the shutters, and opened the window wide in order to let in all the daylight she could. Then she turned to the cupboard, considering whether it was likely that a hungry fox would condescend to eat a bannock, or whether she had better try to cut a piece of salt pork for him. Another knock at the door interrupted these reflections, and she hastily took down her barricades.

'There's no fear for him now, whoever it is,' thought she, but she started back in terror as she recognised the red coat and dark chestnut horse of the gentleman who had spoken to her at the window.

He was a very handsome man, still young, with bright keen dark eyes, and he looked at Chris kindly, with an amused smile on his face.

'You're not afraid of me now, are you? I've got no hounds with me. Well, and is the fox safe?'

'Ay,' returned Chris, looking at him doubtfully.

She withdrew half behind the door, which she held cautiously in her hand, ready to shut it in a moment if necessary. The stranger seemed a little embarrassed by her inhospitable behaviour, but still he was determined to question her.

'You don't live here all alone, surely?' he said. 'Who lives with you?'

'Gran,' answered Chris. She opened the door a very little wider and put her head out that she might see whether Gran was coming up the road, but there was no sign of him.

'The stranger looked at her earnestly. 'Tell me,' he said, 'what *is* your name?'

'I tell't ye afore,' said Chris, turning red, and retreating again into the shadow of the doorway. She particularly disliked being asked what her name was, for she had a lurking fear that she had no right to it, and that what Sandy Mucklehose had said might be true.

'Well, but tell me again—*do* tell me,' said the stranger pleadingly, but with laughter in his voice.

'Chris,' the word came in a very low tone.

'What besides Chris? Well—but never mind. What are your father's and mother's names?'

No answer.

'What is Gran's name?'

'Peter Adamson.'

'An odd coincidence, I suppose,' muttered the stranger. 'No doubt it's a common name. Look here, Chris, won't you let me come in? I promise you I'll do no harm.'

'But the fox?' said Chris, half crying. 'Bide—just bide till he gets his supper.' She said this very earnestly, and put out her little hand to push back the intruder from the door.

'The fox!' cried he. 'You don't mean to say you've got him shut up here still? Just let me see,' and as he spoke he hastily slipped his horse's rein through his arm, and stepped past the child into the house. 'No, no, he's gone. See, Chris, he has got out there,' and he pointed to the open window, on the ledge of which was a wet smudge, and a little round mark of a muddy foot.

Chris threw herself on the floor with an anxious face, peered under

the bed, and hunted in every hole and corner of the cottage. But it was too true; her ungrateful guest had really gone without bidding her good-bye. Then she flung herself on the floor, and cried inconsolably.

The stranger felt really sorry for her, and said all he could to comfort her; but he could not reach her where she lay on the floor without letting go his horse's rein, which made his position an awkward one.

'Christian,' he said at last authoritatively, 'I am going. Get up and say good-bye.'

Chris was so surprised that she obeyed at once. She got up slowly and stood before him, rubbing her wet eyes with her sleeve.

'That's right!' he said. 'There! let me see your face. Dry up those tears.' He dried them with his own large pocket-handkerchief, and once more looked at the child earnestly.

'Tell me, Chris,' he said, 'did your grandfather even speak to you of Glenfinnary? Did you ever hear him mention such a place?'

Chris nodded, and repeated the name as if she was familiar with it, but she was so small a child that he found it difficult to talk to her, and could not feel sure that she really understood what he said. 'She may be only repeating it like a parrot,' he thought.

'Well, little one,' he said, preparing to mount his horse, 'I'll come back some day soon and see you, and I want to see your grandfather. At what time of the day shall I find him in?'

Chris told him 'at mid-day,' and then he bade her good-bye and rode quickly away into the dusk, leaving in her hand a coin, the like of which Chris had never seen before, for it was a golden sovereign.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

TWENTY odd years ago, I was a young engineer sent out from England to study the American Railway system. I had been several times by daylight over the great railway that first connected the East with the West, first subjugated the Alleghanies, first joined the Chesapeake with the Ohio River; thus realising the life-long dream of Washington concerning a highway between the Atlantic seaboard and those states lying along the waters of the Mississippi, a dream that began with him in boyhood, and to the realisation of which he devoted every moment of his rare leisure until he reached old age. I had never, however, been over the line at night, and I requested permission of the authorities to make a trip upon the engine of the Night Express on the night of June 6th, 1869.

A little before midnight I found myself at the 'depôt' of a considerable railway town, not far from the foot of the great range, and made my way to a sort of baggage-room, where I sat down and leaned my elbow on a table. Around me were several firemen and brakemen rolled up in their blankets and snoring loudly. I heard the town bells striking solemnly in the silence, otherwise unbroken, save by the loud breathing of the men and the distant puffing of a regulating-engine, whose fires were kept up all night in case of need. It was twenty minutes past 12 o'clock. The station-master came in, set his lantern by me on the table, and waked up one of the engineers. The man roused himself at once, and rubbed his eyes. The station-master introduced me as the passenger going up the grades upon his locomotive. We went into the night. It was warm and still. Only a few travellers were on the platform. In the distance we perceived a light fast nearing us, growing bright and bigger. It was an engine coming up, her great reflecting light blazing before her, sprinkling sparks and cinders as she came along.

'All aboard!' cried the station-master, and the bell rang. I could see as I walked past the cars, by the dim light of the lamps which were turned low, a few passengers scattered about upon the hot and dusty velvet seats in uneasy positions. A few last lingering leave-takings, a few last claspings of some friendly hands, a last kiss between a wife and husband. The train moved smoothly out of the station.

The summer night was fine, the vault above us glittered with 'all

the glorious company of heaven.' The engine panted with short quick breaths. She seemed impatient to put forth her strength. Her beautiful white plume of smoke came rushing from the smoke-stack at each hurried respiration, then floated gracefully away in softly rounded clouds, drooping low along the track behind. Our way was luminous with our great reflected light, and the glow of the live coals through the iron grating of the furnace of our engine. We rushed forward at full speed. Before us lay our track all safe and clear. We intended to make few stoppages, and put on a full head of steam.

Our engineer (a man of five-and-thirty, with a fair moustache) stood mutely by his valves and cocks, leaning against the side of his cab—a glass-house seven by nine, which is erected on American engines for the convenience and protection of engineers and firemen; but its windows were all open this warm night. He was 'country-born,' as they call native Americans of foreign parentage, and his origin was German, for his name was Shaffer. His trousers were tucked into his boots, but he was not in his shirt sleeves. He was civil, but not communicative. His fireman was a tall open-face young fellow of twenty-three, very busy getting everything about the cab and engine into order. Every now and then he looked up at me and smiled pleasantly.

Our domain was not a large one. The cab, the little path along the engine's side, the platform leading to the tender, and the heaped-up coal, afforded all the space we could command with tubes, cocks, valves, whistles, sand-boxes, and water-tank at hand around us. Before us shone the lantern with its reflected gleam, beyond it was the cow-catcher, so strange to English eyes. We all had our 'sea-legs' on, and could stand steady, even though the curves in the road, which were pretty sharp and very frequent, would have upset the equilibrium of one unused to ride upon an engine. If tired, we could sit down in the cab, or rest ourselves upon the coal, or lean back against the water-tank. On a slight projecture from this, with its bright brass-headed rivets, I at length sat down; the fireman—Charley—carefully wiped it off for me. I pulled out my cigars and gave him one. He picked a live coal from the furnace and handed it to me. At the speed at which we were going, though the night was still, the current of air would have been too strong for match or paper. There is no promoter of equality and fraternity like a cigar; indeed, modern democratic notions seem to have come in with tobacco.

When Charley's cigar was glowing under his nose he began to talk freely; and his discourse was in praise of his beloved engine. She was a beautiful piece of workmanship, made for surmounting heavy grades. Her boiler and her smoke-stack were painted black, her wheels were red, picked out with black lines. She had no useless ornaments; but the brass stop-cocks, whistles, and stanchions were polished till no jewellery or silver table-ware could have shone more

brilliantly. 'A child,' he said, 'might drive her.' Every part of her worked without a jar. She was obedient to one touch of the finger. He was proud, too, of his engineer, whom his last fireman, he said, had thought a little rough sometimes about the engine, but so long as *she* was all right there could not be a better fellow on the earth than Mr. Shaffer.

At last we saw some green lights glowing by the side of the track a mile or two ahead. Our engine gave four sharp quick whistles. 'Piedmont!' said Mr. Shaffer. It was the first word I had heard him utter. We held up at a station.

Charley jumped off the train to look to the wheel-boxes of his engine. There were several passengers waiting to get on board. Suddenly I saw him start and give a half-exclamation with a sort of nervous shiver. The conductor handed a party of women into the ladies' car. Charley went on with his duty, but I noticed a change in his face—a restlessness about his pleasant blue eyes, which had not been there before. We had not long started when the conductor came on to the platform of the baggage car, and called to Charley, who was upon the tender. I heard him say: That's her—or that's your girl—or your sweetheart—something which conveyed to me the knowledge that Charley was in love. Mr. Shaffer moved his hand silently as if dismissing him, and the young fireman went back upon the train in company with the conductor. I was left alone with Mr. Shaffer. He did not refuse a cigar.

'So Charley is in love I conclude,' I said, as we smoked silently.

He nodded.

'Going to be married soon?' He shook his head.

'Young lady not propitious?'

'She likes him well enough—poor thing.'

'Cruel father, then?' I said.

'Well! he has got two things against Charley; but those are all. A steadier fellow does not run along the line than Charley Brooks—I mean my Charley.'

'What's the trouble?'

'Well, the old man is a sort of a small farmer in Virginia—not F. F. V.* at all, you know. But he is doing well, keeps a depôt up the line, is postmaster, and I dare say makes money. He thinks Miss Nettie should do better for herself than a fireman on a railroad. That's one thing. Charley could get over that all right, for he'll soon be an engineer; but there's another thing against him that I don't think the old man Walford will ever forgive.' Here he paused.

'What kind of thing?' said I, curious.

'Which side was you on in the war?' he asked, by way of reply.

'I am not an American. I suppose I was on both sides as to some things.'

* First Families in Virginia.

'Ah! on both sides. Well, then, it won't set you anyways against Charley that he was in the Federal Army, and fought all through the Wilderness campaign in the Third Maryland Regiment. He had a very good record as a soldier. He was discharged at the end of the war.'

'Of course that does not prejudice me. It is rather in his favour.'

'Well! it isn't so with the old man. He served with a Virginia regiment on the Southern side, and once when the two regiments met they had the dickens of a sharp brush together, old friends and neighbours, cousins and brothers fighting, some under the Stars and Stripes, others under the Stars and Bars. Old man Walford says he saw Charley in the thick of the fight shoot his Colonel, and ever since he hates the sight of him. I cannot make up my mind whether Charley will ever be able to get over that grudge; but I think, as he rises on the line, the other matter might be set all right.'

'How and where did he meet Miss Nettie?'

'They made acquaintance at her aunt's in Martinsburg. He and she had fixed it all up before her father had seen Charley. They never supposed he'd cross her love or raise a fuss. I want Charley some day to put her on my train and run her off into Pennsylvania to my people. But she won't. She's a good girl, and wants things all smooth along the track when she gets married. I reckon Charley's gone off now to get a word with her.'

As he spoke our train was moving along the edge of a great river. I could hear the roar of rapids. We were ascending a mountain. Our speed slackened a little. Our engine panted and strained. The night air became somewhat sharp. The stars were obscured. The earth and water round us seemed to be growing black. We were in the heart of the great coal country.

On, on we went; sometimes through narrowing gorges, sometimes over tressle-work thrown audaciously across valleys. Here and there we saw faint lights, and recognised a mountain hamlet, or a second-class coal-station.

Charley had come back to us. He whispered something to his engineer, who nodded. He seemed in the gayest spirits, and pointed out objects of interest to me as the train flew past them.

Mr. Shaffer shut up again as soon as his fireman reappeared. He seemed to entrust the amenities of his engine to his popular young subordinate.

I soon found out that Charley had the good will of every man along the line. At every switch or station the watchman or the switch-tender with his lantern had a cheery word to say to him.

'You know everybody,' I remarked.

'Yes, indeed. I've had something to do for most all of them. I don't feel lonesome as I go up the line. We see each other every day, though we haven't much time to gossip in.'

Here his engineer called him. He picked up his grease bucket and

went along the outside of the engine, at what would have seemed to the inexperienced a fearful risk, putting fresh grease into the wheel-boxes. When he had made his round he went and stood forward on the front part of his engine.

I looked at him with curiosity.

'He is thinking it all over,' said Shaffer, 'though he would tell you that he was only just looking ahead.'

The heavens darkened and it began to rain. The mountains seemed to shut us in more and more. The moisture on the rails made the struggle harder to the engine, and the grade was tremendously steep—116 feet to the mile. The sand-boxes freely scattered sand on the wet track to make the wheels take hold, but our progress seemed laboured. One could not avoid an impression that the great machine was growing weary of its toil. On either side of us were high embankments and sharp hills covered with dense woods. Sometimes we roared our way through cuts and gorges; sometimes we emerged into an open country; sometimes we crossed valleys on tressle-work, but nearly always we were ascending.

Once or twice we held up at a coal-pocket or a water-station. Notwithstanding my long railway experience, it was hard to divest myself of an impression that the great locomotive had life, and that we paused to refresh the weary creature.

Whenever we stopped Charley sprang off at once, and walked along the platform, pausing at a window of the ladies' car, where he lingered, while Shaffer took down his lantern and examined every screw and bolt of his great engine. This was the fireman's work by rights, but everywhere there was a desire to help forward the love-affair of Charley. It seemed to be a subject of professional interest along the line. Everywhere there were cheery greetings, and gestures of good comradeship for Charley, while nobody seemed to exchange salutations with Shaffer. He left, as I said, the amenities of his position to his young fireman, whom by this time I could well believe he looked upon with pride and love. At the last water-station I heard a switchman give Charley an invitation, 'Thursday evening . . . . dance all night . . . . Shaffer will be sure to let you come . . . .'

'Ah! do,' added the voice of a young girl.

A sharp whistle from the water-tank broke off the conversation. The conductor rang his bell. The engineer sprang up into his place with rather an air of anxiety.

'What's wrong?'

'Nothing.'

We started, but Shaffer evidently was not at ease, and redoubled his attentions to his engine. Both he and his fireman frequently went forward, watching the track ahead. To their fidelity and watchfulness a hundred sleeping passengers trusted their lives.

'It's a bad night for these grades,' said Charley to me once, as he came back from his inspection.

'Danger ahead?'

'Not exactly. They have had a big storm in this region, and a good many land-slides and obstructions yonder over the mountain. A few miles ahead they have got a working-party out getting the track all clear for us. But the earth in the cuts is loose and keeps falling. Take care of yourself, sir, for at any moment we may have a sudden jar. It's as dark as a wolf's mouth ahead. The engine is all right, but we can't see more than the reflection of her own light upon the rocks about twenty yards before her.'

The road became worse and worse as we went on. Torrents of water came running down the cuts in little streams, forming deep gullies. Our speed slackened, the engine panted and groaned, her wheels slipped on the wet rails. The storm drove in our faces.

We were going up the steepest grade. Beside the track we passed great trees that had been washed down the hillside only a few hours before. There they lay prone with roots upturned, their long green branches glistening with the wet, visible for one moment as we dashed past them by the glare of the great reflector. By-and-by we came suddenly upon the group of labourers who had just cleared the way over which we were to pass. There they stood watching us, with picks and shovels in their hands, and glowing fires to give them light and warmth, fed by pine knots, and condemned cross-ties.

Everywhere were rocks, rain, rivulets, and wind. Every little spring was at its fullest, and came pouring down the side of the mountain.

'Go ahead. You can pass!'

We are descending now. The heavy train pushes the engine. The brakemen are busy with the brakes.

'What's that? Slack speed!'

There's a lantern shining on the track, and a man shaking it violently. A brakeman jumps down and runs forward.

'Come on!' he cries, 'but cautiously. One of the supports of the viaduct is sprung.'

We cross slowly and safely. On the other side we are told to look out for section 131.

We are going down the mountain. A wall of rock is upon one hand, on the other a precipice, and below it a roaring river. There's a tunnel! We plunge into it, and out again. Now, for a mile or more, we are again ascending. The engine draws strong breaths, and seems to gather herself up for every effort, as if the exertion were too great. We are going very slowly. It seems almost as if she were spent with her night's toil.

But no, she is still duteous. She obeys the hand that guides her. Charley is busy keeping up the supply of coal in her furnace. The grates glow with a red light, which flickers on the glistening surface of the rocks around.

When not making too great a noise ourselves, we can hear branches

breaking in the 'forest primeval,' and dripping foliage swirling as the wind roars down the gullies. We hear, too, streams of water gushing down the hills, and the voices of the rapids far below us. Now and then there is a long low growl of thunder echoed from peak to peak along the range of mountains, and a sharp flash of lightning gives us a momentary view of things in its electric glare.

Behind us were three car loads of passengers, doubtless sleeping, full of faith in the brave men to whose care they had committed their lives. Once the machine balked, and our wheels spun round aimlessly. Shaffer soon compelled her to go on. By-and-by we were beyond the gorges, and descending rapidly into an open country. Charley came into the cab and took his seat beside me. He said he was glad we were over the last four miles of road. He always had an apprehensive feeling about section 131. Six months before, Mr. Schaffer and he had had their engine wrecked on that part of the line. A great rock had slipped down in a cutting just beyond a curve, and they had not seen it in time to stop the engine. He and Mr. Shaffer had jumped and escaped only by a miracle.

'Were you called to account for the accident by the Company?'

'Oh, no! The case was very clear. We had done all we could. We shut off steam, and put down the air breaks, and reversed the engine. The Company would be very slow in blaming us. They know Mr. Shaffer.'

'What did you do after the wreck?'

'Well, there were few passengers, and none of the cars went off the track. We emptied the furnace and the boiler, when the conductor sent a brakeman on ahead to get help from the next station; then we cleared the wreck off of the rails.'

Charley told me this without apparently the least consciousness that their activity after the accident had been an act of heroism. He and Shaffer must have been cruelly bruised and shaken by the shock, but their first thought had been of their duty to their engine.

After this I grew drowsy. Charley went outside the cab and took a place upon the tender. It was almost dawn, and the steam from our wet clothes made the cab close and uncomfortable. We were going gently down a grade. The rain was holding up; a faint streak in the horizon promised a brilliant dawn.

Presently Shaffer came into the cab. His entrance roused me. 'See there,' he said, taking me by the arm. The object of his interest was Charley stretched at full length and fast asleep upon the coal pile. 'He takes it easy,' his chief said, with a smile. 'He is young, poor fellow!' There was something father-like in his tone.

'Are you going to wake him?'

'No; let him have his sleep. We have passed all danger.'

A moment after a night watchman came out of a little house beside the track and signalled that it was all right along the line.

Charley started as the man called out to us, and looked ashamed of himself for having been overcome. As if to make up to Mr. Shaffer for so forgetting himself, he picked up his grease bucket, and went forward on the engine to grease his boxes. Shaffer called out to him that there was no need to trouble about them till we reached the next station. Charley may not have heard him.

At that moment the engine jarred against a small stone, which, though thrown off the track by the cow-catcher, had rebounded. Charley, leaning forward, lost his balance. He tried to catch hold of one of the polished brasses. His grasp failed him.

There was no shout—no cry. We stopped suddenly. I ran back upon the track with the conductor, brakemen, and Mr. Shaffer. There lay Charley with his right foot crushed to pieces. He had fainted. Two or three passengers opened the car windows and asked what we had stopped for? Nobody answered them. Why should they be disquieted and disturbed? The railway men upon the train gathered around Charley. He was laid upon a plank and carried into the baggage car. A pile of coats was spread for him to lie on, a brakeman stayed beside him. At the next station they could get a doctor; but we could see for ourselves that the case was hopeless. No setting would give him back that crushed and mangled limb. Not ten minutes delay occurred. Shaffer was up again upon his engine and we started, but I saw him every moment looking back towards the baggage car.

'Go to him,' I said; 'I'll drive the engine to the next station. I can do without you.'

'No,' he replied. 'It is no matter. What could I do?'

True; what could any of us do? Half an hour before poor Charley stood beside us, full of hope and life, and now he lay behind us crushed and maimed, his chances in life over.

'She'll never have him now,' sighed Shaffer, rubbing perhaps a cinder from his eye. 'It is all over with him. His hopes hung upon his getting promotion. *Now* the most that they will do for him will be to make him a watchman or a switch-tender—if even they do that. The Company don't feel much pity, even for a conductor or an engineer.'

We rolled into the depôt of a great town. As some of the passengers stepped on to the platform I noticed a very pretty, refined-looking young girl glancing eagerly up and down the train. Her eye did not light upon the Charley she was looking for, but it fell upon her father, who had come to meet her.

'Father! I did not expect to see you here!' she cried.

'Probably not,' he answered drily.

'So we had a bad accident last night,' remarked a passenger, as he passed along the platform. 'A poor young fireman got crushed. They are carrying him away.'

The young girl started. She looked towards a group just lifting

Charley from the baggage car. Her face grew deadly white. She gave a little shriek, turned, as if she would run after the men carrying him along the platform, and fell back in a dead faint into my arms. We got her into the ladies' waiting-room.

'What is it? Do you know, sir?' said her father to me. He did not appear to take in the situation.

'It is that fine fellow Charley Brooks,' I said, 'who met with an accident half an hour ago.'

'I am glad of it!—served him right!' he said, and his face darkened.

I remained standing on the platform. He went into the waiting-room.

'Good-morning. What's the matter?' said a voice. I turned. One of the high officers of the road was addressing me; one of those autocrats who have the fate of hundreds of *employés* in their hands. My heart was very full of poor Charley and his altered fortunes. With an instinct that it might do him no harm to communicate what I knew about him to the great man, I told the story.

'Walford? Was that the name of her old father, did you say? Sergeant Walford?' said a gentleman in a raglan. He wore it to conceal the loss of an arm. He had been standing by listening to my tale as, with such eloquence as comes from an over-flowing heart, I spoke of Charley.

'I don't know anything about Mr. Walford,' I answered; 'but I can ask the engineer.'

'Here, Shaffer!' cried the autocrat, 'come here and tell me what you know about this Charley.'

He walked apart with Shaffer for a few moments, and I heard him say, as they parted—

'Go and see him to-morrow, and tell him from me that when he gets well, he shall go into the works and have a stationary engine.'

Meantime the one-armed gentleman had sought out Mr. Walford. I think the old man felt that every one was casting an evil eye at him out of sympathy for his daughter and Charley.

'I am glad to see you, old comrade,' said the gentleman, 'and to shake you by the hand. You know me, I hope—your old Colonel, General Yeardley.'

The old man's face grew radiant with pride and pleasure.

'Why, General, how are you? I didn't think you would have known me.'

'I seldom forget faces, especially the face of a man who so bravely bore our colours. What is this accident? I hear a fine young fellow has been hurt, and that he is the suitor of your daughter.'

'No, General. He is the man who shot you through the arm. I saw him fire the shot. It is a righteous judgment on him.'

'No—no, my good friend. My arm was wounded in fair fight. I hope you do not think that a soldier is accountable for every man he hits. You would have a good deal to answer for.'

'No, General; but I saw the devilish bitter look upon his face. He took deliberate aim . . . .'

'Now, Walford, I am sure you are mistaken. My orderly saw the shot fired, and made a pass at the man. What sort of looking fellow is this Charley?'

'A tall, well-looking enough chap, with light curling hair.'

'I knew you were labouring under a misapprehension. No man sees clearly in the smoke of battle. My orderly always maintained that the man who hit me was a dark man with a tremendous black moustache and long black hair.'

'Indeed, General! . . . . '

'If I were you, I would believe the orderly. Come, Walford—shut up. I heard my friend there offering the young man, when he gets well, a good place for his good conduct as a fireman. For my sake forget and forgive him. I do. And if the young lady fancies the young man, take an old friend's advice, and let him have her. It will pay to make a change of base, for if the heads of this great Company take him up they'll make his fortune.'

'If, General, you wish it . . . . '

'I *do* wish it. What's that? *All aboard?* I must be off. Ask me to the wedding when it takes place; I'll make a point of coming, if you do.'

On—on we went again, leaving the Walfords, father and daughter, and poor Charley behind.

A few pale streaks of dawn gleamed low on the horizon, grey clouds were slowly floating up from the moist ground. The farmyard fowls began to be astir. The cool air of early morning made me shiver. The mountains lay behind us; before us were open glades wet with the rains of the past night, and dotted with grazing cattle. Early people in the cottages were coming to their doors to see the train pass, or were gazing at us from their dripping gardens. As we left the town behind us some great factories were just opening their doors. The world was waking up to the duties, the events, the accidents of a new day.

We came to our journey's end at last. Bells rang, and screaming whistles welcomed our arrival. Boys and men were running along the platform making all the noise they could in honour of the Night Express, safe and in time. Friends came trooping to meet friends. All was welcome, bustle, self-congratulation, and satisfaction.

I got down. I gave a glance at the engine. Nothing with her seemed out of place. Her task was over. There she stood, as strong, as polished, and as unfatigued as when we started. I stopped to say good-bye to Mr. Shaffer, to whom I had communicated what had passed between the ex-Confederate General and Mr. Walford.

'Charley thinks he shot him, anyhow,' was his comment on the conversation.

'Are you going to rest?' were my last words.

'No, sir. He's gone. It will be awful lonesome, I expect, along the line. I must see to the engine.'

I left him preparing to wash his own machine. In about twelve hours it would start on its return trip again. All things would repeat the experiences of the night—except poor Charley. We parted with a cordial pressure of the hand.

Six months after, at the door of one of the Company's workshops, I met a face I knew—paler than when I saw it last. It was no longer 'Charley's' face. It belonged to Mr. Brooks, an important man about the works and a favourite with the Company. My friend the autocrat had been as good as his word.

'And how about Miss Nettie?' I asked, as I grasped him cordially by the hand.

'Come and see her,' he replied. 'She is now Mrs. Brooks, thanks to the kind offices of General Yeardley. I'd almost give my other foot that I had not shot him in the arm, for it was not at long range. But bless me! I forgot. For the old man's sake, Nettie says I must never say that any more. They have settled it among them that no man who had not a ruffianly black beard and moustache could have shot General Yeardley.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXVI.

1705–1712.

PHILIP V. AND CHARLES III.

THE death of Leopold I. made a great difference to the affairs of his second son, Charles, who was then in Portugal. The King Pedro V. being imbecile, government was carried on by his son João.

Gibraltar was besieged by the Marquis of Villadarias, but the Spanish supplies were insufficient, and he made little progress. Tessé was sent to supersede him, but did no better, and had to raise the siege, and go to meet the English force which had crossed the Guadiana and besieged Badajos. Before he came up, however, a cannon shot had struck off Lord Galway's hand, and it was thought expedient to retreat.

However, a thoroughly able and brilliant officer was on his way from England, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who had a wonderful genius for war, and, indeed, for everything else, though he frittered away his opportunities by his fickle and dissipated habits, and had done nothing worthy of his talents up to 1705, the forty-seventh year of his life.

He came out to Lisbon with 5000 troops in the fleet of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, a runaway apprentice to a shoemaker, risen by his great abilities to the rank of Admiral. After consultation with the Archduke Charles and Lord Galway, he decided on making another attempt on the Mediterranean coast, and took Charles and his suite on board, entertaining them in a royal manner at his own expense. At Gibraltar he also took up the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who had always been popular in Eastern Spain.

It was a favourable moment, for the Spaniards were greatly disgusted at the supremacy of the French at Court, and the Aragonese kingdom was always jealous of Castille, so that when the fleet touched at the Bay of Altea near Valencia, they found the people so ready to welcome them, that Charles III. was proclaimed by the populace.

The forces of Philip were in two divisions, one at Barcelona, where the descent was apprehended, the other on the Portuguese frontier, under the Duke of Berwick, who had again been sent to Spain, and was more than a match for Lord Galway. The other provinces were

unprotected, and there were only a few Guards at Madrid. There was only one fortified town, namely Requena, between Valencia and the capital; the distance was only fifty leagues, and Lord Peterborough was very anxious to make a sudden dash, drive out Philip, and place Charles on the throne.

He found, however, that the Archduke and the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt were not to be moved from their determination to besiege Barcelona, and for three weeks the army was obliged to beleaguer it without making any progress. At last the brilliant genius of Peterborough devised a sudden attack on the fort of Monjuich, on a hill surrounding the city. It was a most gallant and ably conducted attack, the fighting was desperate, and the Prince of Darmstadt was killed; but it was finally successful, and though the Viceroy of Catalonia, Don Francisco Velasco, was resolute to hold out to the last, the townspeople, and even his soldiers, rose against him. He had agreed to capitulate in four days, but the insurgents broke into mutiny, and began pillaging and using violence, so that only the arrival of Peterborough and his Englishmen stopped a terrible riot, and saved the life of Velasco, whom he secretly put on board ship for Alicant.

Charles solemnly entered Barcelona, on the 23rd of October, 1705, and much gratified the people by granting them privileges, and showing himself a devout member of their Church. Meeting in the street a procession carrying the last Sacraments to a dying man in a poor quarter of the city, he left his carriage, and followed bare-headed, and torch in hand.

His German council, however, were most mischievous in their greed, pride, and ignorance. Their minds were, as a Spaniard said, like goats' horns, hard, narrow, and crooked, and the Dutch officers were equally troublesome and obstructive to all Peterborough's measures. Nor could the English Earl trust any Spaniard unless all the rest of the family were in his hands as hostages.

The city of San Mateo, lying between Valencia and Barcelona, had declared for Charles, and was besieged by the Franco-Spanish army under the Count de Las Torres. Charles ordered Peterborough to relieve it, telling him that the besiegers only amounted to 2000 men, and that 16,000 peasants were collected to join him. Accordingly the Earl set off, but at Tortosa, he learnt that the army of 16,000 peasants was a mere imagination, and that Torres's force amounted to 7000 men, while he had but 1200. Instead, however, of giving up the attempt, Peterborough shut up the gates of Tortosa and guarded them so that no one passed out except two spies, one of whom carried a letter to Colonel Jones, the Governor of San Mateo, promising him confidently immediate relief, while the other was to let himself be taken by the enemy, and pretend to betray to them the approach of a large army. This was done, and the other messenger being captured with the letter, the information was

confirmed, and Torres, believing himself outnumbered, as soon as the English came in sight, retreated. Peterborough followed him as far as Albocazer, expecting a reinforcement from Barcelona; but instead of this, there came letters full of alarm to tell him that the Duke of Berwick had been recalled from the Portuguese frontier, and was about to fall upon Catalonia, and two more armies were entering that province. The Council of War decided that this enterprise must be abandoned, and the troops sent back, and the infantry were despatched to the sea port of Vimaroz, whence it would be easy to transport them to Barcelona in case of danger; but he himself, with 200 horse, still persisted in keeping on the rear of Torres's army.

They spread themselves out as much as possible, and did their utmost to appear a mere outpost of a much larger army; and they destroyed the first detachment which they overtook. Torres continued his retreat, and Villareal, which had shown itself favourable to the Archduke, was treated with great cruelty, being given up to the violence of the Spanish troops.

Nules, the next town, was Bourbonist, and had strong walls and a good garrison, so that it was expected to check the English advance. However, Peterborough would lose nothing for want of boldness. He made straight up to the gates, under a fire of musketry, and demanded speech with the Governor or with a priest. Then he told those who appeared that he was disposed to retaliate on them the blood of Villareal, but that he would give them six minutes for which to decide on an honourable surrender. Otherwise, as soon as his artillery came up, he should batter their walls and give no quarter.

Little guessing that there was no artillery to come, and recollecting the outrages of their own party at Villareal, the Nules people used their six minutes to decide on surrender, and the two hundred English were masters of the place. There, however, Peterborough was informed that the Duke of Arcos had been sent to supersede Torres, and to invest Valencia with 10,000 men, and the burghers wrote in the greatest alarm to entreat him to come to their rescue.

Feeling the need, he summoned all the forces he could collect, English and Spanish, with scarcely any reference to the Court at Barcelona. Most of them were on foot, but he had contrived to collect, at low prices, no less than eight hundred horses, and had their saddles and bridles sent by sea. At Oropesa he held a review of his infantry on one side of a hill, while he caused all his horses to be drawn up on the other side out of sight. At the inspection he expressed a wish that such troops could serve on horseback, and the officers agreed in the wish in a vague manner. Suddenly a commission for cavalry service was put into the hands of each, and being ordered to march forward, they came in sight of a fine set of horses divided into eight bodies, all ready for instant use, to their extreme delight.

Arcas was advancing on Valencia, and had stationed at Murviedo

to stop the English General, an Irish officer, called by the Spaniards, Mahoni. He was a brave and skilful man, but he was a relation of Peterborough's second wife, and this furnished an excuse for sending a flag of truce and asking for an interview, in which the Earl did his best to make the man a traitor; but failing in this, actually was base enough to send two feigned deserters over to Arcos to accuse Mahoni of treachery. They were believed, and the honest Irishman was sent under arrest to Madrid, where his innocence was proved; but Peterborough had succeeded in his object of making Arcos reject the suspected advice, and retreat over the mountains.

Philip himself now decided on setting out to reduce the insurgents, making the great mistake of taking with him the incompetent and cruel Tessé, who expected to prevent revolt by terror and bloodshed among insurgent citizens and peasantry, though he was timid in the day of battle. He had, however, 20,000 men, and the German Ministry were so much alarmed, that they tried to persuade Charles to embark and take flight; but the blood of the Hapsburg was not cowardly, and he resolved to remain, though the Count of Toulouse was coming to besiege him by sea. He declared that he would be guided by the Blessed Virgin, and kneeling in the Cathedral before her shrine, with all the populace round him, besought her counsel. Rising at length, he declared, no doubt with full conviction, that she had revealed to him that his faithful Catalans would never forsake him. The enthusiasm was immense, there were cries of a miracle, and the whole of the citizens, even the women and the clergy, were eager to serve in the defence. The Capuchin monks tied their long beards with the yellow and black Austrian colours, and served as soldiers, while the Franco-Spanish army invested the city, and began by retaking Monjuich, though not succeeding for three weeks, when its brave Governor, Lord Donegal, was killed, and it surrendered. Peterborough was meantime hovering about, carrying on a guerilla warfare, and waiting for reinforcements which General Stanhope was to bring. They were on the coast, but Stanhope was under the authority of the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Leake, and the latter would not go near Barcelona till he was joined by Admiral Byng with the fleet from Ireland. Communication was rendered very difficult by French cruisers, and the Spanish fishermen were afraid of carrying letters, and Stanhope therefore contrived to let Lord Peterborough know that the reception of a blank sheet of paper would be a sign that the fleets had joined. The blank paper arrived at last, and Peterborough's next plan was to draw the Count of Toulouse into a naval battle, hoping to destroy the French Fleet, but as he did not expect that the Count would risk a battle if the whole of the English numbers were visible, his object was to make a large portion keep out of sight. His commission gave him power to command the sea as well as the land forces, but only when he was actually on board.

He therefore put off from Sitges at night in an open boat to find the fleet, but failed; tried the second time, and was taken on board a ship, where, to the astonishment of the whole fleet, his flag was flying the next morning. He was, however, too late; the French had seen the number of ships, and the Count of Toulouse had gone off rather than be caught in a trap.

Barcelona was relieved, the idea of an assault was given up, and Tessé insisted that instead of retreating through an insurgent population to Zaragoza, Philip should fall back upon Roussillon, which belonged to France, thus becoming a fugitive from his own dominions, and leaving behind his heavy artillery, with his sick and wounded.

It was the 11th of May, 1706, and there was a total eclipse of the sun, the chosen emblem of Louis XIV., and it was accepted as an evil omen by the French, while Peterborough, causing the spiked cannon to be recast, had the sun upon them eclipsed, and the motto, '*Magna parvis obscurantur.*' He had already cared for the comfort of the French sick and wounded so as to amaze them.

Things went better for the French where Berwick was, but he had too few men to make an effectual resistance to Lord Galway, who was on his march from the Portuguese frontier towards Madrid. Berwick advised Philip to stay at Perpignan, and Tessé, on the other hand, urged him to return to Paris; but Philip was too resolute and too anxious about his wife to attend to either of them, and hurried to Madrid, whence, after trying almost in vain to raise contributions, he sent her off to Burgos, and went himself to join Berwick's army on the Guadarrama mountains.

Lord Galway marched into Madrid and proclaimed Charles III. there amid a sullen populace. If he had been wise he would immediately have pursued Berwick and the King, whose force was so small, that he could have hunted them back into France in spite of all Berwick's skill. He chose, however, to loiter at Madrid, where the Queen-Dowager, a Neuburg princess, aunt to Charles, made them welcome; and so did Cardinal Portocarrero, who had been affronted by the little Savoyard Queen and the Princess des Ursins, and who openly espoused the other party, and blessed the Austrian standards at a solemn Te Deum in the Cathedral. Promptness of action would have established Charles firmly on the Spanish throne, and Peterborough tried to persuade him to hurry by the most direct route to Madrid; but he chose to go through Zaragoza, and so slowly that there were reports of his death. When General Stanhope tried to hasten him, he said that he must have equipages to arrive in state. 'Sir,' was the reply, 'our William III. entered London in a hackney coach, with a cloak-bag behind it.'

While thus delaying, the Castillians, who had become attached to Philip, and hated alike English, Germans, Portuguese, Catalans, and Valencians, rose eagerly in favour of Philip. At Toledo they rode

down the Austrian standard at the door of the Queen-Dowager, and guarded her as a prisoner of state. A village priest brought Queen Louisa 120 pistoles from his flock, where there were only the same number of houses, praying her to believe that there were 120 hearts faithful unto death. The Andalusians raised 14,000 foot and 4000 horse, and numbers from all sides flocked to Philip's standard.

On the other hand, the troops of Charles were melting away at Madrid. They had given way to excesses, and between these and the summer climate, 6000 were in hospital, and all the time Charles was delayed at Zaragoza by the disturbances between him and Madrid. At last he set forth, while Peterborough started from Valencia, and Galway from Madrid, to meet on the road. They did actually all join at Guadalatara, but no sooner was Galway out of Madrid than Berwick's forces were in it again and gladly welcomed! By this time Berwick had 22,000 men, the Allies only 18,000, and these, moreover, had three commanders besides the Archduke, Galway, Peterborough, and the Spanish Das Minas. Galway, who was the senior, had the good sense to offer to resign the command to Peterborough; but Das Minas would not hear of doing so—and it was plain that Charles had been affronted at Peterborough's remonstrances, and would not attend to suggestions from that quarter. The Earl therefore decided on leaving the camp, and going to the assistance of the Duke of Savoy, who was besieged at Turin. It was quite plain that every one was glad to get rid of him, in spite of his great services, for his activity and his imperious temper were equally annoying. He had many faults, and yet was of a magnificent generosity. On his way, he learnt that at the town of Huete his baggage, which comprised valuable plate and fine horses, had been plundered, and as there was reason to think this had been done by connivance of the magistrates, he declared his intention of burning down the place. The clergy and other authorities interceded, and he agreed to spare the city on receiving compensation in corn instead of money, and this corn he immediately sent off, to the value of £8000, to the camp of Charles, where he had been so ungratefully treated.

Going on towards Valencia, he learnt at Campillo that at a village near at hand, a party of English soldiers, marching from hospital to rejoin the army, had been treacherously attacked, made prisoners, some killed, and the rest thrown alive into a pit, by an anticipation of the well of Cawnpore. Lord Peterborough and his escort hurried to the spot and found the clothes of the soldiers in the church, but the murderers had fled, and only the sacristan could be proved to have taken part in the massacre. Him the Earl hanged at his own door, the village was burnt, and then the pit was examined. At the sound of English voices, there was a cry, and one poor survivor was drawn up, having saved himself by clinging to some branches, and creeping into a cranny. No wonder that Peterborough wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough that Spain was the most dis-

agreeable country in the world, the officers the greatest robbers, the soldiers the greatest cowards!

After having obtained the surrender of Alicant, and been duly entertained at Valencia with balls, banquets, and bull-fights, he proceeded to Genoa, while the generals he had left, quarrelling as usual, retreated into Valencia; and Philip and his Queen re-entered Madrid amid great demonstrations of joy. The difference between the two candidates, Philip and Charles, seems to have been that the first let himself be well served, the other prevented it.

The next year, Peterborough returned to Valencia, where a Council of War was held. He thought the only thing to be done was to stand on the defensive; but Charles, Galway, Das Minas, and Stanhope all were in favour of an advance, and he was overruled. Being soon after recalled, he travelled slowly home through Europe, while the Allies prepared to take the field, but much too slowly, so as to give time for French reinforcements to join Berwick, and to make things worse in the expectation of a pitched battle. Charles thought proper to march off to Barcelona with several thousand troops. His personal courage had been proved, and the cause of this freak seems to have been the influence of his Flemish Minister, the Count of Nazelles, who persuaded him that it was derogatory to his dignity to remain with an army where he had not the supreme command. Stanhope being British Minister, was obliged to follow the King, and remain shut up with him in Barcelona.

Lord Galway and Minas now marched into the plain of Almanza to offer battle, though they had only 12,000 foot and 6000 cavalry, all the Spaniards having gone off with Charles. They did not know the full strength of the French and Spaniards, who had 25,000 altogether, and of which their cavalry formed a large portion. The battle began at 3 P.M. on the 25th of April by a brave attack of Lord Galway's on the Spanish infantry, and dislodged them; but the Spanish horse regained the ground, though they prepared for a second charge. Das Minas, in the centre, at first met with success, and broke the foremost ranks, but Berwick had fresh troops to bring up, and on each side hemmed in the English and Dutch, so that they were crushed between the stronger batallions, fighting desperately. The two generals succeeded in escaping to Tortosa with 3500 horse. The rest were all slain or made prisoners, 120 standards were taken, 24 cannons, and all the baggage. It was the worst defeat in a pitched battle that the English arms ever had suffered except Hastings and Bannockburn; but it was some consolation to the national mind that the English had been commanded by a Frenchman and the French by an Englishman.

The young Duke of Orleans arrived at the army the day after the battle, much to his disappointment. Valencia surrendered at once, and so did all the fortresses of the province, except Xativa, which held out in the wonderful Spanish fashion, and had to be taken by

fighting from house to house—so much enraging the victors that the survivors were transplanted into Castille and the place razed to the ground, and its name cancelled for that of San Felipe.

Zaragoza, too, surrendered, and in a month after the battle of Almanza, Philip was master of all the kingdoms except Catalonia, where, however, Charles still held out, and received his bride, a princess of Brunswick, to whom he was married at Barcelona in the summer of 1707.

Louis XIV. had resolved to give a new commander to his army in Spain, namely, his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, half-brother to the first wife of Charles II.

Philippe, Duke of Orleans, was the son of the King's brother, commonly called Monsieur, and of Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Palatine, and thus grand-daughter to Elizabeth Stewart, 'the Queen of hearts.' He had become Duke of Orleans in 1702 by his father's death, and was married without any willingness on his own part or that of his mother to Mademoiselle de Blois, the daughter of Louis XIV. and Louise de la Vallière, a dull, uninteresting person. Like our Charles II., he had inherited a great deal of the nature of Henri IV. There was the same fascinating brilliancy and good-nature, and the same remarkable ability too often perverted. Indeed, Philippe's mother was wont to say of him that the nursery tale was verified in him of the child endowed by fairy godmothers with every possible gift and grace, but by the ban of the malignant uninvited one prevented from profiting by any.

The corruption of the earlier years of Louis XIV. had had a fatal effect on a character naturally prone to self-indulgence, and to the young man with a satirical mother, the reformation under Madame de Maintenon seemed nothing but hypocrisy worthy of derision and sneers, especially for its narrowness. Once, when the sanction of Louis was asked for the attendance of a certain gentleman on his nephew, he asked, 'Is not he a Jansenist?' 'No, Sire, he is more of an Infidel.' And Louis thought this the less danger. Thus the young Duke was a sceptic at heart, rejecting such religion as he saw in his uncle, and in life an utter profligate, growing worse every year, but at this time, endowed with much fire, dash, and bravery, and with a great charm of manner. He had already served in Italy, and shown that while the King of Spain was an obedient puppet, and the Duke of Burgundy so scrupulous and conscientious as to interfere with the plans of the generals, he had many of the qualities fitted to make him an able leader.

He served in the campaign of 1707, in Spain, under the Duke of Berwick, and in 1708 was entrusted with the army there, not merely as a princely spectator, but as the real commander-in-chief. The English troops on the Portuguese side were entrusted to Lord Galway, those in Catalonia to General Stanhope, Don Diego Estanup, as the Spaniards called him. He begged for an Austrian army under

Prince Eugene, who besides being a great leader might have managed King Charles and his impracticable Germans, but the Emperor Joseph could not spare him, and sent instead Marshal Guido Staremberg, a veteran of great reputation, but slow, cautious, and a slave to method.

Minorca was the next conquest. It was felt to be very important, alike as a refuge for the fleet, and as a check upon the Moorish pirates of Algiers and Tunis, and Marlborough, after his interview with Peterborough, wrote to Stanhope strongly recommending the attack.

Stanhope could only take a few hundred men from Catalonia, and Admiral Leake, over whom he had no authority, thought the fortress of Port Mahon too strong to be attempted; but finding Stanhope already on the way, he joined in it. The castle of Fornelles was first battered, and forced to surrender, and after a gallant defence, St. Philip's Castle, the citadel of Port Mahon, followed its example, and Minorca was strongly garrisoned by the English to serve as a winter harbour for their fleet. When later, Stanhope was raised to the peerage, Viscount Mahon was one of his titles, borne by the heir of the Earldom. It is curious that an English nobleman should be called after the brother of Hannibal, Mago, from whom Mahon is said to be named.

Orleans seems to have entertained a scheme for making himself King of Spain in right of his grandmother Anne of Austria, instead of either of the rivals, and he sent his aide-de-camp, M. de la Flotte, to sound Stanhope as to the support of England. The Englishman, however, was far too honourable to adopt such a plan against the ally he was assisting; but he thought Orleans might be detached from France by being assisted to make himself King of Navarre, with the addition of Languedoc, but still refused to promote the scheme, without the consent of Charles. This was gained, but in the meantime Princess Orsini had guessed something, she obtained King Philip's sanction to the arrest of La Flotte, discovered the correspondence in cypher, and caused the King to send it all to his grandfather, with the gratuitous addition on the part of Madame des Ursins, that the Duke meant to divorce his wife and marry the Spanish Queen Dowager.

Another prop was cut away from Louis, just as the battle of Oudenarde had almost destroyed half an army. He attempted negotiation, but the first article insisted on by the Allies was that the crown of Spain should be ceded to Charles, Philip receiving Naples and Sicily. Here, however, it proved that Philip would not hear of resigning. He wrote, 'God has placed the crown of Spain on my head, and I will maintain it as long as a drop of blood flows in my veins,' and to show his determination, he convoked the Cortes to acknowledge his infant son Prince of the Asturias.

Louis had almost recalled his troops from Spain, but detained them

on the piteous entreaty of Queen Louisa, and they took Alicant, after a most brilliant resistance, the last place in the kingdom of Valencia that had not yet submitted to Philip.

A battle on the Portuguese side of Spain was likewise gained against poor Lord Galway, always unfortunate, at Lazudina, and it became more and more plain that Philip reigned by the good will of all the Spaniards except the Catalonians; but Louis XIV. was reduced to such distress that his desire was more and more to purchase peace by making his grandson renounce the crown so eagerly seized; but as this proved unpracticable, support was still afforded to him.

He begged for the Duke of Vendôme to lead his army, but the rout of Oudenarde was not forgiven, and this was refused. Philip then set forth on a personal campaign with the brave Marquis of Villadarias as General, and on the other side, Charles had taken the field with Stanhope and Staremberg, so that the two rivals for the first time were together in a battle.

The place was Almenara, where the tardiness of Charles and Staremberg was such that they would have let the whole opportunity go by if Stanhope had not assured them that if they did so, he should consider it his duty to withdraw the English troops and leave them to shift for themselves. So the battle began a quarter of an hour before sunset on the 23rd of July, 1710, and when once engaged, they showed themselves quite brave enough, and there was a complete victory, only checked by the darkness. Indeed, Philip would have been made prisoner, but for a last desperate charge of Villadarias to cover his flight.

He was in a manner paralysed by his alarm, and it was difficult to stir him up to exertion, till the Allies were at the gates of Zaragoza. There was then another battle on the 20th of September on the deep barranca or ravine, called already, from a conflict in the Moorish times, 'Barranca de los Muertos.' Again Staremberg could with difficulty be induced to fight, but when he did so, fought admirably, and another victory was gained, 63 colours and 6000 prisoners taken, and 5000 men left on the field.

Charles entered Zaragoza the same night, and was warmly welcomed. Stanhope wished to march on Madrid, but the German general and his prince were hard to move, considering it an axiom that conquests should be made step by step, not by bounds, and though Stanhope did prevail, and wrote to Lord Galway to move forward and meet him at Madrid; but Charles only felt jealousy, and wrote to his wife at Barcelona, 'If this plan of the English succeeds, all the glory will be theirs; if it fails, all the loss will be mine.'

Philip had been forced to retreat to Madrid and prepare for flight, consoled, however, by the ardent affection of the people, who flocked after him when he carried off his wife and her infants to Valladolid. The road was blocked with carriages, and even ladies of high rank

followed on foot, the populace who could not leave the city watching them with tears and prayers.

When Charles entered the city a few days later, all was silent, there was not a voice to cry '*Viva*,' except those of a few street children, to whom coins were thrown; all the shops were shut, and Charles, exclaiming, 'The city is a desert,' turned his horse, rode out, and took up his quarters at a country house, where he issued decrees in hopes of conciliating the people. One old nobleman, the Marquis of Mancera, a hundred years old, had been too infirm to leave the city, and Stanhope was sent to persuade him to acknowledge Charles.

'Sir,' the old man said, 'I have but one God and one king, and I am resolved to be faithful to both.'

However, Philip's need had obtained at last from his grandfather the presence of the Duke of Vendôme. Eager to retrieve his fame, he brought new life and vigour into his councils. Charles, perceiving the danger of being cut off from Catalonia, retreated from Madrid, which Philip entered a week or two later. He was received with ecstacy, and showed his gratitude warmly. He went himself to the bedroom of the old Mancera to thank him for his fidelity, the first time it is said that a dying subject had been visited by a King of Spain since Philip II. had gone too late to see the Duke of Alva.

The tide had turned. Vendôme followed up the retreating army and obtained the surrender of Brihuega, though obstinately defended by Stanhope himself, who was made prisoner, and taken with his officers to Valladolid.

Without him and his English, there was little chance for the German and Catalonian army, who were overtaken at Villa Viciosa on the 10th of December, 1710, and suffered terribly in spite of the brave resistance of Staremberg. Night came on, and the old German with far inferior forces still held the ground, though his loss had been terrible, and so many standards had been taken, that when the Spaniards rested on the heights above, Vendôme told Philip he should have the most glorious bed that ever monarch had slept upon, and made him a couch of the enemy's colours.

Both sides called Villa Viciosa a victory; but the fruits were Philip's, for Staremberg had to retreat the next day, and was so harassed by the enemy, as to lose many men before he reached Barcelona, and fortress after fortress fell before the arms of the Dukes of Vendôme and Noailles.

SKETCHES OF OLD NORSE LITERATURE.

VI.

THE SAGAS OF ICELAND.

WHILE heroic and historical poetry, legend, and chronicle are common to all literatures, the Sagas are peculiar to that of Iceland alone; that is, the stories of the Saga ages, as distinguished from what are sometimes called Sagas, such as historical chronicles, spurious Sagas, and later prose versions of ancient poems. Iceland is the home of the Sagas, and they have risen out of the conditions of life in that curious country.

In the 9th century it needed much daring to sail to Iceland, and much endurance to settle there. So the inhabitants were energetic and strong in character even beyond the average Norsemen elsewhere. The configuration of the island, consisting of many almost isolated valleys lying between dangerous mountains and stormy seas, gave to the inhabitants of each little valley a character and history of their own. In summer there was a good deal of contact with other people at home or beyond seas, and often the excitement of the ride to the *Althing*, where all Iceland gathered for business ordiversion; but in winter each little circle of neighbours was isolated from the rest of the world, and thrown on its own mental resources. It is different in Norway, where people speed about in sledges or on snow-shoes; but the fierce winds and snow-drifts make the ways in Iceland so impassable, that even now there are many who hardly move beyond their byres and sheepcotes, and perhaps their church, all the long winter through. To say of a man that he was 'out' (*uti*), sufficiently tells that he has lost his life on a winter journey, to this day only too common a death.

Winter life appears in old times to have been much the same as now. The household are up with the grey of the dawn; all outdoor work is done during the few hours of sunshine or partial daylight. Often, when the winter twilight darkens, the people of the farms take a siesta, and are roused again when the darkness is profound and the night advanced. Then is the time of the *Kveikja*, or kindling of the lights; then the women weave and spin and knit, and the men carve wood and work at carpentry, jewelry, or repairs. Under the best lamp the reader sits and reads from poem, saga, or history, or now, maybe, from a novel of Scott's or Bulwer. But in

former days it was, as still sometimes, the sayer of the saga or the poem who wiled away the winter night. Towards midnight, perhaps, the lights are put out, and the real night's rest begins, to last till the earliest dawn.

Iceland is a poor country now, though the inhabitants are so cultivated as to show that it is possible to combine the frugality of a simple state of life with the intelligence of an advanced one. But formerly it was more on an equality with other nations. If the winter night was long, there was plenty of oil to burn, and in trade the oil meant wealth before the days of gas. The chief men of Iceland were then often wealthy, clever, far-travelled, and the winters were what they are now. We see the influence of such energies pent in such narrow limits in the Sagas. They are the family histories of the inhabitants of the different valleys, the events being often grouped round some central character, the hero of the story. True stories they are, of real men and women, but told, not written, handed down by tradition through two or more generations, so that additions in the spirit of the times have crept in, and also some stock stories are told of different persons. What the Icelanders call the Saga age—when the events told in these Sagas happened—is, roughly speaking, from A.D. 870 to 1050. From that date till A.D. 1250 many were written down by unknown authors. Many, we know, are lost. We have some evidently written as they were said, in a brief, archaic form. Four or five of the longest Sagas have gone through a further process of editing, and appear to be collections of several smaller local Sagas welded together into a developed and dramatic whole—such are Njala, Egil Skallagrimson, Laxdæla, etc. We have every reason to believe the events recorded really happened; but the various details of dress and manners are often of the period of the writer in the 13th century rather than of the heroes of the 10th century. About forty of these authentic family histories survive, and the names of many others, of which the MSS. have been lost.

When we open the Saga book it is like drawing back a curtain and looking out of an old Gothic window on the very life of the early Middle Ages moving and acting before us. We have it, indeed, described by graphic eye-witnesses. There are few attempts to analyse character, though the men and women spoken of stand out as marked people that one would know again anywhere, but through their own words and actions, which the author only narrates as truly as he can. The frequent little repetitions and events constantly happening, which served to keep the listeners' attention on the alert, indicate that they were originally *told*, not read, histories. Then there is often much idiomatic and pointed dialogue, sarcastic and humourous, and interspersed with bits of Old-World wisdom. The Norsemen loved renown, but also truth, and one feels the essential trustworthiness of the historic Sagas. It was not till the race had declined from its original strength that spurious Sagas and

the poetic but impossible romances of southern Europe became popular, that Tristram, Lancelot, and Cyrus replaced as heroes the historical champions of the North.

The great defect of the Sagas is the extraordinary carelessness of human life which underlies their morals; their heroes are often as destructive as Nature herself. This was, we think, only partly owing to the law of the blood feud which is common to all the ancient Teutonic nations: the Norse laws were especially indulgent to the slayer. Only unconfessed slaying was counted murder; the laws then withdrew their protection from the murderer in Iceland, leaving the duty of killing him to the family of the slain person; and it was a duty usually undertaken with pleasure. If a man killed another, even by an unprovoked assault, and declared it at the next farm, the law found it only manslaughter, to be atoned by a fine. Every one's life had its price, according to social position; and, as it was divided between the next of kin, the slaughter of a not very popular member of a family might be felt as no great loss. Thus a turbulent fellow could buy the privilege of slaughtering man after man, though of course it was expensive, and generally ended by his becoming the follower of some powerful chief, who paid his fines and protected him from outlawry. Latterly ambitious chiefs thus collected bands of reckless men, which enabled them to defy the laws and overawe the councils of the freemen at the *Althing*. But in cases of manslaughter the family was not bound to accept an atonement; they might prefer revenge, and slay the slayer, who then would fall unatoned or one of his kindred; in which case one blood-feud might bring half-a-dozen others in its train, and be a clear example of the 'wrong which avenges wrong.' In vain Christianity strove with this spirit of violence and revenge, for, in spite of splendid exceptions, it seemed as a national vice to increase, till the strength of the Norse aristocracy was broken by King Sverre, and the independence of Iceland was sacrificed to the quarrels of her chiefs in the reign of his son King Hakon, in the 13th century. Retribution lingers for the sins of nations, but it came indeed when Norway and Iceland, losing for long the spirit of enterprise and independence which had been their glory, became the oppressed and neglected provinces of Denmark, itself of little account among the nations of Europe. Better times dawned by degrees, and the old dauntless spirit of the North still shows itself in the enterprise and endurance of her sons.

The other national fault of drinking comes out in the Sagas; but then, as now in the North, it was rather wild carousals at high festivals, and marriage, funeral, and heirship gatherings, than the ruinous, modern, and British habit of daily drinking that is described. The ale was brewed before the feast, drunk very new, and probably finished when the guests departed, and, as still in Norway, a week of revelry was followed by months of abstinence.

But there is much to admire in the men and women of the Sagas. If they were fierce foes, they were most faithful and steadfast friends, true to their loves and their lords and their comrades; if they were cruel, they were ready to endure the evils they inflicted with the utmost fortitude, and even with a half-humourous composure that could hardly be shaken. It is curious to contrast them with the very emotional people of other early tales and histories. In the mediæval romances, not to go further south than the 'Gawain' or 'Green knight' of Scotland, every one weeps floods of tears upon sometimes small occasions; in bad situations, not only the ladies, but the knights, fall down with grief and go into swoon after swoon. It takes a great deal to draw a tear from man or woman in a Saga, but the rare pathos is intense from its restraint. In the same way in the romances, people 'laugh till they cannot sit' over the poorest little puns, while the talk in the Sagas is really often full of sly, dry humour; but people rarely laugh till 'the ale begins to speak.' The fascination of the Sagas, which to many is beyond that of fiction or of political history, is their honest, simple portrayal of real people, making them studies of human nature for all time; for though

'Changed are customs, arts, and words,
Yet our hearts remain the same.'

The same as the hearts of our ancestors, many of us may say, for no doubt in our country there is a large infusion of the northern race and its distinctive qualities.

The Sagas are so local in character, that it seems simplest, in describing a few of the most typical, to follow the geographical arrangement.

A long day's ride north and west of Reykjavik brings us to where the narrow waters of the beautiful Hval fjord * carry the brown sea-weeds into the heart of the hills. One long large island in the midst of the fjord was once the chief scene of the Hardar Saga, or 'Island Defence,' which tells of the valour and ill-luck of two brave chiefs, Hord and Geir, who were driven to be outlaws, and with their wives and families and a band of followers held this island for many years against all-comers. The outlaws, who have all our sympathies, were slain at last, and the chieftain's brave wife, the Earl's fair daughter, only escaped by swimming ashore after dark, carrying her youngest son, while the elder, eight years old, swam after, though his mother had to go half-way back to fetch him. She then walked many miles to the house of a female relation, who heard the sad story, and offered her and her children an asylum, though her husband had taken part against them. Next night she took a short sword, and, standing over her husband as he lay in bed, wounded him, and threatened his life if he did not promise to slay her cousin's slayer. No doubt it was his duty—at

* Hval—pronounce qual, i.e. whale.

any rate, he yielded to his wife's masterful persuasions, and did so, 'and all considered,' says the Saga, 'that his wife had acted nobly.' Thus the ladies of Iceland could take their own parts in desperate emergencies.

Going northwards to the neighbouring Borgar fjord, where there is much broad meadow land under the hills, we find the whole district historical ground, owing to the finely told Egil Saga, which tells of events between about A.D. 860 and 990, first written in the 11th century by an unknown author, who received it from tradition. It is a history of the people of the *Myrasysslu*, or the *Myrimen*, equivalent to Moray-men in Scotland, and especially of the Skald and chieftain mentioned in our third Paper—Egil Skallagrimson. The story begins with his ancestors in Norway, and the quarrels with King Harald Fair-hair which caused Kveldulfr, his Viking grandfather, to sail for Iceland towards the end of the 9th century. Terrible superstitions then haunted the forests of Norway, till dispersed by the breezes of the Viking periods. Kveldulfr, as his name suggests, was a suspected were-wolf, and he died on his way to Iceland of the weakness which followed the berserker rage in which he fought his last battle. Skallagrim his son, the mighty armourer who shivered his anvil in his rage, was in character an advance on his father, as Egil was on him, though he remained a heathen to the end of his long life. But Egil was a man of deep feeling and rare imagination, and one feels sorry for the old blind man at the last, not allowed to ride to the *Althing* with his family, driven from the fireside by the cooking women, yet singing his little staves about the old days when he was a mighty leader and warrior.

Egil was born A.D. 904,* in Iceland, and died in 990, ten years before the land was Christianised. He wandered on Viking cruises with his elder brother Thorolf, till both took service in England with King Athelstan. Thorolf was killed in his service fighting against the Scots, and Egil returned to Iceland much enriched by Athelstan. After ten years and various cruises, Fortune once more brought Egil to York and to London. His adventures are most interesting, and tell us with vivid power of life from the Viking

* According to Ari's chronology; and I wish to add that a learned Icelander, who has kindly looked over these sketches for me, says that Dr. Vigfusson's objections to it, mentioned on p. 462, are little more than the fad of an enthusiastic antiquarian; that the family records give no support to his theory, which would throw most events of the Sagas into utter confusion. For instance, in this one, a battle in which Egil fought in A.D. 927, would have taken place several years before he was born. My friend adds we are far safer in following the chronology of Ari, and indeed of Vigfusson himself in 1855, than this new theory, which has been well refuted in an excellent paper by the present Governor of Iceland.

Also, see p. 245. Eyvind Skallaspillar never went to Iceland, though, as is correctly said, he was popular there. And p. 461. For Hall of the Side, read Hall Thorarinson of Hawkadal; the former was a grown man at the time of the introduction of Christianity.

point of view. They are so well told, that 'even as to collecting property,' as their idiom went, one's sympathies are apt to get on the side of the assailants, to share the enjoyment of a rush inland for a foray, and the great anxieties about friends who were long in getting back to the ships, and possibly prisoners. Here the Norse lion has painted his own picture, and adds other virtues to the courage which is the only one recognised in his foreign portraits. The Saga tells us much also of the ways of the chieftains in Norway, and deals with kings and princes and ladies in high position, about whom the point of honour seems to ring more truly than often in Southern chivalry. How carefully the interests of the ladies were guarded is well shown in the story of the marriage of Bjorn from the Sogue fjord in Norway and Thora the sister of the Earl in North fjord. Bjorn—who was an excellent match—and Thora fell in love at a feast given by the Earl. The following autumn Bjorn sailed north to ask her hand in marriage. Unluckily, the Earl had not returned from his Viking cruise, and Bjorn made the great mistake of bringing Thora south in his ship to his father's house, meaning there to celebrate the wedding. His father was indignant at this irregular proceeding, and forbade the marriage, but said the lady should live with them as his daughter till her brother's consent was ascertained. Bjorn, however, grew weary of waiting, and the following summer carried Thora off to Shetland, where they held their wedding feast, and wintered in Mousa Island. Next year, A.D. 907, they were pursued, and fled to Iceland, where Skallagrim received them well, and a little daughter was born, who afterwards became the wife of Egil. But even in Iceland they found no peace: their angry relations were only at last reconciled by the intervention of Skallagrim, and they returned forgiven to Norway. However, many years after, when both were dead, and Egil claimed his wife's share of lands in Norway, the old story was raked up, and twisted into Thora having been a war captive, and, consequently, her daughter being illegitimate, she could not inherit. Egil lost his case, which his friend Arinbjorn, the son of the Earl, thought so unfair, that he himself gave Egil the value of the land. This is the dry outline of a pretty little story of love and law somewhat modern in sentiment.

The beautifully situated parsonage of Borg stands now on the spot so minutely described as the home of Egil and his family, and the local names all round recall the events of his Saga. A few lines from the end of a free translation by Baring Gould from Egil's poem on his son's death, show the softer side of the character of the fierce Viking Skald, one of the most remarkable men of his time—

'Odin, why hast thou riven the green bough from its stem,
And ta'en it up to root it, in homes of gods and men?
Spear shaker! our old friendship I rend for aye away;
I trust thee now no longer, fell leader of the fray!

Upon the grassy headland, where fathers, children sleep
Above the constant throbbing of the unquiet deep,
Stands Death, how calmly waiting! What! can I dread to die?
Nay, gladly—oh, how gladly!—towards her arms I fly.'

Still in the western dales, but further north among soft valleys opening on grand sea inlets, studded with hundreds of islands, the scenes of the Laxdale Saga form a beautiful setting for perhaps the most touching and romantic story that has come down to us from these times. It tells how the first settler there was Unnr, the deeply wealthy, the daughter, wife, and mother of sea-kings; who, when her son Thorstein, who had taken half Scotland, was slain in Caithness, came to Iceland, took a great district of land, and settled her grand-children all round her. The Saga carries on the district history for more than a century; but the most romantic episode concerns her descendant Olaf, surnamed the Peacock, whose mother was a lovely captive, a king's daughter from Ireland. Olaf, after a dangerous expedition to Ireland, where he was welcomed by his mother's relations, was considered the most splendid and spirited youth in Iceland. At the *Althing* his father proposed him to Egil Skallagrim, as a husband for his daughter Thorgerda. Egil approved, and said he would talk it over with her, 'as no man could marry her unless with her good will.' Thorgerda was discouraging. 'I believed, father, that you loved me best of all your children; but it cannot be true, as you would marry me to a slave's son.' In vain Egil argued that his family was more illustrious on the mother's than on the father's side, she would have none of him. Olaf, evidently conscious of his own attractions, said to his father, 'I shall now undertake matters for myself, for the saying goes—wolves eat each other's fare' —and in splendid apparel he accompanied his father to Egil's booth, left the old men to talk together, and went in to where, on a bench, sat a fair lady he rightly guessed to be Thorgerda. He sat down by her, saying, 'You must think it boldly done of a slave's son that he dares to sit by you and talk to you.' Thorgerda replied, 'You must think that you have had greater calls for daring than talking to a woman.' 'So they sat and talked all day,' and a very happy marriage was arranged, the beginning of a long and prosperous life.

Olaf's sorrow was the fate of his son Kjartan, of which William Morris has given a fine poetic version in his 'Lovers of Gudrun.' The details of the story and their northern colouring are beautifully rendered, yet the poem is in some ways too decorative, too much a succession of noble men and fair women, rather alike and gracefully grouped, to express thoroughly the strong human passions of the Saga. Olaf inherited the beauty of his Irish mother; and so did Kjartan his son, who was evidently Irish in character, and the handsomest, most winning, and accomplished man in all the northern lands. He loved Gudrun, the fairest and wisest of women, a neighbour's daughter and a young widow, to whom he plighted his troth.

But he would fain first see the world and prayed her to wait for him three years. Bodli, his dearest friend and cousin, also a splendid youth and hopelessly enamoured of Gudrun, went with him to Norway. In Throndhjem, through the influence of King Olaf Tryggvasson, and also it appears charmed with the church singing, they, with their crews, became Christians. The three years passed, and Kjartan still lingered in Norway, held, indeed, as an honourable hostage by the King; and it was rumoured that he was to wed the King's sister. But Bodli returned to Iceland; wild with love for the, as he thought, neglected Gudrun, he overstated the gossip to her, and in rage and pique she married him a little before Kjartan returned to find her faithless. The King's sister, who certainly admired him, had given him a splendidly embroidered coif for Gudrun. This a damsel, called Hrefna, tried on when the coffer was opened on the Iceland shore; on Kjartan coming up, she was hastily taking it off, when he said, 'Two such fair things should not be severed, it would be better if I kept both'—and a year later he married the maiden, but with half a heart.

Then all bad became worse, the old outward show of friendship—still true between the two men—was kept up awhile by the others, till the stealing by Gudrun of the coif she claimed for her own brought actual enmity. Yet there is a bitter fidelity to the marriage bond, and to family honour, through all the passionate love for the wrong men, the wrong women of this overtrue tale. 'It needs no fine coif,' says even Kjartan to his fond wife, 'to make Gudrun the fairest of all women.' Yet *he* was always kind, while Gudrun at last caused her brothers and husband to lie in wait to slay Kjartan. After an heroic defence against the others, while Bodli stood by, Kjartan says at last to his friend and foster-brother, 'This is evil work you have to do, but I think it better to receive my doom from thee, kinsman, than to give it thee,' and he cast down his weapons, and Bodli slew him; and then 'sat down under the shoulders of Kjartan repenting bitterly.' He returned home and told Gudrun what had happened, who said, 'A good day's work—I have spun three ells of wool, and you have slain Kjartan.'

'That misfortune will be slow to leave my mind without your reminding me of it,' said he.

'I call it no such misfortune, as thy fame shall stand higher now, for Kjartan ever trod thee underfoot since his return to Iceland, and last I say what I think best, Hrefna will not be laughing to-night.' Bodli answered in great wrath, 'I think it likely she will not feel these tidings more than thou, and I suspect that you would be less shocked were I lying on the field and Kjartan were telling you the tidings.'

She answered that at least she knew now that her husband would act according to her wishes.

Such things did not pass unavenged, and a few years later it is

Bodli who is surprised by Kjartan's avengers in the sæter hut in the summer time, Gudrun only being with him. She went out to wash her linen in the stream as usual, while Bodli, after a gallant fight, was overpowered and slain.

Gudrun walked quietly home talking to the slayers, who justly thought that if she had cared much she would not have acted thus, but all the same she had doomed one to death in her own mind, and afterwards caused him to be slain. She married for the fourth time, a noble husband, who was evidently a man of high courage, whom she loved; when he was lost at sea she became, we are told, the first nun in Iceland. Long afterwards, when she was old and blind, it is said that her son Bodli, a middle-aged man home from Palestine, asked her one day about her four husbands. In a few words she described them, praising all but the first, who was a poor creature whom she divorced. 'And which, mother,' he asked, 'did you love the best?' She answered, 'To him I was worst whom I loved the most.'

And this was Kjartan, who, according to the Saga, was buried at Borg, his mother's old home, when the first church there was new and all decked in white for its consecration. In the churchyard there is now an old Runic stone, on which can still be in part deciphered, *Here lies the brave Kjartan slain by treachery.*

It is quaintly told in the Saga that Kjartan was the first man who ever fasted through Lent in Iceland, and that people came to look at him, wondering that it did him no harm. The new power of Christianity is certainly more shown in his being apparently the first man there, who deliberately chose to endure violence rather than to deal it—to accept death from his alienated friend rather than inflict it. It is interesting in this and some other Sagas to see how the influence of Christianity, even when, as the saying went, it was new in the land, is unconsciously brought out in contrast to the fierce spirit of revenge that was esteemed in heathen times.

Laxdæla is the finest of those Sagas which treat chiefly of love, but there are others, shorter, but full of charm. One 'Gunlang's Saga' has been translated by Magnusson and Morris, and with two others less authentic, called 'Three Northern Love Stories.'

A VILLAGE OF YESTERDAY.

A REMINISCENCE.

CHAPTER I.

I THINK a child's views of things are always worth preserving. If his outlook is narrower, the details are curiously vivid, and have a faculty for being photographed on the memory in such a way that no lapse of years makes any particular difference in their distinctness. And as real experiences are always more or less interesting, they are perhaps worthy of being committed to paper, especially if they are far enough back in the past to bring out incidentally any forgotten types of character, or record incidents which could scarcely happen nowadays, simply because of the progress which slowly but irrevocably changes every phase of life, and, more than all, village life. *That* is daily losing character and quaintness, in speech, manners, and general estimate of things; though, on the other hand, gaining in orderliness and culture. No doubt in the end everybody will reach a dead level of decorum, which will be gratifying to philanthropists, even if it is a little dull to those who remember the piquant eccentricities of the past.

The country rectory in which I was born was an average house of the period of fifty years ago. At the time it was built, Gothic architecture of the domestic order was a good deal ignored or, at any rate, not appreciated, and a square, useful dwelling was all that could be desired. This one was of pale pinkish brick, and it had one especial beauty which would scarcely be recognised as such, in these days. That was, that the roof was so flat that when a little way off you could not see it! This was thought a triumph of building art. But the ugliest brick packing-box can be softened by creepers, and a profusion of pink roses climbed up on the drawing-room side of the house, and red roses on the study side; and as a child I never could imagine a house with the reverse arrangement, i.e. red roses in front and pink at the side. The garden was full of evergreens, rather too full I think now, but my mother loved them, and knew the history of every individual deodara and stone-pine.

Beyond the trim garden was the wilder orchard, of course much the most charming to us children. There were apple-trees branching down to the ground, under which we had homes, i.e. holes in the ground where we enacted plays with tin toy ducks for the *dramatis personæ*, and fabricated pottery, which was not the less charming for being excessively dirty and misshapen.

In winter a good deal of our outdoor life was passed in some large

grass fields only separated from the orchard by a ha-ha. These were laid out in *billows* (the word is sufficiently descriptive, though I believe the correct name for a grassy ridge of this sort and a space between, is 'a land and a balk'), by which laborious method the country used to be drained before drain-pipes were invented. There was one great advantage in the billows (so it seemed to us)—when you ran down the slight incline, the impetus was enough to send you up the next, a very satisfactory arrangement, by which all exertion was avoided and the law of compensation fully carried out.

Not being fond of animals, I do not recollect feeling any particular interest in the large long-woolled sheep which browsed in the fields, and were tended by an old man, by name Judd. I have a vivid mental picture of him, clad in a long mud-coloured coat, reaching nearly down to his heels, the said garment being of an indescribable texture, neither cloth, corduroy, nor linen, unless in some remote past it *had* been cloth, and the nap had so completely departed that the dust of ages had gathered in its place. No doubt he was thus attired in virtue of being a small tenant farmer, for the labourers all wore smock frocks on week-days, and for the same reason probably, he was distinguished by being called 'Mr.' Judd. The old man was of a serious and somewhat taciturn disposition, and paced over the fields with funereal solemity, the 'ship' and their ailments being probably a heavy weight on his mind and excluding all lighter subjects. I can only recall his discoursing on one other topic, and that was, how Mr. —— (I forget his name) had in bygone years laid out the fields in the above-mentioned billows, and as I firmly believed Mr. —— had done it all by himself, it seemed an Herculean feat, quite worth remembering. We never could get much out of Mr. Judd, his ideas seemed so completely centred in the fields, that we doubted if he realised the existence of strange farms, certainly of foreign countries. But on one occasion, when we asked him in a superior manner if he knew where our new governess came from, we were routed by his answering promptly, 'Swizzland.'

Though to be sure, that need not have been *knowledge*, but only the current report in the village, when our Mamselle made her appearance.

Mr. Judd had the character of being very 'near,' which with us meant stingy, and it was darkly hinted that our well-known neighbours, the sheep, when turned into mutton, were lean and unsatisfactory. Farming was then in its prosperous days, and a mint of money was supposed to be coined by every farmer, great and small. I can remember my mother pointing to some wheat-ricks near our house, and saying, with a slight air of mystery, that they were 'worth *gold*,' and I understood better later, how the symmetrical square masses were emblematic of the solid, comfortable fortunes built up by the frugal agriculturists of those days.

No doubt Mr. Judd had a secret store laid by in some hole or

corner, which for worlds he would not have revealed. He was never married, but a spare, lean, very clean old woman kept house for him, who bore the pretty old name of Nancy. Nancy possessed the only (and last) spinning-wheel in the parish, and I was often taken to see her spin. It was a wool-spinning wheel, and the spinner never sat down, but ambled perpetually backwards and forwards, turning the wheel with one hand and holding the thread deftly in the other, for a good deal of skill was required to keep the fine worsted from breaking. The coarser parts of the wool were spun into a thick white cable, which, cut into lengths, eventually became mops of a very durable kind. Are mops gone out of fashion with many other things? I rather suspect they are, and that 'trundling a mop,' i.e. turning it round and round on the bare arms with dizzy rapidity while the drops fly out in a circular shower, has become an extinct art!

On the other side of our garden, only divided from it by a lane, was the churchyard. The lane led on past our gate to some allotments, known by the name of Laze Ferlin (probably a corruption of *lease furlong*), and two small fields, distinguished as the Manorbit and the Little Manorbit. But as the road here abruptly became a footpath, and was by no means a thoroughfare, it was little used, and the sound of wheels always brought our hearts into our mouths, as it betokened that somewhat rare event, company coming to call.

I do not know how old I was when I first stood at the gate to watch funerals pass into the churchyard. I must have been very young, for I remember wondering what was the many-legged, black monster which always walked first, and which I called in my own mind *the elephant!* Of course it was really the coffin, covered by the long black pall, and as the latter hung down and entirely concealed the heads and shoulders of the bearers, leaving only sundry black legs visible, perhaps my mistake was not so very astonishing after all!

It is curious how seldom children will speak about anything that inspires them with awe. For instance, I remember a fixed impression I had after my grandmother's death, which could have been removed in a moment if I had had courage to ask a question. She lived in a south-country rectory, and during the latter months of her life used to be drawn about the garden in a Bath-chair. A day or two after she died I was sent for to join my mother at my grandparents' home, and I recollect the thrill I felt at seeing the indistinct outline of the Bath-chair in the hall, covered over by a large brown-holland sheet. For I firmly believed my grandmother lay beneath it, and that this was *of course* the place (I cannot think what the impression was founded on) in which her body would be laid until it was buried. So complete was this conviction that I never thought of saying a word about it, though I should thereby have been saved a good deal of furtive dread in passing through the hall. When the funeral was over it was a great relief to me to see that some of the gentlemen

had thrown their over-coats upon the chair, as this was an additional proof that there was *now* nothing within. How gladly my kind mother would have set the whole matter right in my childish mind, in a moment, if only she had known!

To return to our Midland village. The mention of the churchyard leads me next to speak of the church, which saw no restoration until 1847. Of course there were the usual square pews, which, to judge by the abuse lavished on them for now half a century, one might imagine were an invention of the Evil one. No language is too severe to use in describing them, yet it is possible that, at the time square pews first came in use, they were neither wicked, nor utterly unreasonable things! Perhaps the primary idea was simply to keep off draughts! No churches in early days, so far as I know, had any warming apparatus, and, in the absence of fires, *shelter* is the next best thing, as every out-door labourer knows. Hence, the sheep-pen and the high hedge, which latter makes it nice and 'burrow' (i.e. sheltered) for the men as they sit down to their dinner behind it, in a sharp east wind. Thus shelter was also brought into churches, certainly in as ugly and angular a form as could well have been devised. There was also probably the idea that the better-class family or household should be hedged round and kept together, much as it was hedged round by invisible barriers during the week at home.

'Exclusive and unchristian,' here somebody exclaims! True, it would be inexcusable at the present day, when the gulf between classes is sensibly diminishing. But sometimes one doubts if the pew *spirit* has wholly departed, although the pew *form* has changed from reprehensible square to praiseworthy and desirable narrow!

Well, our church had square pews, into which the congregation were securely fastened, Sunday after Sunday. As a child, I do not think I could have known much of the congregation in their week-day aspect, for some I can only recall *as they looked in church.* Or rather as their heads looked above the tops of the pews. Which shows, by-the-by, that the latter could not have been so extraordinarily high, or the short people would have been wholly invisible!

I remember thinking the chancel most beautiful when in 1847 it was restored and embellished with five new coloured windows. The east window was brilliant in colour, with the preponderance of yellow that is generally seen at that date. Yet the effect was not at all amiss; it was all dim and warm and glowing, a contrast to the cold white light which had made the former defects painfully visible. The figure of an angel with outspread wings filled me with beautiful thoughts of the guardianship of angels, and if the face of this one was somewhat hard in outline, and not altogether celestial in expression, it mattered little to me.

In the chancel there was now decided advance upon the square pews, as these were replaced by two long, narrow, still rather high,

oak seats, in which it then seemed quite correct that the rectory family and their servants should sit, facing each other, so that if the servants had been so minded, they certainly could not have evaded church. The rest of the chancel was given up to schoolgirls, who sat on the altar step and on benches, those who sang being distinguished from the others by facing west and gazing towards the congregation.

I do not know why boys were excluded from country choirs in those early days. Perhaps it was because their voices were rough, and they were thought to be more generally unmanageable than girls. Not that in our church the boys were at all in obscurity, for the forms *they* sat on were right in the front of the reading desk, and also—what I considered far more desirable—of the font, the latter a little like a sun-dial in shape. I remember how bitterly I envied the uninterrupted view *they* enjoyed of the christenings, whereas mine was a good deal obscured by intervening pews and my father's figure, widened out to twice its natural size by the full surplice of those times.

But to return to the choir. I think now, listening with the ears of memory, that the effect of the few girls' voices must have been somewhat shrill and pipy. They usually sang in one part, for a girl who could sing 'second' was a *rara avis*, and I do not recollect that the congregation joined in to any great extent.

There was no instrument, harmoniums being as yet scarcely invented, and we prided ourselves on having reached a stage of musical taste that was in advance both of a brass band *and* a barrel-organ! So what alternative was there? None, except to strike up vocally with only the somewhat uncertain aid of a tuning-fork. This process of starting was a somewhat trying one to go through, for I remember sometimes having to do it in later years. As the fork merely sounded the upper Doh, I used to arrive at the right note in a somewhat circuitous manner. For instance, if the tune happened to be in the key of Fah, it was needful for me, being inexperienced, to take the lower Doh first, and then run up to the Fah, all in as inaudible and rapid a manner as possible! The effect may have been a little peculiar, but I am bound in common justice to say that on the whole our primitive choir attempts were by no means bad of their kind. The girls were carefully taught on the Hullah plan, which was then making way; no tricks were allowed, and certainly the unsupported trebles were not nearly so flat as might have been expected.

But there was only a very moderate allowance of music in each service; no chanting, even of Canticles, and only one of Brady and Tate's Metrical Psalms, with one Morning or Evening Hymn, always Bishop Ken's, for, so far as I know, there were then no others adapted for singing.

I believe it was the custom in most places, as it was with us, to

begin the evening service with, 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,' which always seemed to me a little incongruous, the hour being in winter half-past two, and 'night,' as associated with bed-time, still a good many hours off.

Perhaps 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun,' was really as inappropriate at eleven A.M. in summer, yet it did not seem so, as it fitted in well with the freshness of Sunday morning.

It was always a difficulty to choose a suitable and small enough number of verses out of Psalms from twenty to thirty, or more, in length, and the congregation must have had good memories to recollect 'the 6th, 7th, 12th, 13th verses,' etc. And they were not helped in the task of following the singing by large print, as the Psalms were always printed at the end of the Prayer-book in the smallest of type. Some choirs must, I think, have sung the Psalter straight through, without reference to the poetry or suitability of the verses, for I remember, in a south-country church, hearing an old clergyman give out in the gruffest and most reproachful of tones the line, 'The wicked fools must sure suppose,' by way of indicating his choice of a Psalm to the congregation!

When Keble's Evening Hymn was first set to music to the pretty, if rather trivial French tune to which it is still sung, it was a great gain, and we adopted it speedily, always beginning with the verse, 'When the soft dews of kindly sleep.' But I do not suppose the congregation ever became acquainted with the words, for printing was not wholesale then as now, and the choir-girls probably learnt the hymn by heart.

I think our sedate, correct, if not very overpowering Psalmody was an improvement on the florid performances which still prevailed in most churches; the brass bands which squeaked and trumpeted, and which it was often a problem to depose without mortally offending the players, who had plenty of zeal, and (all honour be to them!) did not spare their pains. The difficulty was obviated, in our case, by the fact that shortly before my father came the existing band had quarrelled and broken up, thus leaving the field clear for any fresh departure in church music.

The Sunday services with absolutely no music, which was the state of things my father and mother found, must have been somewhat depressing to the worshippers; so a neighbouring choir with their instruments occasionally took pity on us, and kindly 'performed' some church music, a good deal to their own glory, so that the check they met with from my father soon after his arrival was not perhaps undeserved.

'Please, sir,' announced the clerk one Sunday afternoon, 'the Rapton choir be a going to sing in church.'

'Tell the Rapton choir,' responded my father briefly, 'that they are *not* going to sing in church.'

And as the clergyman's fiat was, in those days at least, considered

final, the aforesaid choir retired discomfited, or if they did put in an appearance at church, preserved a discreet silence.

But on club-days, when all the members, armed with staves (a vast number it seemed to my childish eyes), marched to church, preceded by a brass band, the occasion was considered to combine the secular with the sacred, and was also so important, that the (hired) band was permitted to burst forth, not only instrumentally but vocally! They were honoured with seats in the middle of the church, where the boys usually sat, but were ousted for the occasion; and I remember well the sight of the red-coated men, bellowing forth, book in hand, and being disgusted by the congregation in their deep admiration for the performance, turning round to look and listen. And with the absurd importance of childhood, I considered it needful to *turn my back*, to show my disapproval of the whole proceeding, including the deposition of the meek-voiced little girls, who no doubt were gaping quite happily among the rest of the crowd.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE used the word 'choir' once or twice, but our primitive band of singers was certainly not called by this name; that was reserved for a later and more ambitious effort, when the singing was put upon a new footing altogether. And this is how the latter came about.

One of the villages near us possessed that somewhat rare phenomenon, a labouring man with a marked taste for music. He had learnt part-singing on the Hullah plan, could sing bass, tenor, or alto, read a Psalm tune at sight, and knew a little about the then mysteries of chanting and pointing. His attainments were not, perhaps, of a high order, but he was several steps above his fellows, and it seemed possible to his patron, a neighbouring clergyman, to develop him (by name Mudford) into a choir teacher. The plan was for Mr. Mudford to make a round of the villages, tramping on foot, and in immensely thick shoes to cope with the badness of the roads, sleeping a night at each and going on to the next by day.

For now it was that the possibility first loomed in the distance of male voices being added to the choir. And if male, why, then their possessors, being labouring men, could only be lured to practise, or in fact, to be taught the A B C of music, in the evening. Very exciting was the notion of evening practices, for those were not the days when the parson, or still less his wife, were in the habit of leaving their own fireside for any parish doings whatever, after the early late-dinner at six o'clock.

Well do I recall the arrival amongst us of Mr. Mudford. He was a man of square and heavy build, and was altogether ponderous in his movements. His beating time with the before-mentioned heavy shoes on the brick floor of the school, if correct, was elephantine, and my impression is we took everything at the slowest of paces.

This was partly from sheer necessity, for I do not suppose that anybody realises nowadays how desperately hard it was for our working men to learn what was Greek to them at first, i.e. sing a part by note, a part, too, that was not 'the toon,' but as studiously unlike it as possible, and from which they were forbidden to diverge on any pretext for a single moment. Above all they were not to be beguiled into singing a spurious bass or tenor, an octave below the soprano. (We used that word with conscious pride, as vastly superior to 'lead' or 'treble.') They were instructed that *that* was very ignoble Psalmody indeed, and so deeply was this impressed upon us, that we all felt a scathing contempt for a benighted individual of the male sex, who, when asked at a very early choral festival 'what he sang,' responded—

'Why, in course I sings the treble along of the children.'

But I am not yet getting beyond my childish days, for I remember that the second of the Mudford lessons was a great grief to me. I never heard it. Dire misfortune! It cost me a whole evening of loud, noisy sobbing, which shows I could not have been, I hope, more than ten or eleven.

It was not that I was left at home as a punishment, but I had dawdled about getting ready, until it suddenly burst upon me that my mother was gone and without me. The school where the practices went on was only about a hundred yards from our house, but in the winter darkness it was as an impassable gulf *alone*. It is curious how vividly I recall the misery of that evening, as I wandered from room to room loudly sobbing, until my governess upstairs wondered what the extraordinary noise could be, in so many different parts of the house, which struck me afterwards as a little comic, though it was far from being so at the time.

What added poignancy to my grief was that on this evening the men were to be resolved from a mixed multitude into basses and tenors, according as they growled forth low notes or high. I think now it must have been an amusing scene, especially as Mr. Mudford, at any crisis in the affairs of the choir, always made it the occasion for a little speech. He had the ——shire accent in perfection, and I remember his extolling music as something most refreshing after the tiles (meaning toils) of the day. Our people all said 'kire' for choir,' 'by' for 'boy,' and 'vice' for 'voice,' yet I remember Mudford once rather puzzled my mother by saying of one of our more stolid tenors, who seldom compromised himself by singing a part or anything else, 'Whether he have a vice or whether he havn't, he's a stay to the kire, he's that respectable.'

No doubt the element of respectability was highly needful, as a good ear and voice and a fondness for beer too often went together. In the time of Hannah More it was considered a dangerous thing to teach the lower class to sing, and for many years secular music was distrusted as certain to lead to conviviality. Doubtless the songs of even fifty or sixty years ago were coarser than our refined ears can

bear now, but many were not worse than this, and I remember being utterly astounded at a declaration I once heard delivered with great energy from a village pulpit by a town curate—

'The songs to be heard at your gatherings are always immoral and *generally incendiary*,' a rebuke that must have been as mystifying as it was unflattering to a congregation of quiet village folk, who probably never dreamt of setting even a rick on fire in their lives.

Nevertheless it was, I believe, a sign of the times, that when our choir had so far mastered the intricacies of the four parts, and we were able to aspire to the honour and dignity of giving concerts in the village schoolroom, the programme included *no solos*, but glee followed glee in what seems now rather heavy succession. Yet it was thought so wonderful that a village choir should be able to perform glees at all, that the audience sat through the long programme, not only patiently but admiringly. Nor was it the object of concerts then, as now, to furnish entertainments on winter evenings, for the performances took place at seven o'clock *by daylight* in summer, so there was none of the excitement of a lighted room, and perhaps consequently, no tumultuous clapping, stamping, or shouts of 'encore' which spur on the modern vocalist to renewed exertions. Far from it, people sat decorously through two hours of part-singing, gazing at the choir in their Sunday clothes, presided over by Mr. Mudford in a white waistcoat. Nor was there any escaping from the battery of eyes whether you sang or rested between the parts; for in those days a school was a school, consisting of one room, and only one door from which exit was possible.

Later in life I often helped to get up a village concert, and well do I recollect the heart-beatings and dread forebodings lest the tenors (always the runaway part) should break loose altogether and sing something never contemplated by the composer.

Our chief tenor was Harry Creed, a fat man with a jolly, red face, an enthusiasm for music, and of a meek and lamblike disposition. He had joined the choir somewhat late in life, and so tenor was always more or less of a difficulty and mystery to him.

Tremendous and apoplectic were his attempts, yet so unavailing, that after weeks of practice for one particular concert, the tenor was at the last pronounced 'unsafe' when everything else was perfected. It must have been rather a blow to Harry Creed's vanity, that at this crisis one of the trebles offered to support him through the tenor, *an octave higher*, the effect of which might have been a little odd, but happily this was averted by his making renewed and unheard-of efforts to master the tenor, and actually succeeding in some sort of fashion at last.

Harry Creed was an example to the rest of the choir of invincible good temper and of zeal in the cause of Church music. Wet or fine, dark or light, summer or winter, he always tramped a mile to the

practices, and was equally regular at church, where his jolly face beamed upon us like the rising sun.

For some years after our choir was formed, there was still nothing in the way of church hymnody, and we were perforce contented with Brady and Tate, as arranged now by Hullah, whose selection of words and music was compactly bound up together in fat red and purple volumes. Those were the days when the alto and tenor clefs had to be learnt in addition to bass and treble, and very hard work it was to keep them clear in one's head. Nor was there any accompaniment, for the good reason that instrument there was none, and much skill was required to start four parts correctly with only a tuning-fork. Now and then a terrible disaster would happen, the tenor would strike up *in a different key* to the other parts, with appalling results, though I am bound in justice to say, this was a very infrequent occurrence as time went on.

Ah, well, I have sometimes thought that the struggle and effort of those early days were not, after all, a bad preparation for the halcyon ones that followed—when the boys who were gradually added to the choir grew up to be men and learnt their parts with an ease which would have astounded poor Harry Creed, had he been alive; when with an easy conscience we could discard Brady and Tate for ever, for was there not a whole array of delightful tunes in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' and the 'words only' so surprisingly cheap that they could be diffused with a lavish hand among the congregation?—when a sweet-toned organ at once supported and softened the voices of the choir, and when at last surplices gave the final touch of order and comeliness, so that the dim and glowing chancel with its white-robed singers was as it were a glimpse of heaven to the village congregation. All this was valued the more highly because the climax had been reached by slow and sometimes painful degrees, one step at a time!

CHAPTER III.

SEVERAL other of our village worthies, besides the one or two I have mentioned, stand out more or less vividly in my memory.

Not far from our house was a turnpike gate (or gates), where four roads and all the blasts of heaven met, so that in any weather you might be secure of a nice, bracing, windy walk! The ostensible receiver of the tolls was a particularly feeble and decrepid old man, one Gabriel Cure, whose romantic name was painted over the door of the tiny doll's house that was planted between the four roads. But the real dragon who kept the gate was his wife, an alarming and fierce old woman with bushy eyebrows, a curled 'front,' some approach to a beard, and a man's voice, which was rendered more fearsome and startling by her total want of teeth. It might be supposed that she was more than equal to coping with tipsy or

dishonest drivers who attempted to ignore the gate and dash through without paying, and so in a general way she was. But the comic part of the affair was that when gruffness and choice language failed in eliciting the required toll, her final menace was, 'I'll call my husband if you don't pay, *that* I will,' as though the aforesaid Gabriel, carefully kept out of sight in the recesses of a four-post bedstead, or by day in a dim arm-chair, were an athletic giant of six feet high!

Her appearance when called up at night to unlock the gate was remarkable, in a night-cap immensely frilled, the masculine visage looking fiercer than ever without the softening imparted to it at other times by the 'front,' and all minor deficiencies of costume covered by a huge cloak!

Small as the turnpike house was, she ended her days in a much smaller one, a most curious dwelling of one room, something like a rabbit hutch, in which she mourned Gabriel for several years and made herself fairly comfortable, though, so far as I remember, it had by way of window only one pane of glass in the door.

Another village celebrity was the carrier. Do not at once conjure up a vision of a covered cart, substantial horse, and carrier of the male sex. Far from it, *our* carrier was a woman, and the vehicle in which she traversed the nine miles that lay between us and the nearest town was an open donkey cart! But humble as the turn-out was, it seemed a luxury to us to have *any* communication with the civilised world, for before Betsy Burrows took the unheard-of step of setting up a cart and fetching a piled-up and highly-miscellaneous collection of articles on Saturdays from M——, we might wait and wait for our new bonnet, dyed curtains, or mended coal-scuttle in vain!

I remember there was a vast deal of speculation as to how Betsy could possibly have raised the money to invest in a donkey and cart. At last some ingenious person hit upon the theory that when her old father died, an infirm, very poor and rather dirty old man, she found —'law! ever such a lot of half-crowns sewed up in his mattress!'

Highly improbable as this seemed, my mother never contradicted the rumour, for the truth was *she* had secretly lent Betsy the funds for the venture, and did not want the neighbours to suspect it, for fear of the jealousy which would have taken the form of 'twitting' and abuse, and made Betsy's life a burden to her as she trudged behind her donkey.

All carriers are proverbially slow, but Betsy beat them all, as she was nearly twenty hours going to and returning from M——, and if her parcels were occasionally delivered on Sunday morning, we felt obliged to wink at the practice. She could not read, so how she managed her errands as correctly as she did nobody knew. Probably a good deal of time was consumed in trying to fix the different shops in her mind in some way other than by reading the names over them. Though I suspect that it was gossip which was really Betsy's stumbling-block and bane, and caused a great many haltings and

stoppings, while she imparted the latest bit of news in a slow, serious, and longwinded manner, for Betsy's talk savoured of tragedy rather than of comedy, and her descriptions of death-beds, etc., were deeply harrowing, as well as gratifying to her hearers.

A really old-fashioned figure may be seen in pictures but is seldom to be met with nowadays in our villages. I can recall one of five-and-thirty years back most distinctly, for morning, noon, or evening if we happened to stand at our gate, from whence you could gaze up the village street, the figure of Sally Lines was to be seen. She had a taste for dialogue and did not often occupy herself within doors, but peeled potatoes seated on her doorstep, or more often, in her later years, stood about leaning on a *fork* (a stick would have betrayed her infirmities too plainly) while she chatted to her neighbours, who were conveniently near, Sally's being the central one of three thatched cottages. (It strikes me, however, that 'chatted' is not, in this case, quite the right word to use, for chatting *may* mean a low-voiced confidential conversation with heads close together, whereas Sally's converse was precisely the reverse of this, for it was in a remarkably high-pitched, ungentle tone that her observations were thrown over her shoulder at her audience, among whom were, involuntarily, ourselves, standing at the gate a good many yards distant!)

Indoors and out she invariably wore a black poke bonnet and a frilled cap which left no vestige of hair visible (I think Sally must have been bald), and thus softened, or at any rate shaded, was the most remarkable complexion I ever in my life beheld! It was as though the skin had been peeled off the entire face, leaving a raw surface. Anything so odd must, one should think, have had a history, but Sally always persisted it was owing to her having *once* worn damp clothes, a standing warning against the practice, though I strongly suspect it was due less to the damp clothes than to something wholly unique and remarkable in Sally's constitution.

She had an old and silent husband, silent that is as regards conversation, for she never recorded any answers he made to the numerous remarks she addressed to him and repeated to us afterwards with the preface, 'I says to Thomas,' etc., etc. But silent in another sense Thomas was not, for he had the most tremendous and heartrending cough it has ever been my lot to hear. And as it invariably broke forth and resounded through the church at intervals during the service, and especially at any unusually touching and impressive part of the sermon, drowning the preacher's voice, we became particularly well acquainted with it. In fact, I am positive that I knew Thomas's cough at a much earlier age than I knew *him*, and it was rather gratifying to discover that the invisible perpetrator of such a prodigious noise (invisible because of the high pews) was Sally's husband and lived close to our gate.

Sally had an only son, Jabez, a shock-headed, red-faced youth, who

must have been rather a ne'er-do-well in early days, for I remember his committing a shocking misdemeanour in cutting the lead pipes of the *new* school, the joy and pride of the whole village when it was built, for I do not suppose any of the parishes round boasted then of such a luxury.

Whether Jabez objected to being educated against his will and so wreaked his vengeance on the temple of learning I know not, but at any rate an awful example was made of him. He was put in the *stocks*, the only instance that I remember of the latter being used! It is to be hoped that this public humiliation had its due effect on the morals of Jabez and nipped any further attempts at mischief in the bud, for the stigma of so condign a punishment clung to him for many years, and his name to this very day is always associated in my mind with the wooden erection on the village green.

The next nearest and dearest object of Sally's affection was a pig. Both in life and in death a pig was full of the keenest interest to our villagers. For a long time I never could understand why a porker of whatever size, no matter how enormous, was always spoken of as a 'little' pig. 'I've been a-killing of a little pig' (in a tone in which much inward satisfaction was betrayed), 'would you like a jint?'

Was it an affectionate diminutive similar in nature to 'little pet,' 'little dear,' 'little goose,' etc., expressions which have been applied ere now to rotund persons, of I know not how many stones in weight? I am inclined, however, on mature consideration, to the belief that 'little pig' is grounded less on affection than on a politic humility, for to speak of 'a large pig' or merely 'a pig' *might* imply an amount of prosperity liable to be envied by neighbours. Just as the giver of a ball calls her stifling crush a 'small and early' party. It means briefly, 'Do not expect too much of my ball' (or of my pig), 'and you will not be disappointed.'

The death of a pig otherwise than by slaying him was the direst of misfortunes. I remember the accidental poisoning of a cherished animal drove one of our women right out of her mind! Nothing would induce her to stay within doors under this affliction, and she haunted the lanes and byways in a disquieting and weird manner, muttering in tragic tones, 'My pig's poisoned, and *she* did it,' meaning a neighbour with whom she had had 'words,' but who certainly would not have dared the path of crime so recklessly as to poison a *pig*, whatever may have been her code with reference to a sheep or a donkey.

Sally spent a good deal of her time leaning over the sty, contemplating the beauties of her pig within. Only once I remember her limp and drooping, because, to quote a well-known story, 'This is a world of trouble: my pig is ill.'

But the pig got better, and the only difficulty usually was to procure bags enough of—I forget what—to fatten up the treasure to the required proportions. But neither this, nor Thomas's cough, nor

her own peculiar appearance, affected Sally's spirits to any great extent.

At one time she acted as messenger to the next village, where there were a few shops and some great friends of ours lived. The nearest way to this convenient emporium was through fields, a pretty walk enough, only the owners of the said fields were so uncivil as to bar every one of them with a high stile, some of which were of that aggravated order called 'hog-backed,' so that it was quite an athletic feat to get over them.

I can, at this distance of time, recall the mental picture of Sally as she appeared in thick shoes, very short and scanty skirts, and of course the poke bonnet, mounting the first stile with a vigour and resolution that atoned for the absence of grace, and then off she would post like the wind.

I do not recollect that we often attempted the said fields in winter, nor the stiles, somewhere about fourteen in number, which divided us from Blumley, for the good reason that the expedition was fraught with difficulties. Boots, even of the thickest, were supposed to be insufficient protection against the slippery clay of our soil, so it was our habit to encase our feet in wooden clogs, no doubt invented in the first place by some ingenious person as a more genteel form of pattens. Pattens were still used by everybody in the village, and as walking in them was not an easy matter, the art had to be acquired early in life. Tiny children were sent to school in them at three or four years old, and there was a dexterous method of keeping the pattens on (they had no heels) by balancing yourself forward, and then, in a somewhat ungraceful manner, and with an immense clatter, the wearer could walk quickly, and even run. The advantage of wearing them must have been great, for the iron rings lifted you well above the mud of roads that were a good deal worse in those days than they are now, and there was, I should imagine, a gratifying sense of comfort and cleanliness when you stepped down from your pattens, and, leaving them in the porch, walked with dry, unsullied shoes into church.

But though we admired pattens from afar we never wore them, and had to be satisfied with only being slightly raised above the mud in the before-mentioned wooden clogs. But if the moderate elevation of clogs begot pride in the wearer's breast, it was an edifying example of that pride which too surely precedes destruction, for what continually happened was as follows.

When you were well out at sea in the middle of a field on your way to Blumley, far from any harbour of refuge in the shape of a gate or stile, snap would go the strap which bound the clog to your foot. At first there would be a feeling closely akin to despair, as you hopped painfully on one leg to a feeble and delusive island of grass. Then one of the party, being a person of resource, would produce a knife and bore another hole in the strap higher up, so that it might

still be buckled on, but shortening it so much that you grew redder and redder in the face as you stooped to *try* to fasten it, and it was only the impossibility of reaching home clogless that incited you to risk apoplexy, and with a final tremendous effort force the uneasy strap into its fastening.

Nevertheless, the expeditions to Blumley were not at all despicable events in the monotony of our lives. There was a distinct excitement in getting nearer and nearer to such a centre of civilisation, and it seemed quite providential that the last part of the way consisted of a delectable land, all *grass* fields, so that we could compose our minds and wipe some of the mud off our clogs, before presenting ourselves to the trim shopkeepers of the little town. And after the scramble and struggle of surmounting such a variety of stiles (some of which leaned forward and others tilted backwards, and few, by a perversity of fate, stood upright), it was considered needful to *change our gloves*, and so, a certain narrow lane close to the town, used for years to be called Change-glove Alley, from which we emerged, conscious of being *ganté* in a highly-respectable manner.

There were at least a dozen shops in Blumley, the earlier ones as you entered being of rather a miscellaneous character. I know that one of them contained worsted, knitting-pins, sweets, Dutch dolls who leaned unadorned against the window-pane, and a very strong smell of something, I know not what, it may have been fustiness, with a strong infusion of peppermint. Then there was a taciturn and surly shoemaker who measured us for shoes, and kept a stock of the above-mentioned wooden clogs, and the inferior quality of the straps was often a subject of conversation as we walked along (well it might be!), and it seemed to our elders a sign of decadence in trade and manufactures, at any rate at Blumley. But as you approached the heart of the unbustling little place, there was a draper who *was* a draper in good earnest, and severely eschewed mixed trades; he had two real shop-windows, and an immense variety of articles (so it seemed to me) stowed in drawers with enigmatical labels, and while my mother chose lilac print and unbleached calico, I used to try and decipher these, and when the task proved too difficult, it was refreshing to turn to the gilt and black inscription which set forth in plain English the cheerful fact that Funerals were Furnished, and it always seemed to me an almost too curious coincidence taken in connection with this branch of his trade, that the draper's name should be Tombs.

Then back again over the fields homewards, and perhaps the winter darkness would close in before we reached the last stile. But what mattered? We had the gratifying sense of 'something attempted, something done,' and when clogs and damp skirts were taken off and the candles lighted, there was only tiredness enough to make the evening seem to us doubly snug and cozy.

Looking back over the above record, it seems as though the events

had been few and simple, and perhaps hardly worth recording. Yet is there not a charm, not altogether easy to explain, in even the trivial past? A charm so great that the present may have a keener interest for us, from the knowledge that that present *is the past of the future.* Surely the thought lends dignity to the times, commonplace though they may seem, through which we are now passing!

And for some of us, that future cannot be of earth, for the horizon is narrowing, and the mountains that bring peace drawing very near.

Can we doubt that memory will play her part, even on those shining heights, and that we shall look back with calm, untroubled eyes to the old homes, from which the sorrow and vexation will have fled away and only the sweetness remain.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

I.

THE SNAKES' DEN.

'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

It was the early spring of the year 1839 that the stage, running along the old National Road which skirted the borders of Maryland and Virginia, and was then the only road which connected the Far West on the shores of the Mississippi with the Atlantic cities, set me down before a dilapidated little tavern then kept by Mr. Rylander.

That gentleman was talking politics upon his porch with the lawyer of the community, and was smoking, in an easy fashion, a country-made cigar, call a 'stogee,' crude, long, and rough, rolled by unskilful fingers. But also on the tavern porch waiting for me was the kind friend who had promised to secure me a situation with a surveying party about to penetrate into the heart of the Alleghany Mountains.

He was an old French gentleman who, after the downfall of the great Emperor, had buried himself in disgust in this corner of the world.

He allowed me little time to make the acquaintance of the landlord and the lawyer, both eager to extend a hospitable welcome to an English stranger, but hurried me off to his own house, where his daughter, after greeting me with great kindness, busied herself (as by the laws of hospitality in Virginia it was her place to do), not with conversing with her father's guest, but in providing for his supper. In an hour it was ready, delicate 'biscuit' (a species of hot cake in America), light hot-buttered bread, waffles, and golden pone, sugar cakes, 'black' cake, scrambled eggs, old ham that had been cured five years, delicate napery, besides coffee, such as only could have been prepared under French instruction, covered the table at which I took my first meal in the Old Dominion.

My hostess spoke little. She was occupied in providing for my wants, and in giving continual directions to a little yellow girl, barefooted, and attired in a clean blue frock, and a coarse long-sleeved pinafore, who distracted my attention as she peered at me with her great, soft, rolling eyes over the edge of the jappanned waiter that Virginia etiquette required her to hold before her bosom like a target.

According to the code of manners in Virginia at that period, men

were expected to talk and eat at meal times, women to see that they were served, a survival of the civilisation of more ancient days.

'Hester,' said my hostess to the little maid, whose eyes were wandering to what was passing in the street, 'come with me and bring in a fresh plate of waffles.'

''Specs Uncle Peter he done gwine send 'em in,' muttered the small servant with a broad grin, as she lifted the plate from the table.

'That's so; for here Uncle Peter comes!' cried the little son of my hostess, and starting up, he leaned out of the window and shook hands with a negro who came up the porch steps as he was speaking. 'Oh! Uncle Peter, you have come at the right time. We are not half through supper, and we've "gotten" an Englishman!'

The negro smiled, and went round to the kitchen, when a plate of waffles came forth in a few minutes, worthy of the occasion.

'Peter has come at a good moment,' said my French friend; 'he can tell us news of the surveying party. He is cook to the encampment. I have obtained for you a position, my young friend, though only I fear one unworthy of your merits. There are, however, young men of good family in the corps. After supper Peter shall come in. He will tell us everything.'

Delicious were the cakes that Peter continued to send in, delicious the fox-grape jelly, with its aromatic odour and slight acid, which Hester whispered, as she set it on the table, 'Uncle Pete done fotch along.' I had had no dinner that day, and did ample justice to my entertainment. Even Hester seemed to interest herself in making me eat as much as possible, embarrassing me sometimes by her assurances before I had eaten two mouthfuls of my hot cake, that I must let her serve me with a hotter one. That Virginia hospitality, by which the part of host was shared by the servants and little children with the master and mistress, was new to me. I had read of such manners in the olden times when masters and retainers had all interests in common, and formed a permanent household, but servants were hirelings, and seldom members of the family in the state of society from whence I came.

When the meal was over, and when my friend and I went out upon the porch that overlooked the ragged main street of the village, Peter was introduced to me. He approached, holding out to me a hard, black hand. Inside, the palm was yellowish-white, as if the colour had been rubbed off of it by hard labour.

'And where is the survey working now, Peter?' said my friend the Professor.

'We done finish up where we am las', mas'r,' replied the negro, 'an' Mas'r Blake, he gwine break up camp he say, sah! 'Specs we go up furder into de mountains.'

'I regret,' said my host, 'that they go further. I will ride up to camp, Peter, in a few days and bring along this gentleman (tell your Master Blake) to join his party.'

'Mas' Blake say strike de tents at daylight, sah,' replied Peter. ''Specs mas'r, for ridin', yo' fin' mighty po' road. I done hearn Mas' Blake tell Mas' Wilkinson he gwine steer by compass to de new camp-groun'.'

'Cannot I go back with you, my man?' I said. 'How far is it to the place where they are working?'

'It am twelve miles frough de woods, mas'r, leastways so our rod-man tell me, an' long ways roun' by road-tracks. I'se gwine set off, mas'r, soon's de moon rises. Dey's got all to eat breakfas' 'fore day-light in de mornin'.'

In spite of the frowns and the opposition of my host, I carried my point about starting at once to join the party of surveyors, and as the moon rose I found myself turning from the high road into the deepening shade of a foot-path through the woods with the negro for my companion. Peter's manners and complexion were as strange and unfamiliar to me as my other surroundings. The contrast was so great between the stolid English labourer in highlows and a smock-frock, to the drab garb of domestic cloth and the courtly, polished manners of my dark companion, that I felt myself in fairy-land.

We went on for some distance in silence. Spring was just ripening into early summer, and the soft calm of a June night brooded over the woods. The birds had settled to their rest after chirping and twittering among the boughs. The fallen leaves of last year, which winter had not entirely dessicated and decayed, rustled under our tread, and here and there a dry twig snapped, reminding me of Uncas and his leather-stocking companion. The silver moonlight flickered through the leaves, its white light lying in fantastic patches on our path, checkering the shadows. Now and then a negro boy, upon a work horse, passed by us with a jingle of the harness chains. He gave 'howdy' * to Uncle Peter, and touched his ragged hat to the white stranger.

Our way, which had begun upon a turnpike, soon led us along a country road which zigzagged between fences made of rails, much after the fashion of that crooked-stitch which girls call herring-bone. Thence we turned into old waggon tracks, and Peter took the lead, keeping a few paces in advance, and awaiting my pleasure about commencing a conversation.

I felt inclined to draw him out.

'Well, Peter,' I said, 'this is all very different from anything I have been accustomed to?'

'Not de moon, mas'r. I 'specs dat am de same moon what's shinin' whar' yo' comes from. He made de moon an' stars to gubbern de night, an' I'm thinkin' dey 'jes done gubbern. Ebbery thing 'pon dis' worl' grows cording to de moon, as its planted. Yo' plants in de light ob be moon if yo' wants it to grow up—an' yo' plants in de dark of de moon if yo' wants it to grow down. Isn't dat wunnerful, mas'r.'

* *Sic*, said, 'How d'ye do?'

'Strange, indeed,' I said, 'if true.'

'Dey does so sartin, sah. An' meat shrinks when yo' kills a beef, or a mutton, or a shote in de dark ob de moon; I seen it too many times to disbelieve dat, mas'r.'

'Where did you get your education?' I asked him.

'I never did git no eddication—but de Lord He 'spose my heart to larn whatsoever I could pick up anywheres; an' old mistress she done larn me many things, an' my young masters they done larn me read de Word ob God. An' a heap o' them young ladies down to Balt'mo' dey bin mighty good to me and larn me hem-stitch an' embroidery.'

Discoursing thus we pushed on through the woods till Peter informed me that we were nearing the camp of the surveyors. A few minutes afterwards we came out upon a clearing, when Peter uttered an exclamation of astonishment. The trampled grass and broken débris of a camp alone remained. The ravages of man were left for reparation by the hand of Nature. The camp had been broken up at sundown.

'Mas'r, dar is mighty good track part way,' said Peter, as soon as he could recover himself. 'But *you* mought stay here. I'd light you a fire, if you likes sleep under de trees. But I am boun' to git to camp to-night if I can, sah. Dat Joliffe he ain't no 'count. He ain't fit to git no breakfas' in de mornin'!'

We pushed on therefore for some miles, seldom coming to openings, and only to one 'clearing.' The track, as Peter said, was plain enough in the moonlight, for some sort of wheeled cart had passed over it a few hours before. At last we forded a small stream, and there the track failed us. We pushed on, however, and before long we came up with the camp waggon, loaded with Peter's pots, shillets, spiders, spices, barrels, frying-pans, and all the rest of his kitchen battery. The waggon was halting at the foot of a deep water-gully. The axeman and his assistants were beside it, a lamp swung at the pole, and increased the forest gloom by making a little circle of daggling light round the fore feet of the horses. By this light the axemen lopped off the low boughs, or held them back to make an easier passage. How draught horses with a heavy load were to get up a high hill with no track but a deep wash made by winter rains greatly puzzled me.

The men in charge of the team had themselves misgivings, for as we came up, one of them was wishing he could swap his horses for two mules. 'Don' yo' say dat now, Mas' Joliffe,' Peter broke in; 'I don' want no mules 'bout me, haulin' my plunder. Mules was started firs' by white men, purpose to worry de hearts out o' poor niggers.'

'Mules is a kind of nigger horses anyway,' said Joliffe. 'You may feed a mule on corn-bread, but a horse has to have chicken-fixings. Look at their big, onnatural, mis-proportioned heads, I say. They puts me in mind, every time I looks at one, of the face of some old nigger.'

'And a mule don't never die,' said another man; 'no more don't no old-fashioned family darkey on a plantation. 'Pears like a mule is a sort of blundering critter made by man, while horses is the handy-work of the Almighty. But come on, Peter! Put your strength to it, though we know you haven't much strength nohow. Start that off wheel, will you? We ain't agwine to haul your traps 'ceps you claps on your strength, now I tells you.'

With that both men and horses gave a mighty strain, I added my strength to the rest, while Joliffe stimulated his beasts more by the voice than by blows. He and his men had an extraordinary assortment of expletives, though I remarked the absence of coarse familiar oaths.

Having seen the waggon started, Joliffe proposed to show me the way to camp, and we left Peter to come on with his pots, pans, and provisions.

After descending a steep hillside, we crossed a little stream full of great boulders, and, shortly after, the intense darkness of the forest gave place to a sudden glare. The silence was succeeded by a jabber of excited voices, and in a few moments we came out of the forest path under some pines, which, rising with straight stems branchless to a height of sixty feet, made a kind of opening. At the edge of the pine-wood ran a brook; on the other side of the brook rose a steep hill. Half-way up the hillside men were moving about confusedly, and with great excitement, their figures thrown into relief by a strong fire-light, for a fire had been 'scattered' near the place. That is, it had been pulled to pieces, and the burning brands, which had been thrown upon the hillside, threatened, to my eyes, a dreadful conflagration.

'What's it all about? Have all of you gone mad?' cried the axeman, leaping across the brawling brook and joining them. He had told me he expected to find the party seated round a blazing fire of light-wood, cooking coffee, squirrels, ash cakes, and fresh trout for supper.

In reply to the shout, the young men (there were six of them with their coats off, and with saplings long as the pole of Ajax in their hands) called loudly on us to come on. They were heaving and straining at a great flat stone on which a fire had been built to cook their supper.

'It's a snakes' den! We've struck a snakes' den!' shouted one of the party. 'Here are hundreds of snakes in their winter quarters. Heave! heave, boys! Try her again! There you have her! Yah!—ah! ah!'

As he spoke a mighty slab of limestone turned as it were upon its back, and exposed a cavity half the height of a tall man. A yellow mongrel, whom the men called Tim, had been barking at their heels in great excitement. He now dashed into the opening.

'Here you have them! sakes alive, boys! sure enough. There's hundreds—millions—of them!' cried one of the party. All glanced

into the pit, and then sprang back for rifles, axes, poles, stones, or any other offensive weapons.

'Look sharp for rattlesnakes, horse-runners, moccasins, and copper-heads. Never mind killing the others,' shouted one of the party.

In a moment I was with the rest striking right and left into the struggling mass of serpents. There were snakes there of all colours, sizes, and degrees of venom. The yellow dog, bristling with eagerness, caught snake after snake behind the neck before it had time to coil. The serpent colony showed no fight. It was demoralised by the suddenness of the invasion.

There were hundreds of snakes. They had been wakened from their hybernation, and were almost ready to emerge from their winter quarters, when the fire kindled on the roof of their retreat had made them restless, and their prolonged hissing and rattling had discovered their whereabouts to their natural enemies.

There were forty or fifty rattlesnakes among them, a dozen and a half of which were killed by men and dog; there were black snakes, moccasins, horse-runners (long, narrow, and lithe, like a whip-lash), copper-heads, garter snakes, green snakes, and vipers. Amongst them, domiciled with them for some purpose, not to be penetrated by the sagacity and experience of such rough naturalists, were innumerable crickets and black-beetles. Was love of warmth a bond of fellowship? or were these insects stored there by the snakes against a return of appetite on awakening from torpidity?

At length the slaughter ended. Just as the last survivors crawled away under the under-brush, the cart with the camp furniture came rumbling in, and was greeted by shouts of, 'Look out where you set your feet! We've broken up a snakes' den! Look sharp after your legs!'

The snake-killers, sated with slaughter, looked around them, and finding nothing left to slay, had leisure to pay me some attention. As we had all fought the snakes together no formal introduction seemed necessary. Each man shook me by the hand. All were glad to have a stranger in the party to listen to snake stories for the remainder of the night. They vied with each other in telling them, addressing them all to me, as we sat around a mighty blaze which Peter built for us on the other side of the brook (creek they call it in Virginia) under the great pines. All voted to sit up all night, declaring that to pitch their tents upon the ground marked out for them was not to be thought of. Therefore the camp equipage was not unpacked. Each man pleaded his nerves for refusing to lie down with the chance of finding a rattlesnake coiled under his pillow. About three in the morning, however, nearly all of them had changed their minds, and were asleep around the fire.

(To be continued.)

'WHAT SHALL WE DO TO SAVE THIS?'

A TRUE STORY.

'Gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ,
Under Whose colours he had fought so long.'
—*Richard II., Shakespeare.*

'WHAT shall we do to save this?'

These were the dying words of a young hero. The gallant young officer, whose lips asked the sad question, was Lieutenant Arthur Honywood of the famous 66th, the Berkshire Regiment, who fell at the terrible battle of Maiwand, near Candahar, which was fought against Ayoub Khan, on the 24th of July, 1880. At Maiwand the regiment mustered with the fighting line, 15 officers, 364 men; with the baggage guard in the rear, 4 officers, 63 men; with the smooth-bore battery, 1 officer, 42 men; sick, 32 men.

Of this number, 275 were killed, and 2 officers and 30 men wounded. They fell fighting desperately, for the honour of their Queen and dear old England.

The regiment was formed two deep, and led by Colonel Galbraith, who was killed in the engagement. The line continued in this formation until about noon, when they charged left and centre against overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

The Jacob's Rifles then fell back upon them, breaking their line, but the men gathered round their colours, and fought like lions, in the most dogged, unflinching manner, till eleven only of them remained, and these died fighting back to back.

A colonel of artillery in the army of Ayoub Khan bears testimony to the stand of 100 men in a walled garden, and says that when the eleven only remained they charged with their faces to the foe and died fighting to the death.

The magnificence of their bearing, and the grandeur of their indomitable pluck, so impressed the whole of the Ghazis who surrounded them, that not one ventured to try and cut them down.

The never-to-be-forgotten little band of eleven, whose memory will be for ever sacred in the hearts of all brave men and women, stood in the open, encircled by the foe, firing steadily and truly as if on parade, every shot telling, and not until the last of the eleven was struck down, did the Ghazis dare to approach. The word was given for all to make the best of their way through the solitary opening to

the rear, by which only one man at a time could make his exit, but all was of no avail.

Colonel Galbraith was last seen on the nullah bank kneeling on one knee, colour in hand, officers and men rallying round him, and there his body was subsequently discovered; Captain M'Math, a gallant soldier, died at the same spot; Captain Garratt and Cullen were killed on the field in front of the nullah, up to the last instant commanding their companies and giving orders with as much coolness as if at a review.

Captain Roberts was mortally wounded in the fatal garden where the last heroic stand took place. There also fell Lieutenants Rayner and Chute. Second Lieutenant Barr was shot dead over the colours. Sergeant-Major Cuppage was killed outside the garden whilst carrying the colours, and many other non-commissioned officers and men died in the, alas! vain attempt to save the colours.

Of the fourteen officers with the colours that disastrous day, only Major Oliver and two Subalterns came out untouched.

At the beginning of the fight the colours were carried by Lieutenants Olivey and Honywood, both of whom clung to them after they were wounded; Lieutenant Olivey, it is said, angrily refusing to give them up.

The two officers were seen holding up the colours, the pole of one of which had been shattered at the rallying points.

Lieutenant Honywood, badly shot in both legs and unable to stand, raised himself upon his elbow, and was holding his colours up high above his head, calling to his men to rally round it, and shouting out, 'What shall we do to save this?' when the death shot struck him, and as brave a young officer, and as true and gallant a gentleman as ever lived and fought and gave his life for Queen and country, fell back dead. *Loyal à mort*, faithful to Queen and England, he fell at his post, a bright example for others to follow.

He died like a hero, without flinching, and 'The men of Kent,' of whom he was one, have good reason to be proud of him; he was worthy of his country's proud motto, 'Invicta'—unconquered.

This tribute to his memory is written by one who knew him from his birth, and loved and respected him, who sorrows deeply for his widowed mother, his brothers and sisters, and who well knows that by Arthur Honywood's early death (he was only twenty) England has lost one of her most courageous sons, and England's Queen one of her most devoted soldiers. He died face to the foe, doing his duty, fearlessly, calmly, until the last, and in the old home of his childhood, in the fair country of Kent, he loved so well, and where he was so much and so justly beloved, his loss is mourned unfeignedly with a sorrow that will leave its marks for many a long day, brightened only by the comforting thought that none can die a braver death than he, and in the sure knowledge that—

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

CONSTANCE HOWARD.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LUYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

VII.

'LE siècle de Louis Quatorze!' The name shows what a profound impression was made on his time by that magnificent monarch; and though to modern eyes he seems so overrated that the admiration expressed for him almost suggests adulation rather than the honest opinion of contemporaries, yet men like Massillon, Fenélon, and Bossuet cannot be suspected of insincerity. To them, no doubt, the King represented all that was greatest and most admirable in the period, as he did to himself.

If we regard the epithet, however, as relating to literary achievements, it is deceptive. During a great part of this long reign, the minds of men were far too agitated to allow of study or learned leisure; original thought was as yet dormant in France, and such literature as existed merely imitated France and Italy, or Spain, and though a desire for what Rabelais calls 'the celestial manna of good learning' began to stir among women as well as men, books were rare, and his own writings, or Spanish pastorals, hardly satisfied such a hunger!

The period really covered by what is commonly called 'le siècle de Louis Quatorze' begins during the troubled regency of Anne of Austria, a period which, as Roche well observes,* was but the continuation of the 16th century, with the same coarseness and licence of manners, and unintelligent imitation of Italy and Spain. Pedantry and pompousness reign as they did in the earlier times, and the outburst of genius which illustrated the later half of the 17th century seems as sudden as that which rendered the Elizabethan age and the beginning of our own century for ever memorable in Germany, but in each case we can trace causes leading up to this result.

We have not space to touch upon more than one, and that is the work achieved by the elegant and cultivated society which met in the Hôtel Rambouillet, where shone the noble Catherine de Vivonne, a bright particular star, whose lustre no calumny ever dimmed, and gathered round her the purest and best of French society in the stately house which she had planned, with taste inherited from her Italian mother, a daughter of the old Roman family of Savelli. She

* 'Histoire des principaux écrivains français.' 2 vols.

came to the gay and licentious Court of Henri Quatre as a bride of sixteen, and shone conspicuous there as a loyal wife, a beauty, and, as Madame de Motteville tells us, 'a model of courtesy, wisdom, learning, and sweetness.' She was not, however, exactly learned; ill-health interfered with close study, but she had a delightful mind, imagination tampered by good sense, exquisite graciousness, a true artistic spirit, and a keen appreciation of merit and talent, wherever it could be found. One wonders how she induced some of her high-born guests to tolerate certain others, out of a much lower sphere, and with more wit than polish. She succeeded in making them do so, for in her salon there gathered all who were of mark in the world of letters; but, of course, the aristocratic tone prevailed there, most of the guests being grand seigneurs, and the mistress at once a Rambouillet and a Vivonne. Literary men were welcomed and honoured there, but did not govern it.* Here, as M. Guizot well remarks, 'society learned self-restraint, grace, a proud courtesy, the art of thinking clearly, and expressing what was thought, sometimes, indeed, with too great pains and affected subtilty, but always with gentle security.'

Here came Malherbe, whose anagram of his hostess's name of Catherine was quoted by Fléchier in a funeral oration on the death of her daughter Julie. 'Do you remember,' he exclaimed, 'the salons. . . . where the mind was purified and virtue revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice?' And here was seen Marini, who brought the strange affectation of Euphuism into Italy; Chapelain, a good critic, but a bad poet, whom even such a subject as the Maid of Orléans could not inspire. 'Without doubt it is a very fine poem, but also very wearisome,' said Madame de Longueville, after listening to it. Madame de Sablé was another of this charming company, not clever, but possessing the art *de tenir salon* as no one else could—until Madame Recamier opened hers, two centuries later—each a hostess who, without great mental gifts, knew how to call out all that was best and wittiest in others. Sweet-voiced Mlle. Paulet sang to them, Corneille and Balzac discussed grammar and Roman history in the *salon bleu;* Anne de Bourbon smiled on them, and no doubt broke some hearts. Hers is one of the most striking figures of the time, whether we see her in her pure and religious youth, her loveless wedded life as Duchesse de Longueville, marred by sins and follies innumerable, or the deep repentance of later years, when her blue eyes were dimmed with tears and vigils. She was one of the three women whom Mazarin declared capable of overthrowing three kingdoms. The second was the bold and outspoken Princess Palatine, and the third a beauty as bewitching as the Duchesse de Longueville herself—that enchanting Madame de Chevreuse, for whose sake the Prince de Chalais staked his head in a conspiracy against Richelieu—and lost it, and who stole the heart of Buckingham from Anne of

* Cousin.

Austria, an affront which the Queen obeyed by abandoning him to his enemies, and thus plunging France into a disastrous war. Richelieu was also a frequenter of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, not yet as the terrible Cardinal before whom fell so many 'lords of the lilies,' but as a young bishop, whose career was yet unguessed. Madame Cornuet was welcome, too, for the sake of the wit which made 'every sin she confessed an epigram,' and—perhaps not very cordially—opinions differ on this point—Mlle. de Scudéry, whose romances for length—and as we now-a-days think, for tediousness—outdo our own 'Sir Charles Grandison.'

There are ten volumes of '*Clélie;*' rivers of tears are shed over the pathetic parts, and ladies called humble godchildren after the heroines: Pulchérie and Bérénice, and other classic names still lingering among the Norman peasantry, may be traced to this source, but it is only the few now who ever heard of the Carte du Tendre or love-chart, the village Negligence, Lake Indifference, and the Sea of Enmity. It reads like a list of names from the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The novels of Mlle. de Scudéry, La Calprénède and De Gomberville, have all gone into the past, among the things mainly good to be forgotten, as have those stories from D'Urfé's '*Astrée*,' which Julie d'Argennes, one of the daughters of Madame de Rambouillet, used to relate so delightfully in her mother's salon to the gay and graceful company assembled there. We can form some idea of what her stories were from the '*Alcidalis*' and '*Zelive*' of Voiture, which she either suggested or dictated to him. To Julie d'Argennes was dedicated that famous album called the 'Garland of Julie,' filled with madrigals, sixteen of which were composed by the Marquis de Montausier, whose portrait Molière drew so charmingly in his 'Alceste,' and whom she at last married, after a very long courtship, when she was thirty-eight years old.

This 'Garland' played too important a part in the story of the Hôtel Rambouillet to be passed over without further notice: on each page was painted a flower, with one or more madrigals written beneath it in the beautiful and celebrated writing of Nicolas Jarny. On the seventh page was a medallion representing Zephyr, holding in one hand a rose, and in the other a garland, Zephyr being supposed to represent the Marquis de Montausier, who on the next page dedicates the garland to Julie, 'nymphe adorable.' The madrigal does not give a high idea of his poetical powers, but it is a good specimen of what the Précieuses admired. Another page gives us a portrait of Julie, surrounded by a wreath, her hair curling on a high forehead, and her head held with a stately and composed dignity; the mass of blossoms which almost cover it give a certain heaviness to the portrait, but she must have been a beautiful creature.

Almost all the *habitués* of the Hôtel contributed to the Garland, and it is remarkable that the names of Racan and Voiture are absent.

Perhaps the Marquis de Montausier condescended to be jealous of Voiture, who admired Julie very much, and addressed many of the letters which made him famous to her. He was a bourgeois, son of a rich wine merchant, blunt and indiscreet, yet so clever that he made his way in aristocratic society, and was sent on diplomatic missions by Louis Treize. What is more, Louis Quatorze made him his *maître d'hôtel.* The letters which made his fame now read as dull and affected; Voltaire said truly that he was like a dancing master who bows ill because he tries to do it too well. Yet Boileau admired him!

The aim of Madame de Rambouillet was to make life refined and harmonious, and to soften the licence and roughness of manners then universal, and much stimulated by the civil wars. The society which she gathered around her had its ideals, towards which it steadily aspired; the perfect gentleman must be brave and gentle, gallant and faithful, permitting himself no hasty or unseemly language; the lady was to be 'the ornament of the world, made to be served and adored, only listening to her lover after long trial of his worth and fidelity'—a programme which Julie d'Argennes certainly carried out to the letter. A passage in one of Mlle. de Scudéry's novels shows us what the ideal woman of the Précieuses was to be. She might 'know some foreign languages, and own to reading Homer, Hesiod, and the works of the illustrious Aristée without being too learned, and, if it is possible to express one's opinion so modestly, that, without offending against the propriety of her sex, she may allow it to be seen that she has wit, knowledge, and judgment.' Above all, women 'were not to speak too much of what they know well, never to talk about what they do not know, and to speak reasonably.'

We perhaps have asked ourselves who Aristée is, who appears as third in such illustrious company. Aristée, as the Hôtel Rambouillet called him, after their fashion of giving classical names to the members of their coterie, was Chapelain, then called 'king of rhymers,' whose epic Madame de Longueville ventured to think dull, a judgment fully confirmed by the public, although for about eighteen months everybody praised it, and even bought it. Then all at once the tide flowed the other way; everybody found out that the Duchesse was right; poor Chapelain never ventured to print the later cantos of his 'Pucelle,' and they remain in manuscript to this day in what used to be the 'Bibliothèque royale.'

With all the dainty preciseness and gentle severity of the Hôtel Rambouillet, the manners of its members were not always quite what one expects. Voiture has left a letter describing how he was tossed in a blanket as a punishment for failing in a game of forfeits. The forfeit set him was to say something which would make everybody laugh; naturally, he could think of nothing to say, in spite of his reputation for ready wit, and some one proposed

that for every minute he made them wait, so often should he be tossed in a blanket, a decree which seems to have been carried out! It rather reminds us of Mrs. Sherwood's description of a game familiar to her in her youth, which shocked nobody in those days, when all the ladies sat on a tablecloth laid on the stairs, and tried to sit steady, while all the gentlemen pulled below, the result being, of course, that everybody fell in a heap! But then the society which she belonged to was not exactly that of the stately Précieuses. It is rather a satisfaction, however, to think of that vain and pedantic *bel esprit* Voiture being thus served, and it lends piquancy to it when we imagine the scene laid in that Hôtel de Rambouillet which, Saint Simon tells us, was 'the rendezvous of all that was most distinguished in rank and merit, a tribunal with which it was necessary to count, and whose judgment of persons belonging to the Court and the world had great weight.'

So independent were they, that Corneille found fearless defenders among them against the jealous injustice of Cardinal Richelieu, and we have the proof of how true is what Saint Simon says in the fact that the dreaded minister privately begged Madame de Rambouillet to let him know if the opinion of her friends were contrary to him. She ignored what must have seemed to her an insult by replying with equal tact and discretion that her friendship and respect for him were too well known for any one to venture to speak ill of him in her presence.

The end of Madame de Rambouillet's life was a sad one; her son fell in battle (she had already lost others), three of her daughters took the veil. The youngest died before her, and so did the husband, who, though he constantly had to leave her to go on political missions in foreign countries, loved her, we are told, 'as a lover' to the day of his death. The 17th century can show many of these deep and serious attachments, totally unlike those of the 18th.

It is difficult to estimate how great a work was done in the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Its influence certainly was great in the domain of morality, though not all who frequented her salon were of character as pure as that of the Marquise and her daughters. It was a school for talent rather than for genius, which does not need to go to school; but literature and language owed much to the Précieuses, a name which then meant nothing but what was favourable. It was their second-hand imitators, the 'absurd Précieuses,' of whom Molière made such inimitable fun, though a little of it hit the originals too. Thanks to the Hôtel Rambouillet, precision and flexibility became distinguishing characteristics of French; conversation became a fine art. Vaugelas and Balzac discussed points of grammar and philology with the habitués of the Hôtel, and greatly influenced the language. 'If the word *féliciter* is not yet French,' we find Balzac writing, 'it will be so next year; M. de Vaugelas has given me his word not to oppose it.'

Of course, all this study of manners and conversation had its disadvantages. Although Tallement des Réaux, that scandalmonger of scandalmongers, is forced for once to speak nothing but good, and own that the Marquise de Rambouillet 'corrected the evil manners of the day,' and a yet more objectionable person, with a shade of contempt, calls the Précieuses 'the Jansenists of Love,' a definition which delighted Christina of Sweden—still, love became an unreal thing, and conversation an effort after ultra-delicacy and 'esprit' as time went on. What was natural and simple seemed to them vulgar; instead of the beautiful old word *domestiques*, 'fidèles' or 'nécessaires' was the right thing to say, and *rire* was to be replaced by 'perdre son sérieux.' When Angélique Paulet took to writing instead of singing, she began thus: 'Il y a quatre révolutions solaires; j'errais dans le jardin, sous les ornements rustiques, un instant avant que l'astre du jour se fût mis au bain.' Molière found fair game in the précieuse of this kind.

We get a valuable picture of the Hôtel Rambouillet under the name of Hôtel Cléomire in the '*Grand Cyrus*' of Mlle. de Scudéry, whose name as a Précieuse was 'the divine Sappho.' As she looks from her portrait, we see a dark-complexioned woman, with irregular features, and eyes which redeem them; she holds a book against her knee, and sits in a studied attitude.

Of Provençal lineage, Tallement des Réaux, the witty and wicked, says that she used to talk of the fallen fortunes of her family 'as one might speak of the fall of the Greek Empire.' She seems, however, to have held the post of companion to Julie d'Argennes, and certainly was thoroughly familiar with the Hôtel and all connected with it. Perhaps, as with certain modern novels, the knowledge that real people, much before the world, were described in the 'Grand Cyrus,' may explain the eagerness with which it was read, and she certainly had a real gift for describing character, and excellent studies before her; nothing is more remarkable among the frequenters of the Hôtel Rambouillet than their variety of character and gifts, and the way in which they described one another and themselves in sketches and letters, lightly and clearly touched, without any thought of destining them for the general public; women as professional writers, with very few exceptions, such as Madeleine de Scudéry, were still unknown. 'Inspire, but do not write,' was their motto; but they talked on paper—delightfully. Even those who might seem '*femme-auteur*,' rather apologise for their stepping out of their proper place, and Mlle. de Scudéry is severe on the *femme savante*, and ridicules her in her 'Damophile,' who poses as a muse, piles books and mathematical instruments around her, and talks of trifles pompously. Mlle. de Scudéry had her own salon, where, among names already familiar as ornaments of the Hôtel Rambouillet, we notice one still obscure, but destined to fame—Françoise Scarron, by and by Madame de Maintenon. These Saturday meetings got

very dull as the society received there grew larger and less choice; but to the last Mlle. de Scudéry retained her celebrated charm of conversation. Would that she had given us something of what was said at these réunions in her interminable novels! But after all, the charm must have greatly resided in look and tone, and sparkle, no more to be retained or embalmed than the sweet notes of a great singer's voice, so soon to be only a tradition!

She might have married repeatedly, but always declared that 'the gods had given her an inclination very much averse to marriage.' In a scandalous age no shadow ever rested upon her, and that she was a warm and fearless friend was proved by her kindness to Fouquet during his disgrace. The Abbé de Pure, who had a true masculine hatred for learned women, made an exception in her favour. 'One prefers, without hesitation, her conversation to her works,' he says; 'although her mind is wonderfully great, her heart outweighs it. In the heart of this wonderful woman one finds true, pure generosity, immovable constancy, and sincere and solid friendship.'

Madeleine de Scudéry began that series of female novelists which thenceforward continued without a break; Madame de La Fayette continued it. One of the most brilliant of the Précieuses, at twenty-two she was still unmarried, probably on account of her slender dowry; friends about this time, however, arranged a match between 'La Vierge, cette demoiselle, À qui la qualité de belle Convient très légitimement,' as Loret wrote, celebrating the wedding, in lines which scarcely rise above doggerel. Her husband was the Comte de La Fayette, descended from a very ancient family of Auvergne; and though he was so shy that on their first meeting he did not find a single word to say, and escaped covered with confusion, and the bride was rather resigned than enthusiastic, the marriage could not have been unhappy, since several years after she wrote to her friend and tutor, the Abbé Ménage, 'Mon mari m'adore, je l'aime fort; je suis maîtresse absolue (in her home in Auvergne); je vous assure que la vie que je mène est fort heureuse, et que je ne demande à Dieu que la continuation. Quant on se croît heureuse,' she adds, striking a note which seems to modulate into a minor key, 'vous savez que cela suffit pour l'être.'

She often speaks of her husband in her letters to Ménage, who had taught her Italian and Latin, and kept up a lively correspondence with her after her marriage, in which we see a very curious sort of tutor and abbé—a good little man, as un-ecclesiastical as possible, a pedant to the finger tips, a would-be lady killer, and very vain of his attractions, yet so harmless withal that when, arrived at the respectable age of half a century, he thought it was time to reform, and paid a series of visits to the ladies whom he had courted to announce solemnly that he should give up love-making, one and all laughed at him, and assured him that there was not the least necessity, for his own sake or theirs, to make any change!

In his *Poemata* there are forty pieces addressed to 'Laverna,' as he chose to Latinise the name of his pupil, forgetful that Laverna to classic scholars would suggest not Marie de La Vergne, but the goddess of thieves, a slip which gave rise to a spiteful epigram, suggesting how appropriate was such a divinity to a noted plagiarist like Ménage. He wrote French and Italian verses as well as Latin ones, and here we find her as Œnone, Doris, Amarante, Fillis, or even Artémise! Madame de Sévigné was also his pupil, but evidently not such a favourite one as 'Laverna.'

She had another, and a far more really learned friend, in Huet, Bishop of Avranches, a man so engrossed in study that his parishioners, tired of being told that he could not be called away from it, exclaimed, 'The king ought really to send us a bishop whose education is completed.' He was, however, as fond of travelling as of study. 'You go and come like peas jumping in a saucepan,' Madame de La Fayette wrote to him. Their friendship was purely intellectual, as was the close intimacy which she later contracted with La Rochefoucauld, charmed no doubt by his wit; she herself being, according to Boileau, the woman who in all France had most *esprit*, and who wrote the best, 'a eulogy completed by her life-long friend, Madame de Sévigné,' who said she had 'une divine raison;' and this again is borne out by Ségrais, a poet belonging to the Rambouillet society, who says that she had learned much from the Marquise de Rambouillet, but had a more solid mind. This good sense appears in her axiom that a paragraph cut out of a manuscript was as good as a louis d'or, and a word, twenty sous—a dictum whose value we feel when we think of all the volumes which were poured out by Mlle. de Scudéry—and which have been, alas! poured out since. Above all, she was 'true,' candid, straightforward, reliable. It was La Rochefoucauld who used this epithet for her, giving it this peculiar sense apparently for the first time, and high praise indeed it was from the disenchanted cynic, who, until he knew Madame de La Fayette, judged all women by his acquaintance with Madame de Longueville in her wild and wicked days. She had two sons, of whom we only know that one was a soldier, and the other an abbé, who lent his mother's MSS. to anybody that asked him, and cared little whether he ever got them back.

In her early married days Madame de La Fayette saw a good deal of the exiled Queen, Henrietta Maria, then living at the convent of Chaillot, and her unfortunate daughter Henrietta, then only a child, with whom she became a great favourite, when as 'Madame' the young princess was the star of the Court. It was at her wish that she wrote her 'Memoirs of the Court of France in 1688–9.' 'Vous écrivez bien,' the Princess said to her, 'écrivez; je vous fournirai de bons mémoires.' There were passages very difficult to treat discreetly. 'It was hard,' the author owns, 'to tell the truth in certain places without offending or annoying the Princess.' How little either

could have dreamed that Madame de La Fayette would also write the life of that unhappy Stuart, over whose tragic end so dark a shadow rests! She only relates it from the date of her marriage with Monsieur, the brother of Louis Quatorze, when she was seventeen years old. Nine years later she died—poisoned, and Bossuet surpassed himself by the eloquence and discretion which he displayed in her funeral oration.

When Henriette d'Angleterre said, 'Vous écrivez bien,' Madame de La Fayette had only published one short story, the *Princesse de Montpensier*. As in her later romances, the characters are no doubt drawn from those of the Court of Louis Quatorze. *Zayde* next appeared, under the name of Ségrais, who certainly was visiting her while she wrote it, and who then and later has obstinately been declared its author, though he flatly denied it, and even spoke of the volume interleaved with blank pages for corrections and alterations possessed by the real writer. The fact seems to be that she was afraid to appear as a *femme-auteur*. If it were held derogatory to the position and name of a courtier and noble to publish, what must it have been for a woman—unless she were so exceptional a *vieille fille* as Mlle. de Scudéry? We need only compare *Zayde* with any works of Ségrais to feel sure that he had no hand in it, though it has not yet broken with old traditions, as the later novels of Madame de La Fayette did; there are still dark mysteries, incredible coincidences, lovers who flee broken-hearted to deserts and find every convenience there; shipwrecked princesses, who escape from the billows in their best clothes, and apparently quite dry; but even here we find some of those acute observations and the delicate analysis which characterise her later tales, especially the Princesse de Clèves, the scene of which is laid at the Court of Henri Deux, and has some foundation in actual history; but the Princess is no doubt a portrait of herself, and some industrious critics have put names of real people to all the other characters; but it is difficult to believe that Rochefoucauld, cynical and gouty, could ever have sat for De Nemours. It is more important to observe of how small a vocabulary consisted that French language, in the time of Louis Quatorze, as it was written by Madame de La Fayette and de Sévigné, and by M. de La Rochefoucauld. The words reappear continually with a certain charm, and we see, too, what were the expressions generally used. As for the style of Madame de La Fayette, it is all purity and transparence—the *liquida vox* of Horace.

The end of the story is sad. Evidently no idea of drawing nearer and nearer, as husband and wife go down the path of life together, seemed possible to the writer; there is as much fear that marriage would end love, as of offending against duty, in the refusal of Madame de Clèves to marry her lover, and of course the book, moral as it was esteemed to be, and really is, has crudities and coarse touches—coarse to us, though not so for the day and the public which

it belonged to. In many ways it is a wonderful advance in delicacy and in power and grace on all which preceded it, but we must not be understood as recommending it unreservedly for young readers. The conversations, too, would now be thought heavy in these days when epigrams and sparkle seem what writers of novels chiefly aim at, and indeed, if they were such as Madame de La Fayette and her readers were accustomed to, they enjoyed more solid food than would generally be acceptable.

Two years after the *Princesse de Clèves* was published, La Rochefoucauld died, and after his death Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter, 'M. de Marsillac est dans une affliction qui ne peut se représenter; cependant, ma fille, il retrouvera le roi et la cour; toute la famille se retrouvera à sa place, mais où Madame de La Fayette retrouvera-t-elle un tel ami, une telle société, une pareille douceur, un agrément, une considération pour elle et pour son fils? Elle est infirme. . . . M. de La Rochefoucauld était sédentaire aussi: cet état les rendait nécessaires l'un à l'autre, et rien ne pouvait être comparé à la confiance et aux charmes de leur amitié.' And in another letter, 'La pauvre Madame de La Fayette ne sait plus que faire d'elle-même. Tout se consolera, hormis elle.'

Madame de Sévigné was a faithful friend, but she could not fill the empty place, and, indeed, seems to have almost resented a proposal that she should share the home of Madame de La Fayette. 'A fine idea that I should not have my own home, and have no carriage,' she wrote.

Madame de La Fayette survived her friend thirteen years. Although she never openly belonged to the Jansenists, her sympathies were strongly with Port Royal, of which her stepfather, the Chevalier de Sévigné, was a benefactor. She died after a short illness in 1693, when sixty years old, sad, gentle, and uncomplaining; in her last letter to Ménage she wrote, 'Je me soumets sans peine à la volonté de Dieu; c'est le Tout Puissant, et de tous côtés il faut enfin venir à Lui.'

The name of La Rochefoucauld comes naturally after that of his sweet and faithful friend. As Prince de Marsillac he indulged in pranks and follies much as did Surrey in Henry VIII.'s time. He displeased the King, and what was a great deal worse, he angered Richelieu; he organised a plot for enabling Anne of Austria to escape to Brussels; naturally, he found his way speedily into the Bastille, and was exiled for several years. In the troubles of the Fronde he played an unworthy part; after that the friendship of Madame de Sablé seems to have calmed and satisfied him, and his last years were gladdened by Madame de La Fayette. Posterity knows him chiefly through his 'Maximes,' which had a great effect on French literature, which accustomed people, Voltaire says, to think and to express their thoughts in vivid, exact, and dainty sentences. They are moral, we are told, but cruelly hard and cynical—he has no belief in men, and does not think that it is in them to correct them-

selves of their faults and defects. Although he knew some men who were noble-minded, and some women who were pure and good, these were not common in the society which he lived in. To him self-love appeared the motive power of all human actions; he is shrewd and ingenious, indifferent. Henri Martin, in his 'History of France' justly remarks that he knew men, but not man; his view is narrow, while he believes it wide, but there are often weighty truths in his sayings. 'Les querelles ne dureraient pas longtemps si le tort n'était que d'un côté,' he tells us; and again, 'Nous pardonnons aisément à nos amis les défauts qui ne nous regardent pas.'

Pre-eminent among the figures of the 17th century stands Marie de Rabutin Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, who perhaps would have preferred to all the glory which her famous Letters brought her, that of being known as the mother of 'the prettiest girl in France.' Brought up by that good Abbé de Coulanges, that uncle whom she calls 'Bien Bon,' married at eighteen to a worthless husband; at the age of twenty-five she was left a widow with a son and a daughter, plunged in 'abysses' of debt, as she says, whence the good management of her uncle delivered her. Her desk is still in her bedroom at Les Rochers, her Breton château, so is an account book, and a collection of thoughts and verses copied by her; her portrait, and that of her daughter, Madame de Grignan, look down from the wainscotted dining-room, together with that of La Rochefoucauld and Madame de La Fayette, and that witty Madame de Coulanges, whom Madame de Sévigné called her 'gazette de cour.'

A whole volume might be written on Madame de Sévigné and her Breton friends—her letters are so full of details, so lively and witty, that we might gather from them, did time permit, who came to see her, what she read, how she spent her days, and what was happening in the gay world which, though absent from, she still knew all about. She had many correspondents, but the one to whom she wrote with hardly a break for twenty-five years was her daughter. Comparatively, her son seems to have counted for but little in her life. These letters give an extraordinarily brilliant and faithful picture of what French society then was. The example and authority of Louis Quatorze had suppressed the violence and the coarse orgies of the Fronde and the Regency; discussions such as Madame de Rambouillet loved had given place to conversation—there is leisure, literature, sparkling gossip. With all this there is a great deal of hardness, scandal, and immorality; we feel the vengeance of the people looming far off, when we read the perfect indifference with which so good and kind a woman can regard their wrongs, and see how she accepts the sufferings of the Huguenots as only what their heresy merited.

But what a delightful friend and correspondent she must have been, and how charmingly she acted on her own maxim, that among friends the pen must trot as it will, with a loose rein! What conversations those must have been in the most agreeable woods in

the world! Sometimes, indeed, her letters are studied—witness the one to her uncle on the marriage of the Grande Mademoiselle to Lauzun—but they are none the less delightful. It is easy to imagine what a sensation they made; how they were looked for, borrowed, handed about, admired. Unlike most of her contemporaries, she loved nature, even though she did call the moon the fair mistress of Endymion, and invokes the nymphs and dryads. Nowhere else, except in D'Urfé and Lafontaine, do we find such a touch as this: 'Ces beaux jours de cristal de l'automne, qui ne sont plus chauds, qui ne sont pas froids.' Her touch is so light that we might be deceived into thinking her frivolous; she was nothing of the sort, she was serious, full of thought and sense, but she had a delightful gaiety which illuminates everything it touches. Her character was spotless, and in later life her religion became a living thing, quickened by the influence of Bossuet and Bourdaloue. She died at the age of seventy at Grignan, where she was nursing her daughter through small-pox.

Another celebrated letter-writer was Madame de Maintenon, but her difficult position prevented her from ever 'writing with a loose rein;' she was cold-hearted and calculating, and loved nobody very much, so that though her letters are full of sense and acute observation and often excellent reading, they have none of the playful charm and ease of Madame de Sévigné's. She wrote as if she had in her mind what posterity would say of her letters; there is always something didactic in them, just as in Fléchier's there is invariably a touch of the orator, however familiar the subject of which he is treating.

Competition Questions.

1. How far is it correct to call the 'Siècle de Louis Quartorze' by this name?

2. State the aim of the society known as 'the Hôtel Rambouillet,' and give some account of its chief members.

3. State what you know of the *Astrée* and its author.

4. Write a short sketch of Mlle. de Scudéry and her brother.

5. Quote some characteristic passage from the letters of Madame de Sévigné.

6. How did Madame de Maintenon influence literature and education?

Answers to be sent to Miss Norris, Walnut Tree Road, Cockington, South Devon.

Entrance fee, 2*s.* 6*d.* for Papers returned criticised; another 2*s.* 6*d.* for postage.

A prize of £5 and a second prize of £2 in books are offered.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Further Growth of the Church of England.

Questions for July.

25. Make a Chronological table of events in English ecclesiastical History from 735–1065. The events *must* be in order of occurrence, and *at least* two dates in each of the four centuries concerned must be given accurately.

26. Make notes on—α. The origin of tithes. β. The donation of King Ethelwolf. γ. The Dooms of Alfred. δ. Peter's Pence.

27. Give the names of the more celebrated martyrs in successive Danish incursions, with a detailed account of one martyrdom.

or

Name half-a-dozen of the chief English Synods of the period, with one or more of their decisions. Give dates.

28. A life of St. Dunstan.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by August 1st.

Extra work recommended, '*The Student's English Church History, 1st Period*,' by Perry (Murray), *7s. 6d.*

April Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda	40	Busy Bee	34	Dubritia	31
Cocksmoor, Kentigern	38	Fidelia	33	White Owl, De Maura, Decima, Vorwärts	30
Water Wagtail	36	Ierne, Andromache	32		
Papaver	34	Firenze, Charissa	31		

Second Class.

Sophy	29	Bluebell, Δαμβδα, Hegesippus, Cecilia	27	Countess	24
Violets, Verena, Ina	28			Veritas, Scholastica	23
		Καθολικος	25	Honeysuckle	22

Third Class.

Trudel . . . . 19 | Esclairmonde 18

REMARKS.

13. *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Dubritia* have best worked out the qualifications of the three groups of missionaries in Germany. The three groups intended were; I. Scoto-Irish; II. Frankish; III. English. Early native Germans, educated and ordained by any group, are rightly reckoned to that group in several papers, e.g. Liudger to England. *Countess:* Keltic missionaries were at work before the Franks,—Columbanus in 580. *Violets*, *Verena*, *Andromache*, *Vorwärts*, and *Esclairmonde* omit all mention of the Frankish Mission, headed by SS. Amandus and Eligius. Considering the 'armed mission' of Charlemagne, 768–792, and his eight Bishoprics, the Franks were an important factor in the Conversion of Germany. *Decima* gives them right, but puts 'Teutonic' for 'Frankish'; the Franks were not *more* Teutons than the English. *Cecilia:* We cannot make distinctions between 'Anglo-Saxon' and 'English' missionaries; but, if we did, St. Willibrord, a Northumbrian, was undoubtedly English, while St. Boniface was a Saxon, and not *vice versâ*. *Cocksmoor*, *Andromache*, and others: No doubt there is much to be said for the view adopted by some writers, that the Keltic missionaries came to Germany as a refuge from Roman usages in their native land; but this will not account for Columbanus going forth seventeen years before the landing of Augustine; while as Ireland was a refuge from Roman usages down to 680 or later, it does not well account for St. Gall and several others. On the whole, Milman is hard on Columbanus, when he considers he chiefly desired a retreat for his special asceticism; while Trench and Maclear, who are more in sympathy with him, say he was led by a burning love for souls.

14. *Cocksmoor* and *Kentigern* give the most names of missionaries, while *Etheldreda's* is the best arranged, and gives dates. *White Owl:* Callech or Gall was Irish, not Frankish. Yes, SS. Willibrord and Willibald were separate Saints. The former a Northumbrian, Bishop of Utrecht; the latter a West Saxon, cousin of St. Boniface, Bishop of Eichstadt. *Trudel:* Eligius and Amandus were Frankish, not English. Καθολικος: A good deal more than Frisia should be put for Boniface's field. *Papaver:* Gregory of Utrecht was a native German, and if reckoned in any group, should be English (under whom he worked), not Frankish. *Charissa:* SS. Wilfrid and Willibrord were more English even than St. Boniface.

15. The Saints are best given by *Etheldreda*, *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Violets*, *Fidelia*, *Vorwärts*, and *Busy Bee*. St. Eligius is chosen by most people; SS. Wulfram and Walpurga only by one each. *Veritas* would find all seven in '*Apostles of Mediæval Europe*,' or in Alban Butler. *Countess* puts St. Gall two centuries too late. He died 627. St. Eligius was a goldsmith, hence he is the Patron of that craft. *Water Wagtail* gives 765–795 for St. Wulfram, whereas, Maclear says Döllinger fixes the Mission to Frisia (about which there is certainly

a doubt) for 712; while all authorities say he died in 720. *She*, *Papaver*, *Fidelia*, and others, omit all mention of St. Adalbert, the martyred Bishop of Prague (956–997), the first who preached the Gospel to the Prussians. The English saint of that name is usually spelt Adelbert. *Firenze:* In Miss Yonge's '*History of Christian Names*,' she thinks the Walpurgisnacht or witches' Sabbath must originally have been in honour of some Valkyr of that name.

16. *Etheldreda*, *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Charissa*, *Verena*, *De Maura*, *Andromache*, and *Busy Bee* give excellent lives of St. Boniface. *Bluebell:* St. Boniface's baptismal name was Winfred (friend of peace), not Wilfred (resolute peace). *Honeysuckle:* Nursling is quite a separate place from Netley. They are on opposite sides of Southampton.* *Decima* omits the three years labour under St. Willibrord at Utrecht. *Vorwärts:* The latter laboured in Frisia, not Thuringia. *Water Wagtail:* It was Gregory III. whom St. Boniface visited in 738. Zacchary did not succeed till 741; and though Boniface seems to have been made Metropolitan or Archbishop, it was still without a See. Mainz was only fixed as his See about 746.

Λαμβδα should try to condense her information.

It has very well been said that the conversion of the great Teutonic nations, England and Germany, were God's good gift of compensation to the purer and more vigorous Western Church—where heresy had never been so rife—for the terrible losses Islâm was causing to the tainted Churches of the East and Africa.

THE BOOKS OF SAMUEL.

Class List for May.

Class I.

Bubbles	97	Aconite, Water Wagtail	91	Firefly	81
Elpis	96	Pyrethrum	90	Lucilla, Constantine	80
Elphin	95	Brown Bess	85	Sparrow, Penholder	79
Celestine, Greta	94	Winifred	84	Ina	78
Verena	93	Lancelot	83		
Iza	92	Joiner	82		

Class II.

Hypatia, Spectacles	74	Rose Marie	74	Atalanta	70
		Carlotta, Ariel	73	Juno	43

Excelsior withdraws. Daisy and Breidden explain unavoidable delay. Gwen, Lily, Moon, Ellen, Anonyma, send neither papers nor explanations.

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* The former, then spelt Nutscelling, was St. Boniface's monastery.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is there a moral fault at the bottom of vulgarity?

Answers received from *Ein Mädchen*, *Semibreve*, *Sunflower*, *A Northumbrian Lassie*, *Dame Mary*, *F. L. C.*, *Blackbird*, and *M.*

Ein Mädchen is against vulgarity necessarily involving a moral fault, though she thinks it often does so. The others are all for its doing so; but Chelsea China thinks that several of them have hardly made plain to themselves what vulgarity really consists in, though she entirely agrees with their conclusion. It does not, for instance, comprehend all wickedness; it is not vulgar, any more than it is dishonest, to impute bad motives; and there may be much vulgarity without any attempt to 'ape our betters,' which a *Northumbrian Lassie* considers to be synonymous with it. Vulgarity no doubt shows itself frequently in self-assertion, whether it is the self-assertion of Sir Gorgius Midas or Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns; but the self-assertion seems to Chelsea China the effect, not the cause. It does not show the absence of true religion, or kindliness, or unselfishness; it is not shown in defective aspirates, or in bad taste in art or literature; in fact, deficiencies of education have little to do with it, though probably a person of better education would not have asked another, on seeing a marble Cupid, like the lady in Holmer, whether it was a 'statoo of her deceased infant.' There is no doubt vulgarity in that query, but the vulgarity is not in the want of education, it lies elsewhere. On the other hand, there may be absolutely bad and worthless people without vulgarity; for instance, George IV. and many of the fine gentlemen and ladies of the Ancien Régime. Becky Sharp was not vulgar, but kind Mrs. O'Dowd was.

Chelsea China feels that a definition of vulgarity after this prelude will be severely criticised. Well—suppose we say that vulgarity is an unconscious want of reverence, arising from undeveloped perceptions which ought to have been developed? I say an *unconscious* want, because if we felt that a person deliberately and with intention did the things we stigmatise as vulgar, we should call them either brutal or else idiotic. Sometimes we see a lack of reverence for the Divine, as in many American jokes; sometimes a lack of reverence for our fellow-creatures, betrayed in intrusive curiosity or inconsiderateness of their feelings; sometimes a lack of reverence for our own best selves, shown in emphasising our possessions or our social importance; sometimes a lack of reverence for the mysteries of human nature,

showing itself in coarseness. But in order to be *vulgar*, this want of reverence must spring from undeveloped perceptions—it would be far worse than vulgar if it were conscious; and the perceptions should have been trained, and have been left fallow, or it would come from ignorance rather than vulgarity. The outside vulgarity, which we might find in a wealthy man eating with his knife or gobbling his soup, we should not find in a labouring man doing the same thing, because we should not expect his perceptions to have been trained; and we might find a man of noble and refined nature whose surroundings had never taught him the proper use of the fork. So with the worse developments of vulgarity; the familiar religious humour, when uttered by the bona fide uneducated backwoodsmen, need not be vulgar or even irreverent, though when imitated by those of higher education it is so; a child's *mal à propos* remarks, if suggested by real childish simplicity, we call *naïveté* (though a nice child has wonderfully delicate personal perceptions); the self-assertion of the savage amuses us, and what would be coarse in us is often in him pure innocence and ignorance.

What then do we blame in vulgarity?

We blame people for not taking the trouble to educate and train their perceptions. Of course all are not alike gifted by nature; but we have a right to criticise those who fall short of the ordinary standard, and who are rough and blunt in their perceptions either from laziness or inattention. We also have to submit to be criticised on the same lines.

Chelsea China thinks that this question of trained perceptions is at the bottom of the application of St. Paul's words quoted by *Dame Mary* and others, 'Whatsoever things are lovely—think on these things,' and educate your perceptions; and the question of reverence answers *F. L. C.'s* query, 'Who ever saw a vulgar person humble? Who ever saw a humble person vulgar?'

Bog-Oak, whose paper arrived too late to be classified with the rest, sends the following. Is not the restraint she mentions a question either of reverence for other personalities, or of the use of trained perceptions? And is it not a mistake to call Queen Elizabeth vulgar, however much one may dislike her personally? since if she did scold and otherwise misbehave herself, to our ideas, it seems likely that her temper, and not her perceptions, were in fault.

One feels inclined to say there is more than a moral fault—there is usually one or other of the deadly sins—at the bottom of all vulgarity. Of course every class of life has its manners and customs, and the social language of errand boys, though forcible and harmless for them, would be vulgar in educated people, while the language of a Member of Parliament would sound ridiculous for a washer-

woman. But real vulgarity is personal, and is apart from all classes and all manners and customs of classes.

There is the vulgarity of display, the showing off what you have, or the trying to seem what you are not. At the root of this lies the lowest and meanest form of pride. Then you have the vulgar woman who scolds and storms, and who airs her grievances in public. Anger or jealousy are not far from such. Again, alas! in all ranks and ages, and in both sexes, one meets the coarsely vulgar person who delights in questionable stories and retails the worst features of scandals, who always knows something a little worse than other people do. It is not hard to name the root sin of this worst kind of vulgarity. Even in unrefined manners there is usually either self-assertion or want of thought for others, because refined manners are met with in every rank, and are therefore possible in every rank; and they are usually associated in our minds with well-born folk because the faults which lie at the root of unrefined manners are less often the faults of such people than of the working people, though vulgarity may exist anywhere, from the throne to the hovel. Queen Bess was an exceedingly vulgar woman, love of display, scolding, and coarseness of mind, and often of manner, being characteristic of her, beyond her times, for the contemporary Stuarts were refined. But still I maintain that, on the whole, well-born *and* well-educated people learn consciously and unconsciously more of that self-restraint which underlies true refinement of manner and language. The very correcting of pronunciation and aspiration, the inculcation of modulated voice, good carriage, avoidance of awkward attitudes, restraint of giggling, and of the habit in babies of thrusting everything into their mouths, with such self-denial in the matter of sweets as is involved in offering them first to little guests or brothers or sisters—all these are tiny straws, but they are learnt in good nurseries before the child is old enough for the schoolroom, and are the beginning of a moral principle from which the refinement of good manners will spring and blossom naturally.

'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood,'

is a favourite quotation, as if the Norman blood was all on one side and the kind hearts necessarily on the other; but there are brutal men and women who have not the advantage of either Norman blood or kind hearts, while coronets and kind hearts, oftener than not, go together. All our self-restraint is a part of our imitation of the Crucified, and so may be found in high or lowly station.

'When mortals deemed it gentle blood,
Faith might discern the healing rood
Invisibly applied.'

BOG-OAK.

Any Papers now omitted will be acknowledged next month.

QUESTION FOR JULY.

Do unselfish people injure the characters of those around them?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, by August 1st.

Notices to Correspondents.

Euodias.—Could not suitable prayers be found in the 'Star of Childhood,' by the Rev. T. Carter, or the 'Narrow Way?' There are metrical Litanies for children in Mrs. Carey Brock's 'Children's Hymnal.'

A Lover of the Monthly Packet.—There is no Biography of General Church, except an Article in 'The New Quarterly Magazine,' vol. ii., July 1879. A short memoir is also appearing in the 'English Historical Review' (Longman); the first and second parts in January and April, the last in July.

Could any one name author and sequel of the following?

'Not tasting death, but taking rest
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
When the day breaks and shadows flee away.'

'What is the use of flowers? To comfort man,
To whisper hope whene'er his faith is dim;
For He Who careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.'

G.

The Muffin Man.—The poem about the 'great god Pan' is called 'A Musical Instrument,' by Mrs. Browning, and may be found in 'Cornhill' for 1860; also in Professor Morley's 'Shorter English Poems.'

F. A. D. F.—'Bosworth Field' is by Mrs. Bray; I do not know the others.

MARTAGON.

The Monthly Packet.

AUGUST, 1890.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES.

CHAPTER VIII.

STINGS.

'Yet one asylum is my own,
Against the dreaded hour;
A long, a silent and a lone,
Where kings have little power.'—*Scott.*

At Châlons, the Sieur de Terreforte and his son Guy, a very quiet, stiff, and well-trained youth, met Sir Patrick and the Lady of Glenuskie. Terreforte was within the province of Champagne, and as long as the Court remained at Châlons the Sieur felt bound to remain in attendance on the King—lodging at his own house, or hotel, as he called it, in the city. Dame Lilias did not regret anything which gave her a little more time with her daughter, and enabled Annis to make a little more acquaintance with her bridegroom and his family before being left alone with them. Moreover, she hoped to see something more of her cousins the Princesses.

But they came not. The Dauphin and his wife arrived from their excursion and took up their abode in the Castle of Surry le Château, at a short distance from thence; and thither went the Lady of Glenuskie with her husband to pay her respects, and present the betrothed of her daughter.

Margaret was sitting in a shady nook of the walls, under the shade of a tall, massive tower, with a page reading to her; but in that impulsive manner which the Court of France thought *grossière* and *sauvage*, she ran down the stone stairs and threw herself on the neck of her cousin, exclaiming, however, 'But where are my sisters?'

'Are they not with your Grace? I thought to find them here!'

'Nay! They were to start two days after us, with an escort of archers, while we visited the shrine of Ste. Menéhould. They might

have been here before us,' exclaimed Margaret, in much alarm. 'My husband thought our train would be too large if they went with us.'

'If we had known that they were not to be with your Grace, we would have tarried for them,' said Dame Lilias.

'Oh, cousin, would that you had!'

'Mayhap King René and his daughter persuaded them to wait a few days.'

That was the best hope, but there was much uneasiness, when another day passed and the Scottish Princesses did not appear. Strange whispers, coming from no one knew where, began to be current that they had disappeared in company with some of those wild and gay knights who had met at the tournament at Nanci.

In extreme alarm and indignation, Margaret repaired to her husband. He was kneeling before the shrine of the Lady in the Chapel of Surry, telling his beads, and he did not stir, or look round, or relax one murmur of his Aves, while she paced about, wrung her hands, and vainly tried to control her agitation. At last he rose, and coldly said, 'I knew it could be no other who thus interrupted my devotions.'

'My sisters!' she gasped.

'Well, what of them?'

'Do you know what wicked things are said of them—the dear maids? Ah!'—as she saw his strange smile—'you have heard! You will silence the fellows, who deserve to have their tongues torn out for defaming a king's daughters.'

'Verily, ma mie,' said Louis, 'I see no such great improbability in the tale. They have been bred up to the like. No doubt a mountain kite of the Vosges is a more congenial companion than a chevalier *bien courtois*.'

'You speak thus simply to tease your poor Margot,' she said, pleading, yet trembling; 'but I know better than to think you mean it.'

'As my lady pleases,' he said.

'Then will I send Sir Patrick with an escort to seek them at Nanci and bring them hither?'

'Where is this same troop to come from?' demanded Louis.

'Our own Scottish archers, who will see no harm befall my blessed father's daughters.'

'Ha! say you so? I had heard a different story from Buchan, from the Grahams, the Halls. Revenge is sweet—as your mother found it.'

'The murderers had only their deserts.'

Louis shrugged his shoulders, 'That is as their sons may think.'

'No one would be so dastardly as to wreak vengeance on two young helpless maids,' cried Margaret. 'Oh! sir, help me; what think you?'

'Madame knows better than I do the spirit alike of her sisters and of her own countrymen.'

'Nay, nay, Monsieur, husband, do but help me! My poor sisters in this strange land! You, who are wiser than all, tell me what can have become of them?'

'What can I say, Madame? Love—love of the minstrel kind seems to run in the family. You all have supped full thereof at Nanci. If report said true, there was a secret lover in their suite. What so likely as that the May game should have become earnest.'

'But, sir, we are accountable. My sisters were entrusted to us.'

'Not to me,' said Louis. 'If the boy, your brother, expected me to find husbands and dowers for a couple of wild penniless, feather-pated damsels errant, he expected far too much. I know far too well what are Scotch manners and ideas of decorum to charge myself with the like.'

'Sir, do you mean to insult me?' demanded Margaret, rising to the full height of her tall stature.

'That is as Madame may choose to fit the cap,' he said, with a bow; 'I accuse her of nothing,' but there was an ironical smile on his thin lips, which almost maddened her.

'Speak out! O sir, tell me what you dare to mean,' she said, with a stamp of her foot, clasping her hands tightly.

He only bowed again.

'I know there are evil tongues abroad,' said Margaret, with a desperate effort to command her voice; 'but I heeded them no more than the midges in the air while I knew my Lord and husband heeded them not! But—oh! say you do not.'

'Have I said that I did?'

'Then for a proof—dismiss and silence that foul-slandering wretch, Jamet de Tilly.'

'A true woman's imagination that to dismiss is to silence,' he laughed.

'It would show at least that you will not brook to have your wife defamed! Oh! sir, sir,' she cried, 'I only ask what any other husband would have done long ago of his own accord and rightful anger. Smile not thus—or you will see me frenzied.'

'Smiles best befit woman's tears,' said Louis, coolly. 'One moment for your sisters, the next for yourself.'

'Ah! my sisters! my sisters! Wretch that I am to have thought of my worthless self for one moment. Ah! you are only teasing your poor Margot! You will act for your own honour and theirs in sending out to seek them!'

'My honour and theirs may be best served by their being forgotten.'

Margaret became inarticulate with dismay, indignation, and disappointment, as these envenomed stings went to her very soul, further pointed by the curl of Louis's thin lips, and the sinister twinkle of

his little eyes. Almost choked, she stammered forth the demand what he meant, only to be answered that he did not pretend to understand the Scottish errant nature, and pointing to a priest entering the church, he bade her not make herself conspicuous, and strolled away.

Margaret's despair and agony were inexpressible. She stood for some minutes leaning against a pillar to collect her senses. Then her first thought was of consulting the Drummonds, and she impetuously dashed back to her own apartments and ordered her palfrey and suite to be ready instantly to take her to Châlons.

Madame la Dauphine's palfreys were all gone to Châlons to be shod. In fact, there were some games going on there, and trusting to the easy-going habits of their mistress, almost all her attendants had lounged off thither, even the maidens, as well as the pages, who felt Madame de Ste. Petronille's sharp eyes no longer over them.

'Tell me,' said Margaret, to the one lame, frightened old man, who alone seemed able to reply to her call, 'do you know who commanded the escort which were with my sisters, the Princesses of Scotland?'

The old man threw up his hands. How should he know. 'The escort was of the savage Scottish archers.'

'I know that; but can you not tell who they were—nor their commander?'

'Ah! Madame knows that their names are such as no Christian ears can understand, nor lips speak!'

'I had thought it was Sir Andrew Gordon who was to go with them. He with the blue housings on the dapple grey.'

'No, Madame; I heard the Captain Mercœur say Monsieur le Dauphin had other orders for him. It was the little dark one—how call they him—ah! with a more reasonable name—Le Halle, who led the party of Mesdames. Madame! Madame! let me call some of Madame's women!'

'No, no,' gasped Margaret, knowing, indeed, that none whom she wished to see were within call. 'Thanks, Jean, here—now go,' and she flung him a coin.

She knew now that whatever had befallen her sisters had been by the connivance, if not the contrivance, of her husband, unwilling to have the charge and the portioning of the two penniless maidens imposed upon him. And what might not that fate be, betrayed into the hands of one who had so deadly a blood feud with their parents? For Hall was the son of one of the men whose daggers had slain James I., and whose crime had been visited with such vindictive cruelty by Queen Joanna. The man's eyes had often scowled at her, as if he longed for vengeance—and thus had it been granted him.

Margaret, with understanding to appreciate Louis's extraordinary ability, had idolised him throughout in spite of his constant coldness, and the satire with which he treated all her higher tastes and aspirations, continually throwing her in and back upon herself, and

blighting her instincts wherever they turned. She had accepted all this as his superiority to her folly, and though the thwarted and unfostered inclinations in her strong, unstained nature had occasioned those aberrations and distorted impulses which brought blame on her, she had accepted everything hitherto as her own fault, and believed in, and adored the image she had made of him throughout. Now it was as if her idol had turned suddenly into a viper in her bosom, not only stinging her by implied acquiescence in the slanders upon her discretion, if not upon her fair fame, but actually having betrayed her innocent sisters by means of the deadly enemy of their family—to what fate she knew not!

To act became an immediate need to the unhappy Dauphiness at once, as the only vent to her own misery, and because she must without loss of time do something for the succour of her young sisters, or ascertain their fate.

She did not spend a moment's thought on the censure any imprudent measure of her own might bring on her, but hastily summoning the only tirewoman within reach, she exchanged her blue and gold embroidered robe for a dark serge which she wore on days of penance, with a mantle and hood of the same, and, to Linette's horror and dismay, bade her attend her on foot to the Hôtel de Terreforte, in Châlons.

Linette was in no position to remonstrate, but could only follow, as the lady, wrapped in her cloak, descended the steps, and crossed the empty hall. The porter let her pass unquestioned, but there were a few guards at the great gateway, and one shouted, 'Whither away, friend Linette?'

Margaret raised her hood and looked full at him, and he fell back. He knew her, and knew that Madame la Dauphine did strange things. The road was stony and bare and treeless, unfrequented at first, and it was very sultry, the sun shining with a heavy melting heat on Margaret's weighty garments; but she hurried on, never feeling the heat, or hearing Linette's endeavours to draw her attention to the heavy bank of grey clouds tinged with lurid red gradually rising, and whence threatening growls of thunder were heard from time to time. She really seemed to rush forward, and poor panting Linette toiled after her, feeling ready to drop, while the way was as yet unobstructed, as the two beautiful steeples of the Cathedral and Notre Dame *de l'Épine* rose before them; but after a time, as they drew nearer, the road became obstructed by carts, waggons, donkeys, crowded with country folks and their wares, with friars and ragged beggars, all pressing into the town, and jostling one another, and the two foot passengers, all the more as rain drops began to fall, and the thunder sounded nearer.

Margaret had been used to walking, but it was all within parks and pleasances, and she was not at all used to being pushed about and jostled. Linette knew how to make her way far better, and it was

well for them that their dark dresses and hoods and Linette's elderly face gave the idea of their being votaresses of some sacred order, and so secured them from actual personal insult; but as they clung together they were thrust aside and pushed about, while the throng grew thicker, the streets narrower, the storm heavier, the air more stifling and unsavoury.

A sudden rush nearly knocked them down, driving them under a gurgoyle, whose spout was streaming with wet, and completed the drenching; but there was a porch and an open door of a church close behind, and into this Linette dragged her mistress. Dripping, breathless, bruised, she leant against a pillar, not going forward, for others, much more gaily dressed, had taken refuge there, and were chattering away, for little reverence was paid at that date to the sanctity of buildings.

'Will the king be there, think you?' eagerly asked a young girl, who had been anxiously wiping the wet from her pink kirtle.

'Certes—he is to give the prizes,' replied a portly dame in crimson.

'And the Lady of Beauty? I long to see her.'

'Her beauty is passing—except that which was better worth—the solid castle the king gave her,' laughed the stout citizen, who seemed to be in charge of them.

'The Dauphiness, too—will she be there?'

'Ah, the Dauphiness!' said the elder woman, with a meaning sound and shake of the head.

'Scandal—evil tongues!' growled the man.

'Nay, Master Jerôme, there's no denying it, for a merchant of Bourges told me. She runs about the country on foot, like no discreet woman, let alone a princess, with a good-for-nothing minstrel after her. Ah, you may grunt and make signs, but I had it from the Countess de Craylière's own tirewoman, who came for a bit of lace, that the Dauphin is about to divorce her, for the Sire Jamet de Tillay caught her kissing the minstrel on a bench in the garden at Nanci.'

'I would not trust the Sire de Tillay's word. He is in debt to every merchant of the place—a smooth-tongued deceiver. Belike he is bribed to defame the poor lady, that the Dauphin may rid himself of a childless wife.'

The young girl was getting restless, declaring that the rain was over, and that they should miss the getting good places at the show. Margaret had stood all this time leaning against her pillar, with hands clenched together, and teeth firm set, trying to control the shuddering of horror and indignation that went through her whole frame. She started convulsively when Linette moved after the burgher, but put a force upon herself when she perceived that it was in order to inquire how best to reach the Hôtel de Terreforte.

He pointed to the opposite door of the church, and Linette, reconnoitring and finding that it led into a street entirely quiet and deserted, went back to the Dauphiness, whom she found sunk on her knees, stiff and dazed.

'Come, Madame,' she entreated, trying to raise her, 'the Hôtel de Terreforte is near, these houses shelter us, and the rain is nearly over.'

Margaret did not move at first; then she looked up and said, 'What was it that they said, Linette?'

'Oh! no matter what they said, Madame; they were ignorant creatures, who knew not what they were talking about. Come, you are wet, you are exhausted. This good lady will know how to help you.'

'There is no help in man,' said Margaret, wildly stretching out her arms. 'Oh, God! help me—a desolate woman—and my sisters! Betrayed! betrayed!'

Very much alarmed, Linette at last succeeded in raising her to her feet, and guiding her, half-blinded as she seemed, to the portal of the Hôtel de Terreforte—an archway leading into a courtyard. It was by great good-fortune that the very first person who stood within it was old Andrew of the Cleuch, who despised all French sports in comparison with the completeness of his master's equipment, and was standing at the gate, about to issue forth in quest of leather to mend a defective strap. His eyes fell on the forlorn wanderer, who had no longer energy to keep her hood forward. 'My certie!' he exclaimed, in utter amaze.

The Scottish words and voice seemed to revive Margaret, and she tottered forward, exclaiming, 'Oh! good man, help me! take me to the Lady.'

Fortunately the Lady of Glenuskie, being much busied in preparations for her journey, had sent Annis to the sports with the Lady of Terreforte, and was ready to receive the poor drenched, exhausted being, who almost stumbled into her motherly arms, weeping bitterly, and incoherently moaning something about her sisters, and her husband, and 'betrayed.'

Old Christie was happily also at home, and dry clothing, a warm posset, and the Lady's own bed, perhaps still more her soothing caresses, brought Margaret back to the power of explaining her distress intelligibly—at least as regarded her sisters. She had discovered that their escort had been that bitter foe of their house, Robert Hall, and she verily believed that he had betrayed her sisters into the hands of some of the *routiers* who infested the roads.

Dame Lilias could not but think it only too likely; but she said 'the worst that could well befall the poor lassies in that case would be their detention until a ransom was paid, and if their situation was known, the King, the Dauphin, and the Duke of Brittany would be certain one or other to rescue them by force of arms, if not to raise the money. She saw how Margaret shuddered at the name of the Dauphin. 'Oh! I have jewels—pearls—gold,' cried Margaret. 'I could pay the sum without asking any one! Only where are they? where are they? What are they not enduring—the dear maidens? Would that I had never let them out of my sight!'

'Would that I had not,' echoed Dame Lilias. 'But cheer up, dear Lady, Madame de Ste. Petronille is with them, and will watch over them; and she knows the ways of the country, and how to deal with these robbers, whoever they may be. She will have a care of them.'

But though the Lady of Glenuskie tried to cheer the unhappy Princess, she was full of consternation and misgivings as to the fate of her young cousins, whom she loved heartily, and she was relieved when, in accordance with the summons that she had sent, her husband's spurs were heard ringing on the stair.

He heard the story with alarm. He knew that Sir Andrew Gordon had been told off to lead the convoy, and had even conversed with him on the subject.

'Who exchanged him for Hall?' he enquired.

'Oh, do not ask,' cried the unhappy Margaret, covering her face with her hands, and the shrewd Scotsfolk began to understand, as glances passed between them, though they spared her.

She had intended throwing herself at the feet of the King, who had never been unkind to her, and imploring his succour; but Sir Patrick brought word that the King and Dauphin were going forth together to visit the Abbot of a shrine at some distance, and as soon as she heard that the Dauphin was with his father, she shrank together, and gave up her purpose for the present. Indeed, Sir Patrick thought it advisable for him to endeavour to discover what had really become of the Princesses before applying to the King, or making their loss public. Nor was the Dauphiness in condition to repair to Court. Dame Lilias longed to keep her and nurse and comfort her that evening; but while the spiteful whispers of De Tillay were abroad, it was needful to be doubly prudent, and the morning's escapade must if possible be compensated by a public return to Château le Surry. So Margaret was placed on Lady Drummond's palfrey, and accompanied home by all the attendants who could be got together. She could hardly sit upright by the time the short ride was over, for pain in the side and stitch in her breath. Again Lady Drummond would have stayed with her, but the Countess de Craylière, who had been extremely offended and scandalised by the expedition of the Dauphiness, made her understand that no one could remain there except by the invitation of the Dauphin, and showed great displeasure at any one but herself attempting the care of Madame la Dauphine, who, as all knew, was subject to megrims.

Margaret entreated her 'belle cousine' to return in the morning and tell her what had been done, and Dame Lilias accordingly set forth with Annis immediately after Mass and breakfast with the news that Sir Patrick had taken counsel with the Sieur de Terreforte, and that they had got together such armed attendants as they could, and started with their sons for Nanci, where they hoped to discover some traces of the lost ladies.

Indeed, he had brought his wife on his way and was waiting in the

court in case the Princess should wish to see him before he went; but Lilias found poor Margaret far too ill for this to be of any avail. She had tossed about all night, and now was lying partly raised on a pile of embroidered, gold-edged pillows, under an enormous stiff heavy quilt, gorgeous with heraldic colours and devices, her pale cheeks flushed with fever, her breath catching painfully, and with a terrible short cough, murmuring strange words about her sisters, and about cruel tongues. A crowd of both sexes and all ranks filled the room, gazing and listening.

She knew her cousin at her entrance, clasped her hand tight, and seemed to welcome her native tongue, and understand her assurance that Sir Patrick was gone to seek her sisters; but she wandered off into, 'Don't let him ask Jamet! Ah, Katie Douglas, keep the door! They are coming.'

Her husband, returning from the morning Mass, had way made for him as he advanced to the bed, and again her understanding partly returned, as he said, in his low dry voice, 'How now, Madame?'

She looked up at him, held out her hot hand, and gasped, 'Oh, sir, sir, where are they?'

'Be more explicit, ma mie,' he said, with an inscrutable face.

'You know, you know. Oh, husband, my Lord, you do not believe it. Say you do not believe it. Send the whispering fiend away. He has hidden my sisters.'

'She raves,' said Louis. 'Has the chirurgeon been with her?'

'He is even now about to bleed her, my Lord,' said Madame de Craylières, 'and so I have sent for the King's own physician.'

Louis's barber-surgeon (not yet Oliver le Dain) was a little crooked old Jew, at sight of whom Margaret screamed as if she took him for the whispering fiend. He would fain have cleared the room and relieved the air, but this was quite beyond his power, the ladies, knights, pages, and all chose to remain and look on at the struggles of the poor patient, while Madame de Craylières and Lady Drummond held her fast, and forced her to submit. Her husband, who alone could have prevailed, did not or would not speak the word, but shrugged his shoulders and left the room, carrying off with him at least his own attendants.

When she saw her blood flow, Margaret exclaimed, 'Ah, traitors, take me instead of my father—only—a priest.'

Presently she fainted, and after partly reviving, seemed to doze, and this, being less interesting, caused many of the spectators to depart.

When she awoke, she was quite herself, and this was well, for the King came to visit her. Margaret was fond of her father-in-law, who had always been kind to her; but she was too ill, and speech hurt her too much to allow her, to utter clearly all that oppressed her.

'My sisters! my poor sisters,' she moaned.

'Ah! ma belle fille, fear not. All will be well with them. No doubt my good brother René has detained them, that Madame Eleonore may study a little more of his music and painting. We

will send a courier to Nanci, who will bring good news of them,' said the king, in a caressing voice which soothed, if it did not satisfy, the sufferer.

She spoke out some thanks, and he added, 'They may come any moment, daughter, and that will cheer your little heart, and make you well. Only take courage, child, and here is my good physician, Maître Bertrand, come to heal you.'

Margaret still held the king's hand, and sought to detain him. 'Beau père, beau père,' she said, 'you will not believe them! You will silence them.'

'Whom! What, ma mie?'

'The evil speakers. Ah! Jamet.'

'I believe nothing my fair daughter tells me not to believe.'

'Ah! sire, he speaks against me. He says——'

'Hush! hush, child. Whoever vexes my daughter shall have his tongue slit for him. But here we must give place to Maître Bertrand.'

Maître Bertrand was a fat and stolid personage, who, nevertheless, had a true doctor's squabble with the Jew Samiel and drove him out. His treatment was to exclude all the air possible, make the patient breathe all sorts of essences, and apply freshly-killed pigeons to the painful side.

Margaret did not mend under this method. She begged for Samiel, who had several times before relieved her in slight illnesses; but she was given to understand that the Dauphin would not permit him to interfere with Maître Bertrand.

'Ah!' she said to Dame Lilias, in their own language, 'my husband calls Bertrand an old fool! He does not wish me to recover! A childless wife is of no value. He would have me dead! And so would I—if my fame were cleared. If my sisters were found! Oh! my Lord, my Lord, I loved him so!'

Poor Margaret, such was her cry, whether sane or delirious, hour after hour, day after day. Only when delirious, she rambled into Scotch and talked of Perth; went over again her father's murder, or fancied her sisters in the hands of some of the ferocious chieftains of the North, and screamed to Sir Patrick or to Geordie Douglas to deliver them. Where was all the chivalry of the Bleeding Heart?

Or again she would piteously plead her own cause with her husband—not that he was present. A morning glance into her room sufficed him, but she would excuse her own eager folly—tell him not to be angered with her, who loved him wholly and entirely, begging him to silence the wicked tongues that defamed her.

When sensible, she was very weak, and capable of saying very little; but she clung fast to Lady Drummond, and, Dauphin or no Dauphin, Dame Lilias was resolved on remaining, and watched her day and night, Madame de Craylière becoming ready to leave the nursing to her when it became severe.

The King came to see his daughter-in-law almost every day, and

always spoke to her in the same kindly but unmeaning way, assuring her that her sisters must be safe, and promising to believe nothing against herself; but, as the Lady of Glenuskie knew from Guy de Terreforte, taking no measures either to discover the fate of the Princesses, nor to banish and silence Jamet de Tillay, though it was all over the Court that the Dauphiness was dying for love of Alain Chartier. Was it that his son prevented him from acting, or was it the strange indifference and indolence that always made Charles the Well-Served bestir himself far too late?

Anyway, Margaret of Scotland was broken-hearted, utterly weary of life, and with no heart or spirit to rally from the illness caused by the chill of her hasty walk. She only wished to live long enough to know that her sisters were safe, see them again, and send them under safe care to Brittany. She exacted a promise from Dame Lilias never to leave them again till they were in safe hands, with good husbands, or back in Scotland with their brother and good Archbishop Kennedy. 'Bid Jeanie never despise a true heart; better, far better, than a crown,' she sighed.

Louis concerned himself much that all the offices of religion should be provided. He attended the Mass daily celebrated in her room, and caused priests to pray in the further end continually. Lady Drummond, who had not given up hope, and believed that good tidings of her sisters might almost be a cure, thought that he really hurried on the last offices, at which he devoutly assisted. However, the confession seemed to have given Margaret much comfort. She told Dame Lilias that the priest had shown her how to make an offering to God of her sore suffering from slander and evil report, and reminded her that to endure it patiently was treading in the steps of her Master. She was resolved therefore to make no further struggle nor complaint, but to trust that her silence and endurance would be accepted. She could pray for her sisters and their safety, and she would endeavour to yield up even that last earthly desire to be certified of their safety, and to see their bonnie faces once more. So there she lay, a being formed by nature and intellect to have been the inspiring helpmeet of some noble-hearted man, the stay of a kingdom, the education of all around her in all that was beautiful and refined, but cast away upon one of the most mean and selfish-hearted of mankind, who only perceived her great qualities to hate and dread their manifestation in a woman, to crush them by his contempt, and finally, though not originating the cruel slander that broke her heart, envenoming it by his sneers, so as to deprive her of all power of resistance.

The lot of Margaret of Scotland was as piteous as that of any of the doomed house of Stewart. And there the Lady of Glenuskie and Annis de Terreforte watched her sinking day by day, and still there were no tidings of Jean and Eleanor from Nanci, no messenger from Sir Patrick to tell whither the search was directed.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXVII.

1694–1712.

THE SETTING SUN OF FRANCE.

THE brilliant sun of Louis XIV. was going down in heavy clouds. He bore his troubles with magnanimity and resignation; but, unfortunately, as he became more religious, his conscientiousness made him the more inclined to persecution.

Père Pasquier Quesnel had published a book of *Reflexions Morales*, short, practical notes on the Gospels, which had been formally approved by Cardinal de Noailles, when Bishop of Châlons. After the death of Antoine Arnauld in 1694, Quesnel, who had been with him in his last moments, was regarded as the Elisha of the Jansenists as he had been the Elijah. This brought Quesnel under suspicion, and when a new edition, enlarged, was to appear in 1698, and the sanction of De Noailles, as Archbishop of Paris, was required, he wished it to be previously submitted to Bossuet, who drew up a long *Avertissement* in defence of the *Reflexions*, and also marked various passages which he wished should be expunged.

The friends of Quesnel would not give up the passages, and Noailles only published parts of the *Avertissement* as letters, nor would he sanction the book as Archbishop of Paris, though his former approval as Bishop of Châlons was still appended to the new edition.

From that time he was regarded as a Jansenist, and distrusted accordingly. Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, was far from being a Jansenist, but also a strong opponent of the Jesuits; and in an Assembly of the Clergy, held in 1700, under his presidency, formally condemned those dangerous maxims of easy dealing with penitents which had been exposed by Pascal. Also, it condemned the tolerance of the Jesuit missionaries for some of the old heathenish rites practised by their converts in China—and their endeavour to win the Empire—by representing that Christianity was a development of the religion of Confucius, and that there was an identity of worship. There was a great controversy as to whether the Jesuits were justified in their compromise with the 'sublime religion,' and Clement XI. forbade the honours paid to Confucius, and censured the over liberal tone of their

teaching, sending out Cardinal Tournon as his legate, to enforce his command. The Jesuit Fathers, who had great influence with the Emperor, in consequence of having cured him of a dangerous disease, stirred up an absolute persecution against the legate, and imprisoned him in their house at Macao, where, after much suffering and privation, he died. The mission, which had begun by being very prosperous, fell into decay, probably in consequence of these unhappy divisions.

The Jansenists, finding the Jesuits out of favour with Pope and King, prepared a scheme for their own rehabilitation.

A case of conscience was constructed and sent, as from a country priest, to be considered by the Doctors of the Sorbonne, the special Professors of Divinity in the University of Paris. The penitent was supposed to be an ecclesiastic who condemned the five Jansenist points, but would not commit himself on their authorship, and did not believe the Pope infallible on matters of fact. On predestination, attrition, efficacious grace, the Immaculate Conception, and the cult of the saints, he likewise held his own views; he used Arnauld's book on Frequent Communion, St. Cyran's Spiritual Lectures, and De Sacy's translation of the New Testament. Was such a person in a fit state to receive priestly absolution?

Most of the theologians did not perceive that this was a trap, and only one observed that he should like to see this same ecclesiastic, when he would be sure to answer the questions. Forty of the Doctors of Divinity signed their decision that the person holding such views might be accepted as worthy of Absolution and Communion, and this judgment was made public.

It had the effect of bringing general attention on the Jansenists, and stirring up the spirit of persecution. Bossuet, though now very old and suffering much in health, was as vigorous as ever, and set himself to study the whole controversy. He came to the conclusion that the works of Jansen did certainly contain the five propositions, but that the Jansenists could not properly be termed heretics, as they professed formally to renounce the errors condemned by the Church, but that they acted in a manner tending to promote schism and heresy. The last days of the Eagle of Meaux were rapidly approaching. He had a long illness, much harassed by his vulgar, grasping nephews, clerical and secular. The former worried him into going to Versailles to request that this same Abbé should be appointed his coadjutor and successor; but Louis would only say that he would consider of it, and the Bishop was harassed by the consequent ill-temper and pertinacity of these men, who visited their disappointment upon him, and tormented him without ceasing. At last he became seriously worse, and lay repeating, '*Adveniat Regnum Tuum—Fiat Voluntas Tua.*' Indeed, these were his last conscious words, before his death, April 12th, 1704, in his seventy-seventh year. That there had been no attempt at reconciliation with Fénélon was probably owing to that

mischievous person, the Abbé Bossuet. Fénélon, however, mourned heartily for him as the great light of the Gallican Church.

Bossuet was, indeed, a great loss. He was the only theologian capable of holding the true balance between the Jesuits and Jansenists, who could guide the feeble and impetuous Cardinal de Noailles, and also who was thoroughly trusted and respected by the King, as well as one who had a feeling for the independence of the Gallican Church.

Louis was entirely left to Jesuit influence, and he applied to Rome for a more crushing Bull against the Jansenists. Clement XI. actually sent him the draft of the Bull entitled *Vineam Dommi Sabaoth*, which condemned as a subterfuge the sort of submission hitherto made by the Jansenists by what they call respectful silence, and to force them to more categorical renunciation.

De Noailles and the Gallican Bishops hesitated over the acceptance of this Bull, as a matter of independence, and minds became influenced. Quesnel's book was most harshly and violently condemned at Rome, and sentenced to be burnt; but De Noailles still defended it, and, on Bossuet's authority, bringing out the entire *Avertissement* instead of only portions. However, he found himself no longer able to protect Port Royal. He had permitted the reception of pensioners, postulants, and novices, which had been forbidden under his predecessor, Harlay, and his Episcopate had been a time of peace; but when the King sent commands that the Papal Bull should be signed in the convents, he durst not object. The Abbess and her nuns of Port Royal aux Champs, appended the clause, 'without prejudice to what was done in our favour at the Peace of the Church under Clement IX.'

This had been accepted forty years before, and they had full right to appeal to it; but they had no such defenders left as they had then possessed, and, indeed, their ruin had been determined.

First came a prohibition to admit novices. Then the House in Paris appealed against the division of property that had been made long ago, and it was given against Port Royal aux Champs so as almost to starve out the Sisters, though the pleadings on their side were most eloquent, and justice was with them. Then Cardinal de Noailles published a decree, condemning the Sisters as contumacious and disobedient to the Holy See, depriving them of the Sacraments, and forbidding the election of an Abbess. Then followed a Bull suppressing the Abbey of Port Royal aux Champs, and by-and-by the Abbey of Port Royal at Paris came out and took possession. Nor was this enough to satisfy the Jesuit Michel le Tellier, nor the King's Confessor. In 1709, the Marquis d'Argenson, Lieutenant of Police, was sent out with a train of carriages to carry off all the nuns, and separate them in different convents, where they were to be kept in strict seclusion and denied the Sacraments till they should repent. The buildings were pulled down, and even the dead disinterred and taken—not respectfully—to neighbouring cemeteries.

And why? Not for any crime—not for laxity—not for heresy—but because they presumed to refuse to affirm on the authority of a Pope, himself coerced by Louis XIV., that five heretical propositions would be deduced from a huge theological book which they had never read! Such had been their original offence. That of these last victims was the appeal to a former compromise in their favour made by a former Pope.

No one was more grieved than the Cardinal Archbishop himself, who had been driven on, step by step, out of weakness and the habit of yielding to the King. He went out to the ruins of the Abbey with only his secretary, as an act of penance—weeping bitterly over them, wringing his hands, and crying, 'These stones will rise up against me in the Day of Judgment!, How shall I ever endure this vast, this heavy load!' The secretary could hardly replace him in his carriage, and he continued, for the rest of his life, to grieve over the work to which he had been driven.

For a hundred years the Jansenists had been an example of stern, strict holiness of life, and of an uncompromising standard of morality. It is not fair towards their enemies to say that this was what excited such enmity. The clergy who opposed them were men of strict life themselves, and the King himself respected holiness. The truth was that what worked their ruin was their opposition to the infallibility of the Papacy in matters of fact, and their protests against that lax standard by which the Jesuits endeavoured to keep sinners in outward communion with the Church. The Five Propositions, though deducible from the strong arguments of St. Augustine in his struggle with Pelagianism, were perilous in their consequences, but they were in themselves deductions, and never stated in so many words in Jansen's writings, and the whole struggle had come to be that the Pope's affirmation that they were there was not confirmed by persons who were quite willing to abjure the Propositions themselves. It was this so-called contumacy that was the engine used for the overthrow of those who lived the most saintly lives, and it was all the harder since it was well known that the Pope was really only doing the will of Louis XIV., not acting on his own conviction.

Louis had from the first a dread and hatred of all independence of thought, and made it his business to crush it wherever it appeared, and thus was the persecutor, not only of the Huguenots, but even of Madame Guyon and Fénélon, as well as of the Jansenists, absolutely forcing the hand of the Supreme Pontiff to condemn them. He was far from understanding the impossibility of crushing thought and speculation, and that he was driving intellect into far more dangerous channels, as well as hindering the revival of saintly enthusiasm and morality that might yet have purified his country, and saved it from its degradation and corruption.

He had become the instrument of the Jesuits, and of a far more unscrupulous one in Le Tellier than Père la Chaise had ever been.

A silent Jansenism survived till the Revolution, and, indeed, a certain severity of opinion and gravity of manners, and love of reading the Fathers, was apt to be branded with the title, although many of the most devout and excellent persons in France were entirely alien to these peculiar doctrines. When the Duke of Orleans asked his uncle for a favour for a friend, the answer was, 'Is not he a Jansenist?' 'No, sire, he is only an Atheist.' And Louis held this to be the less dangerous alternative. The harassing and depressing of Cardinal de Noailles was still carried on, and Madame de Maintenon had long been induced heartily to repent of the influence she had used in obtaining the appointment for him.

In 1710, Louis endeavoured to make terms with the Allies. The French were exhausted. A conference was held at Gertruydenberg to consider of the terms. Louis even offered to give up the cause of Philip if some small compensation was made to him. But Philip, by this time secure of the affections of the Spaniards, showed that he would not be thus dethroned at the old man's will. This overthrew the negotiations, to the almost equal regret of the English, the French, and General Marlborough, who could not bear to see the misery of the poor French peasantry.

The Court of France was full of melancholy and dreariness.

'I must do something extraordinary by way of rejoicing, when the peace is signed,' said the Duchess of Burgundy, and bitter was the disappointment.

'At our age one is no longer fortunate,' said the King, with exquisite courtesy, to one of his old beaten generals.

Madame de Maintenon was fast ageing. Deaf, and with failing sight, she had an armchair with a kind of cradle roof over it, to keep off the draughts, and there she sat in what she called her nest, through many a weary hour, the universal confidante and counsellor, never left to herself from morning till night, for if the King did not require her, his children, grandchildren, and their wives bestowed themselves on her, and really seemed to think—as she once wrote—that their presence was the beatific vision, compensating for all the discomforts that restraint entailed on a body not yet glorified.

The bright spot in the Court was Marie Adelaide of Savoy, the young Duchess of Burgundy, a lively, quick-tempered creature, full of sweetness and affection, but eager, excitable, and craving for amusement, and often getting into scrapes. The King was exceedingly fond of her, with all an old man's affection for a charming young woman, and much preferred her to her husband, whose gravity, earnestness, and conscientiousness were distasteful to him, and, in fact, neither was ever at ease in the presence of the other.

The Dauphin did not give the same causes for dislike, but he was dulness personified, so indolent in mind and body that he was perfectly ignorant, and generally sitting in a corner of the saloon, whistling low, tapping his snuff-box, and staring at all who came in

or out. He was present at the Councils, but nobody attended to him, and he seldom spoke, except so as to show his favouritism for the King of Spain, and his dislike and jealousy of his eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy. He had followed his father's example by a private marriage with Mademoiselle Choin, who seems to have been a good and upright person, and never to have misused her influence over him.

The Duke of Orleans was much out of favour. He is a man whose entire history fills one with a certain pity joined to loathing. He had inherited the Bourbon temperament of Henri IV. and Charles II., amiable, good-tempered, keenly witted, but sensual and self-indulgent. His dull, frivolous father, and coarse mother had been no guides to him, and the religion of the Court seemed to him mere hypocrisy. He plunged into all kinds of licence and pleasures of the most mischievous description; and at the same time, that same taste for experiments in natural science, which we have seen in Charles II., caused his enemies to accuse him of seeking poisons to clear his way to the throne. Very strange stories were narrated of his dabbling with men who forestalled the spiritualism of later times. One scene in especial, where the future death-bed of his uncle, Louis XIV., was called up before him, and the absence of the Dauphin and the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy was observed, only a child being present.

The Dauphin hated and dreaded him, and there was a suspicion that he had views on the crown of Spain, and was negotiating secretly with Stanhope. After his recall he was treated as one in disgrace, and no one came near him. However, the Duke of St. Simon, his great friend, whose clever memoirs are one of the chief authorities for the history of these latter days of Louis, succeeded in reconciling him to the King, and to his wife. She had the wit and grace of her mother, Madame de Montespan, and managed to keep her husband in favour with the King, and likewise to marry her daughter, at fifteen years old, to the Dauphin's youngest son, the Duke of Berri; a most unhappy step, for the lady was utterly devoid of conscience or shame.

Another of the Montespan daughters, a little, lively, high-spirited woman, had married the Duke of Bourbon, the eldest son of Henri Jules, Prince of Condé, who died on March 31st, 1709. The King desired that the title of Duke of Bourbon should be used for the successor, who was one of the smallest and ugliest of men. All the family had dwindled into being quite dwarfish. The best of them was the clever, though hot-tempered, little sister, who had married the Duke of Maine, the pupil who had best responded to the teaching of Madame de Maintenon.

The Duke of Bourbon did not survive his father quite a year, dying on the 4th of March, 1710, leaving a son only eighteen years old. There was a virulent form of small-pox prevailing at Paris, and the Dauphin, who had always had a great dread of it, fell ill at once. The King and Madame de Maintenon hastened to his abode at

Meudon, but all the younger generation were hastily ordered away. Monseigneur at first seemed to be recovering, but a relapse was fatal, on the 13th of April, 1710. The chief physician Fagon would not tell the King that his son was dying till dinner was over. He fell, almost fainting, on a sofa, just outside the door, but was kept there, not allowed to enter till all was over, when he was hurried away by Madame de Maintenon.

Meantime there was great confusion at Versailles. St. Simon watched all with his keen eyes, when the news arrived in the great saloon where all were waiting. The Duke of Burgundy and his wife wept quietly and unobtrusively, while his brother of Berri not only sobbed, but screamed and howled, while the Duchess tried to stifle his cries. The Duke of Orleans likewise wept with much feeling, and his wife had just arrived and was shrieking at the tidings, when it was announced that the King's carriages were coming. The Duchess of Burgundy went out to meet the King, but Madame de Maintenon called out, 'Do not come near us; we are pestiferous!' and they drove on to Marly.

However, as she had had the small-pox, she was allowed to try to comfort the poor old King when he awoke, very late, the next morning.

Poor Dauphin! nobody could really miss him greatly, except those who had expected power when he should come to the throne. There was a fearfully dull fortnight at Court, and then things returned to their usual course, except that the Duke of Burgundy, now Dauphin, was no longer repressed. His father had been a dead weight upon him, and his grandfather had always kept him at a distance, but more natural relations began to spring up between them; he ventured on remarks and suggestions, and the old man was learning to rely on his good sense and principle, as well as to feel the comfort of his pious, self-restrained nature. But there seems to have been a doom upon the country. Sovereigns and people undoubtedly re-act upon one another, and as Josiah was taken away from the evil to come, when his nation refused to be reformed, and showed themselves utterly corrupted by the influence of former kings, so, if we may dare to judge, was each hopeful shoot of the royal line of France cut off from the country where vice and tyranny reigned. Louis XIV., among all his losses and defeats, was to be struck by blows falling nearer home.

It is probable that the overbuilt, overfilled Versailles was very unwholesome. A lady, devoted to the Court, was known to rejoice in returning to '*ce bon odeur de Versailles*,' which unsophisticated noses would certainly not have accepted as 'savours sweet,' and this may account in great measure for the fatality of the maladies there. A kind of purple measles had succeeded the small-pox, and was almost equally dangerous, as well as not understood by the physicians.

There is a letter from Madame de Maintenon, written at intervals

and with terrible tidings in each sentence. After mentioning several deaths in the crowded palace, she says on the 7th of February, 1711—

'Madame la Dauphine has a cold which gives her a fixed pain between her ear and her jaw, the seat of it is so small that it could be covered with a finger-nail. She has convulsions and screams with agony—she was bled twice yesterday—she has taken opium. After four doses of opium, chewing and smoking tobacco, she is a little better.'

Still the pain lasted till Monday the 6th, and when that diminished, fever came on violently, with lethargy, alternating with wandering. Spots on the skin gave hope that measles were appearing; the husband hardly left her for a moment, and the King was often in the room. By Thursday she was so ill that the Sacraments were administered to her, and by this time the Dauphin himself was evidently very ill, though he tried to conceal his condition in order to remain with her; but the King ordered him away.

The Dauphine, after her confession to Père Noel, a Recollet friar, and her last Communion, asked for her husband, but was told by Madame de Maintenon that there was fear of infection. Then she said to Madame de Guiche, 'Adieu, ma belle Duchesse; to-day I am Dauphiness, to-morrow nothing.'

Her friend expressed a hope that she might be granted to her husband's prayers. 'No,' she said; 'God will lay this sorrow upon him, for He chastens those whom He loves,' and, remarking the bitter grief of the old King, she added, 'If I loved him less, and he loved me less, I should die without a regret.'

She died in the evening of the 12th, and as usual the King at once migrated to Marly.

His grandson saw his Confessor, his brother, and his beloved Duke of Beauvilliers that night, and in the morning, ill as he was, followed to Marly, but fainted in the carriage, and when he went to embrace the King, the red livid spots were noticed in his face. Fever came on at night, and the next he was so much worse that the Viaticum was administered at midnight. The poor old King was called up to find him delirious and convulsed, and he died at half-past eight the next morning. There was a sad State funeral at St. Denis; and even then the two children of the Duke were both lying ill. The elder boy, five years old, was bled and physicked by the doctors, and died; but the little one, who was still unweaned, was kept from them by his nurses and governess, Madame de Ventadour, and recovered—for his own misfortune and that of France. So entirely had the King given up hope of the child that, turning to the Duke of Berri, he said, 'No one is left but you.'

Epidemics were universal. Both the young royal Stewarts had small-pox at St. Germain, and the Princess Louisa died, after a peaceful, innocent life, telling her mother after her last Communion that she was the happiest person on earth.

There was, however, in the case of the Dauphin and his wife, suspicion of poison. He himself believed it, having been warned of such intention some time before. Popular obloquy fell on the Duke of Orleans, no doubt most unjustly, since, with all his grievous faults, he was far from being a murderer, and was essentially kind-hearted.

To Fénélon the loss of his beloved pupil, just as they might have hoped for a renewal of intercourse, was a grievous blow. He wrote, 'God has cut off all our hopes for our Church and country. He had formed our young Prince. He trained him, and fitted him for the noblest work. He just let the world see what he was, and now it is over! I am struck down with grief, and the shock has made me ill without any malady.'

We cannot help wondering how it would have been if the Dauphin had been spared to succeed his grandfather, and attempt to carry out Fénélon's principles; whether, in contending with the old abuses in which all his surroundings had vested interests, he would have succumbed, and proved as entire a cypher in action as his equally virtuous, but always helpless, brother in Spain. His conduct in the camp makes this possible; but, on the other hand, we know that he had naturally a fiery yet obstinate temper, kept in control by principle. He might have kindled the flame of revolution a generation sooner, and when reform was yet possible, before the corruption of the sovereign had destroyed the personal loyalty that still amounted to idolatry, and before the deism of Voltaire and Rousseau had been adopted almost as part of patriotism. Yet, unless he had been one of those great men such as live scarcely once in five hundred years, he could hardly have mastered the elements of confusion that existed, the growth of centuries, and he must either have been crushed like his great-grandson, or have died broken-hearted like Joseph II. He was too civilised and too scrupulous to ride rough-shod over popular feeling like Peter the Great, and his subjects were too much advanced for such treatment. It was a happier fate for him to be taken away in the fresh spring of hope, with unstained purity of heart and unabated rectitude of purpose.

BARBARA'S BOOK.

BY ESMÈ STUART.

CHAPTER I.

BARBARA'S invalid father was calling her; she heard his voice from her open window, through which the smell of the June flowers came floating in. Mr. Wood was sitting in his wheel-chair under the shade of the laburnum-tree, and his weak voice, calling 'Barbara! Barbara!' reached the girl's ears just as she gave a final dash on a sheet of closely-written manuscript.

Barbara stood up and looked about her almost dazed; her mind was far away travelling in the land of the unreal, and she had to make a great effort to come back to earth and to the every-day life all mortals have to live. The sight of very inky fingers, however, more than a strong effort of will, helped her return to prosaic matters, and then once again Barbara heard her father's voice.

'Barbara, come down, dear; we have a visitor.'

A faint blush overspread the girl's face. She had a very interesting face, full of thought, and full of power; but there was a look of too great determination in her mouth, for Barbara was not much more than twenty, and at that age it is pleasanter to see less self-reliance and not too settled an expression on young features.

Barbara would have scorned this idea, however, for since her mother's death she had had no one to depend on but herself. Her father was too much of an invalid to be consulted, and so the bud, as it were, had suddenly become a full blown flower, and had missed the beautiful time of slow expansion.

And yet Barbara Wood was clever, clever with that peculiar cleverness of youth which can be so bitter, so unconsciously sarcastic, so wilfully flippant, when no tender mother's voice is by to warn it of the dangers which lie in the way, hidden from young eyes by strewn rose-leaves of fame and admiration.

In five minutes she had come back to earth, erased the ink stains, and just picking a rose that literally looked in at the open window Barbara Wood stuck it in her brooch, and ran downstairs. As she passed through the long porch she caught sight of the visitor. It was Jasper Carew, who was home from India on leave, and had come back to Lockwood, where his boyhood had been passed, and whither he had returned to see his parents, and—— Yes, that had been Jasper's one most settled determination, he wanted to make Barbara his wife. He had loved her when they had been playfellows together,

and he loved her still now that he was Captain Carew, a distinguished officer, and a man any father might be proud of.

Did Barbara know he loved her? Jasper had asked himself this question a dozen times a day, ever since he turned his face towards home, and even now, as he impatiently waited for her arrival, he still argued the question over.

'She must know, I nearly told her so last time I was at home; I could not really say it point blank till I got my captaincy—but surely she guesses the truth!'

At this moment Barbara stepped out into the garden in her black close-fitting gown, relieved only by the simple collar and the rose. Any man, with no idea of wooing Miss Wood, would have admired this girl, whose peculiarly graceful figure and intellectual face required no very fine clothes to set them off.

Perhaps she was still in the land of dreams, for though there was a slight blush on her face, she did not express great pleasure at the sight of Jasper, or so he thought; but then men in love are often over sensitive.

The laburnum was dropping gold above their heads, the delicate green leaves on their slender stems fluttered in the gentle summer air. The invalid smiled happily as he looked at his daughter and then at Jasper, and yet Barbara's remark was terribly commonplace.

'So you have come home, Jasper; your father and mother have been expecting you for a week. I suppose the ship was delayed?'

Jasper held her hand all the time Barbara spoke; but what could he say in return, seeing Mr. Wood's eyes were upon him? and then Barbara took his coming home, after three years' absence, so quietly.

'Yes, the ship was delayed; I was afraid the home people would be anxious.'

'So they were; but I told them there was no need for anxiety.' She smiled quite pleasantly as she said this, and withdrawing her hand, she sat down on a wicker chair near to her father, and Jasper was obliged to behave himself, just like any other ordinary mortal, and to talk of himself and all he had been doing in India.

As he talked on, however, he carefully noted the little changes that time had wrought in his friends. Mr. Wood was more feeble and very forgetful, he could not keep his mind for any great length of time on any one subject; or if he himself began a topic, he glided from one matter to another without being aware that the connection was lost. Jasper's tender pity—for he belonged to that class of men whose pity is a divine thing—was immediately called into play on Barbara's account. What a great deal she must have suffered from want of sympathy since her mother's death, for Jasper remembered Mrs. Wood as a woman in a thousand, one of the saints of the earth, and whose influence had been exercised with judicious gentleness over the clever daughter.

At last, when the officer rose to go, he could not help asking Barbara

to accompany him home. The Carews' house was only across the road and down a long shubbery; and thus, being such near neighbours, they had seen a great deal of the Woods.

Barbara did not hesitate, but merely handing the paper to her father, she told him she would not be long, and that she would be in for tea. Why should she hesitate about sauntering home with Jasper. She had done it very often before he went away, and that was a pleasant time to recall, even though now she had other aims and objects in life such as Jasper Carew could not understand or even sympathise with. Barbara knew him too well to expect this of him!

On his side Jasper felt doubly shy because Barbara was so much at her ease, and yet he wished to say his say, and not being devoid of courage, he at last began, after answering a few more commonplace remarks about the length of his leave and the probable destination of his regiment.

'And you, Barbara, you have had a sad loss since I left; my letters did not convey half what I wished to say, and I am afraid that now you are so very much tied at home with your father, you will miss her all the more.'

Barbara's averted face was not encouraging.

'Yes, I am very much tied. I hardly ever leave home; but even if I could, you see, Jasper, it would not be easy, as my father has lost a good deal of money, and his doctor's bills are heavy. So it is just as well I have no wishes beyond my home.'

'But some day, Barbara——'

Jasper was on the point of saying what had been his long dream, but Barbara interrupted him.

'Oh, I never look forward, each day has to be lived through; and, besides, I have been very busy lately.'

'But suppose for one moment you did look forward. Suppose I might——'

'Don't suppose; no, no, please do not,' said Barbara quickly and excitedly, for she could not mistake the tone of his voice or the earnestness of his look; she did not wish to think of Jasper in this way just now. He was kind and good, and she had known him a long time, but she had other views, other ambitions, and love would destroy them. She had no time to consider whether she loved Jasper enough to be his wife or no, because——

'Won't you listen,' said the Captain, interrupting her meditation. 'I have thought so often of this meeting. I have pictured you here just as I found you, tending your invalid father; but you are more beautiful than I expected, darling. You have become a grander Barbara than the one I left, and yet I cannot love you more. You knew it—did you not?—before I left, though I never said so. I could not, till I was in a position to speak; but I had your father's permission to speak to you of my love even before I left India. Tell me that some day, when your first duty here is over, or when I can

offer an English home to Mr. Wood, you will be my wife. Tell me this, Barbara, my darling, and I will wait patiently.'

Barbara heard Jasper's manly voice and wondered why it was she was not more moved; and yet she, too, had expected this scene, and once she had even longed for the time when her faithful lover would say all this. Now a kind of indifference had grown up in her heart, or perhaps in the thinking part of herself, something else filled this active brain, and that something lay upstairs on her writing-table unknown to any one. It was Barbara's book; her first great attempt at authorship. If Jasper had waited a little longer, if the book were accepted and published, then perhaps she could turn her mind towards him; but he was so simple-minded, so altogether isolated from the world of books and writers; so ignorant about art; so averse, Barbara felt sure, to women who wrote clever books, that to say 'yes' to him now meant giving up all this great new ambition, the realisation of which was going to provide her with enough money for pressing needs, and enough fame to make her dull life beautiful. Honour and fame, these, then, were Barbara Wood's ambition, and the obstacle that stood between her and Jasper's love, which would, of course, be hers always, and which in any case, if accepted now, could only result in a long engagement.

All this went through her mind as she stood in the pretty winding shrubbery that led to the Carews' cottage, and yet she hardly knew what to say, in answer to the straightforward declaration of this man's love. It was such a precious thing Barbara thus thought lightly of, a possession that should have made any woman proud. Something this love is that God has Himself set apart and made beautiful, and can only be marred by men and women themselves.

When Jasper had done speaking, there was a moment's pause; a nightingale, perched on the slender bough of a hazel, trilled out a few clear notes, then waited for the answer; a white butterfly chased another just above Barbara's shining plaits; for an instant the four wings entwined, and then they flew apart; and lastly, a shy rabbit scuttled across the path on its way to the field above the shrubbery; all this before Barbara spoke; and whilst he waited, Jasper, gazing at her, settled she was worth much winning; that she was the perfection of womankind; but then he had been away a long time, and knew so little of Barbara's mind; nor could he, possessing such a simple, straightforward nature, which, from force of habit, did not find duty very difficult to obey.

'Thank you for all you have said,' replied Barbara, suddenly lifting her head; 'but what do you wish me to say? How can I leave my father? He could not do without me. No, no, indeed, you must not dream of this. I know he would say yes, and wish for my happiness; but now he is no longer capable of judging, he forgets so easily. I have to be very careful of everything, he forgets we have lost so much money, and now and then orders all kinds of expensive

things. There is nothing very attractive in poverty I know, still it does require a great deal of thinking about. What is the use of dreaming about anything else?'

'I shall have enough for both, darling; I know how good and brave and self-denying you are, but once you are my wife you shall have no more burdens to bear. Barbara, don't put difficulties in the way. If you love me half as much as I love you, then——'

For one moment Barbara thought she would give up everything else, and tell Jasper that she loved him, and that they must wait for each other; but then suddenly her ambition came again in the way. Jasper would require to know everything, she could not hide her book from him, and their engagement would tie her too much. So she held out her hand just a little impatiently as she answered—

'Dear Jasper, we have been friends for many long years, haven't we? Don't let us be childish and stupid like—well, other people. You see yourself how impossible it is for me to think of—love—now; I must give all my thoughts to father and the house—managing, in fact. I must be free till—till such a time as the way is quite clear before us. As to your making a home for us both, well, you know your regiment may remain in India, and you may have to return there. How could father live in India? You would be sorry then to be tied; you might even see some one——'

'Barbara!' said Jasper indignantly.

'Well, one reads of such things in books, and though I don't think you really would do so, Jasper, yet isn't it better to let us still be friends as before, and then when——'

Jasper was deeply pained, he felt that Barbara was terribly sensible, terribly matter-of-fact; surely she could not love him, or not enough to make her very sad should he go away at once. He had not expected this, and hardly knew how to bear it. He was wrong, but then how could he understand Barbara's ambition, knowing nothing of it, or the wild, fierce impatience of her mind, which, filled with one idea, could not stop to understand or examine another.

'And we are to be only friends then?' he said, in a tone where disappointment and a little anger were mingled.

'Yes—dear friends, Jasper, till—for the present.'

'But, darling, wouldn't the knowledge that you belonged to me, and that I loved you, would not that be a comfort and a support to you? Wouldn't it make up for *her* loss a little; wouldn't these money difficulties be easier to bear if——'

'Oh, please don't, Jasper,' said Barbara quickly; 'do be reasonable and see things properly. There, I must go now, father will want to be wheeled in; don't you understand? What time have I got to think of myself? Why don't you trust me? There, I can't say all the same things over again, so please don't look so glum. Come up and see us to-morrow, when your father can spare you. Give my love to Mrs. Carew, and tell her to remember I was quite right about your ship.'

She held out her hand again, and then, turning away, she ran back with a smile on her lips, though a dull aching of her conscience seemed to point to some fault on her side.

And Jasper, going home and putting on as cheerful a face as was possible, said nothing to his parents, only to himself he repeated again and again, 'She may be right; but oh, Barbara, my love, you take a great thing lightly. Can it be that she does not love me, that I have trusted a hope that has no foundation?'

That evening when Barbara had attended to her father's comfort, she might have been seen once more handling the finished manuscript. It was done, finished and copied, on the very day that Jasper had come home. The first chapter of her ambition was really accomplished, but she felt no pleasure, because—here lay Barbara's great difficulty—she knew she would not care to let Jasper read it, nor, indeed, any one who knew and cared for her; but what could she do? The book would, if she could get it published, certainly sell. She wanted money badly, it was absolutely necessary, if the home of her childhood were to be kept. They had few relations and these few not very prosperous, and Barbara's pride rebelled against accepting anything from them. Above all, she would not think of her dead mother. The book must be sent off to a publisher, and the choice was puzzling her this evening. She paced up and down the room heedless of the nightingale's song, heedless of the pricks of conscience, forgetting Jasper's words in that greater idea of making a famous name, and making enough money to save the loved home, and so, forcing away the thought that her mother would not have liked this work, she carefully made her decision. It was done, it must go, and just as the clock struck twelve, Barbara Wood fetched some paper and packed up the volume, on the first leaf of which was written, '"The Mastery of David Moor," by a New Writer.'

Having settled that Messrs. Kempe and Groome should first have it, Barbara, after directing the parcel, crept into bed, tired with the day's excitement, so tired, indeed, that her prayers were nominal only, and as she fell asleep her dreams were that her book was rejected, and that all her hopes of making fame and money were dashed to the ground.

The next morning she posted the parcel with her own hand, and then, with a little weary sigh, determined to think no more on the matter till she should hear from this firm of Publishers whether they would accept it or no. She had one more duty, however, and this she got through when her father came out into the garden to sit in his wheel-chair. He, in fact, began the subject.

'Well, Barbara, my dear, shall we have Jasper here this morning?' Mr. Wood could not be sure Jasper had mentioned the subject about which he had written, and which excited him a good deal.

Barbara sat down close to her father's chair, and said very decidedly—

'Papa, I know what you mean, but I want to tell you that I have spoken to Jasper, and that we have settled to be as we have always been—dear friends. Perhaps by-and-by, in the future, I don't know, it will be time enough to settle when you are better. Promise me you will mention this subject to no one—will you?'

'Well, well, you know your own mind, child, you manage everything now, but remember, my dear, that you will never meet with a better man than Jasper Carew. Your mother loved him dearly, and he has been a good son to his own parents. Don't throw him over lightly.'

Barbara looked impatient, as she answered—

'I think I must settle such a thing for myself. If you please, papa, we won't mention it again.'

CHAPTER II.

JASPER CAREW tried to behave as usual, because Barbara wished him to remain on the same footing as of old; but it is difficult to be quite at your ease by command, and so the young Captain found it easier not to see too much of Barbara Wood, and after a short stay at home, he accepted invitations to visit old friends. Thus Heath Hill, as Barbara's home was called, relapsed into its former quiet, broken only by occasional calls, and daily visits from either Mr. or Mrs. Carew, good, kind people, but far from intellectual.

Barbara was living in a dream, she found waiting difficult; but the firm of Kempe and Groome, not knowing the name of the new writer, had many things to consider, and had also to wait for their Reader's opinion—an opinion not given as quickly as young writers expect.

Just then, however, Barbara Wood's mind was taken off her own affairs because her father fell ill, and she had to nurse him constantly. During this breathing time she sometimes wondered why it was that her thoughts would wander off to Jasper. She did not repent of her decision, but now and then there came a longing to trust him with everything, to tell him of her hopes, and to let him settle her life for her. But no; he would never understand about it—he hardly ever read novels; he might—— Barbara did not finish the sentence, and allowed things to drift on till she heard from the Publisher. She was restless when she allowed herself to think, so that she was almost glad to have her mind taken off from anything connected with 'The Mastery of David Moor.'

At last, when a month had gone by, Jasper, one July day, walked into the Wood's garden, having just come home from a visit, and not being able longer to keep away from the sight of Barbara. She was picking roses from off the creeper on the house, and as she turned round, Captain Carew noticed an expression of glowing happiness on her face. For a moment he believed he had called it up, and that she was going to change her mind; but, no, this could not be, for all at once Barbara's face resumed its usual quiet look.

'Is your father better?' asked the Captain, not daring to say anything more tender.

'Better? Yes, indeed, to-day for the first time he seems more like himself, and so I have come out to get a breath of fresh air and some Gloire de Dijon roses.'

'You will be worn out,' he said tenderly, for though life looked very gloomy to him, yet he thought more about her than about himself.

'Oh, no, I am young and strong! Besides, by-and-by, when we are richer, I shall be able to take my father to the seaside, and that will do him good.'

'When you are richer? Is there any chance of the money——'

'No, not that; I can't explain it to you; but perhaps some day you will understand my difficulties. Now, Jasper, come in and see father, for you can always manage to cheer him up.'

'I think I want cheering myself,' he said, with a smile; 'but I must do as you think best, whilst I am here. I shall go off again next week for a trip in Lionel Dalton's yacht.'

'You will enjoy that,' said Barbara happily, and Jasper's heart sank. Surely she did not care, and yet——

In a few moments Barbara had forgotten everything as she once more took up the letter that still gave her pleasure, even though she had read it several times before.

'Dear Madam,—Our Reader has given us a favourable answer about "The Mastery of David Moor." He believes the book will prove popular. We should be glad to hear from you on what terms you propose it should be published.

'Yours faithfully,

'Messrs. Kempe and Groome.'

Yes, she herself knew the book was clever, that if published it might prove popular. No one would dream that a girl of twenty had written it; that fact, even the author had no wish to reveal, though soon she would have the enjoyment of correcting the proofs. Was it wonderful that Jasper and his thoughts were swept away from her brain? For to be engaged indefinitely to her old playfellow was not half as exciting as bringing out the book that was to make a sensation, and to make Barbara Wood famous.

The weeks passed, Mr. Wood's health was gradually restored to its former state, except that he was a little less able to keep his ideas clear. Jasper was away with his friend, yachting, and every day Barbara was correcting proofs. As no one guessed her occupation, no one's suspicion was roused. Mr. Wood was never down to breakfast, so saw nothing of the little rolls of paper that daily made their appearance. But what happiness they gave to Barbara!

At last it was done, and even hopeful, energetic Barbara was not sorry, for the labour was considerable. The first week in August

found her able to think of something else, for the book was not to appear till the end of September.

She had kept a copy of the proofs and sewed them neatly up in their two volumes; now and then she peeped in trying to fancy she was The Public, and that she was reading the work written by some one else, and passing her criticisms upon it.

Being so engaged one afternoon, just as her father was in the dining-room asleep in his arm-chair, Barbara was startled by hearing a soft knock at the door. It was Mrs. Carew.

'Barbara, dear, are you within? I was afraid your father might be asleep in here. Can you come with me? I know what a wonderful nurse you are, and poor Joe Sharpe's child has been badly burnt. Of course the mother knows nothing about the right treatment, and on my way to the cottage I called in for you.'

Barbara forgot everything but the injured child. She was glad to be appealed to, and, putting on a hat that hung in the hall, she hurried after Mrs. Carew, who went on with her explanation of the accident.

'I am so glad they came for me, and that I was in. Wasn't it fortunate? I should have been at Mrs. Golding's working party for Newfoundland, only I was waiting in for dear Jasper. I believe he will return to-day. It is a pleasure to have him, and yet I am afraid he is a little dull here this time—he is more restless than formerly; that is easily understood, for our house is quiet for an officer. Yet I know he is not really changed. He is just as true and good as ever. Of course a mother has no right to be believed, but certainly there is no better son than Jasper.'

'I am sure he is a good son,' said Barbara, turning away her face for fear of betraying how the case stood. She liked to hear his praises, however, almost too much, yet at the same time she did not wish to discuss his merits.

Soon the two reached the cottage, and found that there was enough to do to drive away all outside thoughts, and when Mrs. Carew had to leave, Barbara declared she would stay longer if her father could be told the reason of her absence.

'Barbara is a wonderful girl,' thought Mrs. Carew, as she walked home; 'so clever and so able. I thought once that Jasper cared for her, but it cannot be; he always seems glad to get away, which could not be if *that* were the case.'

In the meanwhile Jasper had come home, and, being told that his mother was at Mr. Wood's, he sauntered there, drawn to the spot much as a wasp will come to honey. He, too, went in at the open door, and, seeing the drawing-room door open, he walked in. No Barbara was there; the maid had not seen her go out, and believed Miss Wood would soon return. So the Captain sat down, and determined to wait till his love should come.

Looking round, he suddenly saw the neatly-sewed printed matter, and took it up to while away the time. Next he read the title—

'"The Mastery of David Moor;" by a New Writer.'

How came these proofs here? Had some friend of Barbara's sent them to her to read? He opened the first volume and began, then on and on he read; and as he read the idea suddenly entered his brain that this was Barbara's work. Then he noticed her corrections on the margin; a turn in a sentence, the insertion of a well-known joke, all proved conclusively that the author was his Barbara, the girl he loved, and whom in his mind he had exalted to a pinnacle of womanly excellence.

Was this her work, this ghastly story, with its cynical tone, its clever flippancy? It was all the worse because it was clever and powerful, with its Scripture quotations put in to raise a smile. This seemed too hard to believe! Jasper had very high notions of virtue. He could not have written a book to save his life, but a bad book was to him one of the great evils of this world, and to have written one the greatest perversion of God's good gifts. On and on he read, till, with a new, strange feeling, he closed the second volume, feeling utterly crushed by the knowledge that the woman he loved had written words which, to his mind, no good woman would care to send forth on the wings of Time.

At last he rose to go, for no Barbara had been in, and mechanically he sauntered up the road and turned off on to the wild heath. At this moment Barbara herself came out of a cottage, and saw him. She came up to him with outstretched hand, and the usual bright smile on her face.

'So you really came, Jasper. Have you seen your mother? Did she tell you about the accident? The child was dreadfully burnt, but the doctor has been, and he says I did all the right things.'

Jasper did not answer, and Barbara looked up, surprised. A new, strange expression was on his face, one she had never seen there before. Barbara was really astonished now.

'Jasper, what is the matter? How strangely you look at me!'

'Do I? I will tell you everything, Barbara. I have read your book. I found it on the table, and read it whilst I was waiting for you and my mother.'

Barbara flushed now. She saw all she had dreaded to see on Jasper's face. She had judged him rightly.

'I left it about by mistake. It was not meant for you to read.'

'I am sorry, but it did not look private. Barbara, why did you not tell me this? Why did you not trust me?'

'You understand nothing about publishing. I meant to tell no one; it is a secret. Indeed, you must promise not to reveal it. You are in honour bound.'

'I should not wish to tell any one,' he said quietly. Barbara was suddenly very angry; for conscience often hides herself behind anger.

'Thank you. That is all we need say about it, then.'

'No! this once, dear Barbara, let me say something else about it. I have read the book, and I do not think it is one which you will be proud of; nor is it one which your mother——'

'You have no right to say this,' exclaimed Barbara angrily. 'I have not given you the right, and you cannot take it.' She hardly knew what she was saying, for all the pent-up feeling of months seemed to rise up and to confront her.

'Yes, I have the right because—I love you, because I feel sure that that book will never do good in the world. And think of the harm it may work, Barbara. That book is not your own feeling; it is the outcome of I do not know what poor imitation.'

'You know nothing of such things, Jasper,' said Barbara, still excitedly. 'I suppose it clever, and I cannot help that. The publisher believes it will succeed, and then—— But why should I explain myself to you?'

'Barbara, dear Barbara, give it up; don't publish that book.'

Barbara laughed scornfully.

'Give it up! it is in proof, and it will be published in a month; one can see you know little of such matters.'

'You are right; but I know that I would do anything rather than that it should appear.'

'If only this had not happened,' thought Barbara. Why should she give in to Jasper. 'It is as I knew, he cannot understand me, and knows nothing of literary fame.'

'But it will appear,' said Barbara, decidedly. 'I suppose unless it possessed some merit it would not be accepted.'

'Bad books are often published—and, Barbara, give it up for—your mother's sake.'

Jasper, it was true, did not understand what he was asking. He did not know that Barbara had signed an agreement, or that he was asking a hard thing, he only knew that he had been terribly pained at what he had read. He was very simple and straightforward.

The very mention of her mother made Barbara still more wrathful; Jasper had made a mistake, it was just because Barbara knew he was right, just because that very thought had been haunting her for weeks, that she was now really angry with the man who loved her.

'I will not give this up,' she said, slowly and decidedly.

Jasper saw he could say no more; he had no influence over this girl he loved, and she could have no love for him. This seemed quite plain.

'Very well, then I will say no more; but I see you were right in your former desire, darling. We must remain free. You could never care to become the wife of a man you cannot love—or trust. Good-bye, Barbara.' He held out his hand, but Barbara would not take it.

'As you think best,' she said proudly. 'Good-bye.'

CHAPTER III.

'THE Captain said he was sorry not to see you, Miss Barbara; but he could not wait, so he left this note for you.'

The maid handed the note to Barbara, who had been for a long walk to visit some distant cottages, her father having an old friend with him. Barbara took the note and went up to her bedroom. She laid the note on her table and took off her hat and jacket as if she had no special interest in Jasper, or what he might have to say. Her lips were firmly pressed together, and the air of resolute fixity of purpose would have led a stranger to conclude that Barbara Wood certainly knew her own mind.

It was a week since the last interview with Jasper had taken place, and during all that time the girl had been hardening her heart against him. Why had he dared to interfere, why had he been so mean as to make her try to promise to give up fame and happiness and money. He was so little used to literary productions, he read so few novels, he could know nothing about it. He was narrow, prejudiced, he had insulted her. Happily no one knew anything about his offer, no one ever should know. She was able to live without him, her new profession would satisfy her, she would be a great writer, she would make a name, and Barbara fancied her book, once published, a name was certain to be made.

After a long time Barbara took up the note and tore it open, trying, even though she was alone, to show some outward sign of the anger she still felt against Jasper. The note was very short.

'MY DEAREST BARBARA,—Forgive the hasty words I used the other day—I shall not forgive myself. I cannot alter my opinion, but the love which I have given you must always be yours. I shall leave this note in case I cannot see you, as I am just off.

'Always yours, with my whole heart,

'JASPER CAREW.'

Barbara did not give herself long to reflect. She sat down at her writing-table and answered the note.

'MY DEAR JASPER,—I have nothing to forgive, and you spoke well and wisely the other day when you said that our paths could never be the same, though I shall be always

'Your affectionate friend,

'BARBARA WOOD.'

She directed the envelope and sent it off. That page in her life was finished and closed. What was to follow did not concern Jasper.

She half expected, such is the contrariness of woman, to have received an answer to her short note, but nothing came, and she tried to throw herself into the little events of daily life in order to make the next month pass more quickly, after that she would have enough

to do, for her book would come out, and there would be the reviews to hunt for, and all the excitement she expected would follow.

It was a little trying to find that Mrs. Carew seemed bent more than ever on talking of Jasper's perfections; the fond mother was becoming uneasy, because Jasper talked of exchanging into a regiment that was soon returning to India. He had given his mother excellent reasons for this, but she could not quite understand them. She was so unselfish, however, that she only made her moan to Barbara.

The first week in September had slowly dragged by. Barbara thought the days trebled themselves on purpose, for there were still three weeks before her book would appear. Three weeks—they seemed like three years!

Mr. Wood was brighter than he had been for months, and as the day was sunny, he was wheeled under the apple-trees, and told Barbara to read the leading articles to him.

'Don't you think, dear,' he said, when the reading was over, 'we could go to the sea for a fortnight. I believe that would quite set me up for the winter. Bournemouth would not be far; we should both enjoy it.'

Barbara knew that at present they could not afford it; but she was to get sixty pounds on the publication of her novel. Why not borrow on this expectation? She turned over all the reasons for and against, and her heart leaped for joy at the idea that she would soon, through her own exertions, be able to give her father more luxuries and more comforts.

At this moment the garden gate was swung open, and Mrs. Carew, looking pale and terrified, walked up towards the invalid's chair.

Barbara knew at once something was the matter. She tried to say 'Jasper,' but her lips refused to utter the word.

Mrs. Carew pretended that she wanted a book from indoors, and Barbara, knowing this to be an excuse, followed her into the house. Once in the small drawing-room, the poor lady utterly gave way.

'Barbara, my dear, I felt bound to come to you. Tell me what I can do, you are so clever. My poor husband is prostrated with grief. I must keep up.'

Barbara managed now to say the word—'Jasper?'

The old lady sank down on a chair and hid her face in her hands.

'Yes, yes, my boy Jasper. Oh, Barbara, even you do not know what he is to us—what a son he has always been.'

'What has happened?' said Barbara slowly. All the colour forsook her cheeks. She felt her limbs trembling beneath her; but she resolved to be strong and to hide all personal feeling.

'He has caught the scarlet-fever at Southampton, and lies there most dangerously ill. We are going to him—his father and I—by the next train; but I felt I *must* come and tell you. He and you have been such old friends.'

'He will get better,' said Barbara, much relieved; it was no good foreseeing evil.

'He caught it by rescuing a child from being run over, and then taking it back to its home where another child was dying of it. Unless he were very ill, he would not have sent for us, Barbara. Jasper never thinks of himself. Now, dear, I must go. You will tell your father what you think best.'

Barbara behaved as usual that day. What else could she do? She told her father about the anxiety of their neighbours, but her voice was so calm that Mr. Wood came to the conclusion that after all that little romance would come to nothing. Barbara was too clever for such an ordinary fellow—good as he was—as Jasper Carew, and the invalid found consolation in thinking there would be no complication about parting with, or selfishly keeping his daughter.

The next day Barbara rose from her bed still in a waking dream. She had not slept, but she was not excited. A dull feeling of strange mystery seemed to have taken possession of her. The ideas about her book which had filled her mind, seemed almost wiped out. She saw them only in a misty distance; the foreground was all taken up with the word 'Jasper.'

A telegram came for her late that afternoon, and it did not materially alter her state of mind. It simply said, 'Dear J. is very ill—little hope left.'

'He will get better,' she said aloud, when she had read the telegram without any sign of outward emotion. Why should she cry? Had she not parted herself from Jasper by her own act and deed, what right had she to feel acutely about his illness? She was not even sure whether she realised it, or whether she had any feeling left; she knew that she had not once cried, and that she went about the house, and read to her father exactly as if Jasper were not lying in a dying state.

That evening, when the sun had set into a bank of dark lurid clouds, and the hot oppressive day had ended in a close oppressive evening, Barbara brought her work near to the open window and listened to the evening sounds. In the shrubbery, where she and Jasper had often walked, and where he had told her of his love, a night jar's peculiar note was heard, and almost at the same moment the maid entered, bringing another telegram.

Barbara took it very quietly, and looked first at her father before she opened it. He was dosing in his large arm-chair, and the opening door had not awakened him. When the maid had retired, Barbara opened the envelope and read—

'There is no hope. He wishes you to know. I will write to-morrow.'

Barbara did not cry, or speak, or move for some time. When she did move it was to shut the window, for the dew was falling, and the chill was bad for the invalid. The noise made him start up.

'Barbara, my love, what o'clock is it? Ah! a telegram. Those poor Carews. Tell me——'

She handed him the thin paper silently. There was a pause. Then Barbara spoke in a voice that made her father look at her, shading his eyes with his hand.

'Papa, do you mind my going to London to-morrow? I have something I must do. Please don't ask me what it is. I must go.'

'To town? Business, my dear Barbara! Is it not a little unfeeling when our good friends are in such trouble. They may——'

Even Mr. Wood did not like to finish his sentence; but he was more than astonished. Never had Barbara gone to London alone before in all her life on private business.

'What is the business?' he added, with the impatience of a long-considered invalid.

'I cannot tell you—but—I must go.'

'Please yourself, of course; but I think it is very extraordinary business which makes it necessary at such a time.'

Mr. Wood disliked to be ruffled; but, happily for Barbara, he soon retired for the night and forgot all that she had said. Before going to bed, she wrote a note to a clergyman of a neighbouring parish, begging him to come and spend the afternoon with her father, and saying that urgent business called her to London.

Then, determined not to break down, she went to bed and tried to sleep. She was going by the earliest train, and she had only one object in view—only one.

'There is no hope,' she repeated—'no hope! And he will never know—never—never!'

Barbara was going to make her whole life different—voluntarily she was going to make restitution; and yet 'he will never know,' she repeated.

* * * * *

Mr. Groome was the working partner of the firm of Kempe and Groome. He was accustomed to receive authors in that cosy study of his, and, being a genial man and fond of interviews, he was not at all put out when a simple card was handed to him on which was written 'Miss Wood.' He had a certain curiosity to see this Miss Wood, whose book the firm were soon to publish. The work was full of an unusual cleverness and an audacity of plot which was sure to find a market among a certain class of novel-readers. Miss Wood, as an author, had really excited a curiosity in her publisher's breast, and it was with prompt pleasure that Mr. Groome's clerk was told to show the lady in.

What was his surprise at seeing the actual Barbara Wood enter. She looked so young and so pretty in this London room, and the pale and anxious expression of the face added a charm to the author, which the publisher noted. His words were at once kind and reassuring. He hastened to give her news of her book; the printing

was finished, the book was in course of being bound, and he continued—

'Believe me, Miss Wood, you need not be at all anxious about it. We expect it will be a great success, though of course,' added Mr. Groome, feeling 'Kempe' would disapprove of this show of too great hopefulness, 'one can never tell. I have known the cleverest book fall flat; but, still, that was not the kind of story you have written.'

Barbara's pale face flushed; something in the tone of Mr. Groome made the colour flush both cheek and neck. Then all at once she felt able to speak.

'Thank you, Mr. Groome, for your kindness. But I have come here to say that I wish to withdraw my book; I mean I do not wish it to be published.'

A smile stole over the publisher's face. This modesty appeared almost out of place in the writer of 'The Mastery of David Moor.' He fancied for a moment she was playing some deep game, but the very foolishness of it made him smile again. Certainly, clever as she might be, the girl was very young.

'You have not really come to say that? In three weeks the work will be out.'

'I am very sorry; I suppose I am doing an unheard-of thing, but it *must* not come out!'

'*Must* not! Excuse me, Miss Wood, but you forget you have signed the agreement. It is absolute folly.'

Barbara realised that her task was harder than she had expected.

'I know. You cannot understand; but, what can I do to persuade you that I am in earnest? Pray believe me. I have very little time, my father is ill, and I must get back by the next train.'

Barbara bit her lip to force herself to be composed. How was she to move this man without confessing the truth; *that* she could not do.

'Ah, I see! Your anxiety makes you fancy that you may not be able to get this work through the press; but, indeed, nothing remains of your share to be done, leave everything to us. A first novel naturally makes a young author——'

'It is not that,' said Barbara, now roused to be plain; 'but I have changed my mind. The publication of that book would pain one for whom I have a great regard' (her father, thought Mr. Groome), 'and I have resolved to make the sacrifice.'

Mr. Groome lost his urbane manner, this turn of affairs was really too provoking.

'You forget the expense we have incurred, Miss Wood. It would be impossible for us to stop the work unless all our outlay were refunded.'

'Yes, I thought as much. Will you please tell me what it will come to?'

'Eighty or a hundred pounds.'

Barbara had considered ways and means already. There were several valuable jewels she possessed, and these must be sacrificed; still, the sum seemed a large one for her to collect, and all for a lost romance; and *he* would never know. She answered firmly—

'I will pay it. I can sign something, I suppose, to promise this sum?' Mr. Groome was very much annoyed, but he was a gentleman, and Barbara was a pretty woman pleading against herself. He made one more effort.

'Are you sure that you are not acting on some mistaken impulse? Let us keep the book back a few months, and then see if circumstances have not altered the case.'

'Oh, no, no!' said Barbara, gasping. 'I don't want to alter my mind. There must be no possibility of that in the future.'

She clasped her hands on the back of the chair, for she had risen as she spoke.

'Please, please, Mr. Groome, believe that I am not acting hastily. I must know that that book will never appear before I leave this room; or else——'

'What?' said Mr. Groome impatiently.

'I shall never be happy again.'

Mr. Groome had a daughter about Miss Wood's age, a girl who could never have written a page of a book, but who was, nevertheless, the sunshine of his house. He almost fancied his Maggie had said these last words, so youthful and impetuous were they. Mr. Groome himself believed there was nothing time could not heal; he believed, too, that he was losing a saleable piece of property; he believed that Miss Wood's father had found out the young writer, and had foolish objections to female authors; but the father might die, and Miss Wood might alter her mind; still if Maggie had said she should 'never be happy again,' she could have got anything out of him, and so——

'Miss Wood, let me assure you that by agreeing to your proposal I am doing a most unusual thing; in fact——'

Mr. Groome continued talking for several minutes, but Barbara did not hear him, though she stood in a listening attitude, only she experienced an intense feeling of relief, a dumb kind of longing to be at home again in her own room, and to have a good cry if that were possible. She had done it, she had succeeded, she had cut herself off from the fame she had hoped for and believed in.

Barbara Wood did not remember much of her journey home; all she had done appeared a dream, and life altogether a wide, empty, cheerless place, where she would have to wander alone for many years.

At the little country station where she got out the fresh air from the distant hill revived her; she heaved a sigh, as if by doing this she could breathe freely once more; then finding a fly waiting for her she stepped into it. The man was just going to drive off when a clerk ran up to the window.

'Here's a telegram for you, Miss. Will you take it? It's just come.'

'Yes.' Barbara took it, and then the carriage drove on, and she held the paper, knowing well enough what it was; knowing, and yet not able to find the courage to open it.

It was all over, she felt sure, but she wished to put off the moment of certainty as long as possible; but even with this telegram in her hand she was happier than she had been in the morning, if happiness had anything to do with poor Barbara's feelings at all.

On they drove; the western sky was preparing a wealth of gold and crimson clouds, on which the sun might sink to rest; the hills were wrapping themselves up slowly in soft purple garments for their nightly meditation; the brown and purple heather was borrowing sunset hues, and the sandy roads appeared like golden ribbons let into rich, dark Eastern carpets.

Still Barbara held the telegram, and the old fly horse made the rumble of the fly sound funereal.

'Death, death, death,' she seemed to hear, and then the other refrain: 'He will never know.'

There was only one more mile, and then the old life would begin again; the daily little nothings, the daily care for her father's health, the reading of the newspaper, the paying of bills, the visits to the poor people, and no excitement, no hopes, no love.

When she came to this thought, Barbara cried out a little. After all she had cared most for that love, and she had never found it out before. But now there could be no love—not Jasper's true, grand, noble, unselfish love. It might have been hers, and if so, he would never have gone away, and would not now be lying—dead.

With that little cry she tore open the hateful envelope, and let the glorious sunset fall upon it.

'A wonderful turn for the better. There is hope now. He sends his love.'

When Barbara reached home she ran into her father's room and knelt down by his chair.

'Papa, papa,' she cried, 'Jasper is better, there *is* hope. Look here, it is in this telegram, and—he sends his love to me. Papa, you know, don't you, that we love each other?' And to herself she added, 'And he will know. Oh, thank God, thank God. He will know.'

LECTURES ON ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

SECOND SERIES.

III.

A MEMBER of Augustine's Mission was the first to break ground in Northern England.

In the year 547, King Ida, a chief of the Angles, became the first King of Northumberland, the district reaching from the Humber to the Firth of Forth, that is to say, on the Eastern side, for the Britons of Strath-Clyde and the Picts of Galloway still held the West, and to the North the Scots of Dalriada were spreading fast. Ida seems to have united several districts, settled by Angles, and hitherto under Ealdormen, into one kingdom, and the two divisions continued to be marked as Bearland and Deerland, Bernicia and Deira in Latin, the first reaching from the Forth to the Tees, the latter from the Tees to the Humber. It was from Deerland that the Angle children came, whom Gregory had noticed; but throughout that generation nothing was done for the country, which was in a disturbed state. Deerland and Bearland seemed to fall apart into separate kingdoms on every opportunity, and then were joined together by some masterful victor.

Ella, who held Deerland separately, died, leaving a young son Edwin, who was driven forth when a little boy by Ethelric and his son Ethelfrith the Fierce of Bearland, the same who slaughtered the monks of Bangor.

At first, say the Welsh, the child was sheltered by Cadvan, King of North Wales, but after the battle of Chester, he was forced to flee again to the border kingdom of Marchland, or Mercia, and thence again to the East Anglian realm of the Northfolk and Southfolk, whose king, also the Bretwalda, was Redwald.

This monarch had, on a visit to Kent, been converted and baptised; but, on his return home, his wife and his thanes induced him to mix the worship of the Asagods with the Christian rites, so that he had, side by side, a heathen and a Christian altar. It was very hard to a Teuton to believe that Woden and Thor were absolutely nothing, and they sought to avert their wrath while renouncing them. Here Edwin remained for some time, but Ethelfrith, hearing of his abode, sent offers of treasure to Redwald if the fugitive were slain, and on his refusal, threatened to make war on the East Angles. This shook

Redwald, and he promised to kill his guest himself, or to deliver him up.

A friend of Edwin heard the promise, and gave warning of the need of flight. From three years old to thirty had Edwin been hunted from place to place, and he was weary of life. He told his friend that he had sworn to remain in Redwald's country, and had received no hurt, and if he were to die, he had rather it were by the hand of Redwald than of a meaner man, so that he would not flee.

His friend left him, and he remained, sitting in the dark on a stone outside the house, desolate and dispirited.

Presently a figure in unusual garments approached him.

'Why sitst thou here alone while men sleep?' the stranger asked.

'What is it to thee whether I sleep or wake?' said Edwin.

'Think not that I know thee not who thou art,' said the stranger, 'nor why thou art sad. What wouldst thou give to him who should assure thee that Redwald would not deliver thee to thine enemies?'

'All that I have would I give as a reward to him who should do this for me,' said Edwin.

'And if he promised thee a kingdom greater and better than any of thy forefathers have held?'

'Verily, I would give him a reward proportioned to his deeds.'

'If he told thee of a new life better than any thou hast known, wouldst thou obey him?'

'Truly I would.'

'Then remember this token,' and the strange man laid his hand on Edwin's brow and vanished. And Edwin said in his heart—

'This is not a man, but a god or a spirit.'

For the Teutons believed in spirits attached to men, and influencing their fate.

Immediately after, the friend, who had advised Edwin to flee, came out in search of him, telling him to fear no longer, for Redwald's wife had argued with him, 'Sell not, O King, for gold, thy friend that is in trouble, and do not for the sake of wealth lose thine honour, which is of more price than all jewels.'

Redwald collected his forces, and in a battle near Retford, on the banks of the river Idle, Ethelfrith the Fierce was slain. Edwin became King of all Northumbria, and drove away Ethelfrith's sons, the Ethelings, Eanfrid, Oswald, and Oswin, who fled to the British kingdom.

He became truly a mighty prince, just and merciful, and keeping his realm in peace within while conquering without. From him Edinburgh was named, Edwin's burgh; and his conquest of both the Isle of Man and Mora led to the latter being called Anglesey, the Angle's island. He was the acknowledged Bretwalda, whose alliance was eagerly sought.

He had lost his first wife, who had left him two sons, when he asked in marriage Ethelburga, the sister of Eadbald, the King of Kent.

Since his conversion by Mellitus, Eadbald had been a good and

faithful Christian, and his sister Bertha's daughter Eanswith had founded a nunnery at Folkstone, where the Church is under her dedication. Ethelburga was called by her family Tata, or the darling, and the first answer was that she could not be given to one who knew not the law of her God.

To this Edwin answered that he would put her under no constraint, but she should be free to serve her God in her own manner, and that he would even hearken to those she might bring with her and embrace their law, if it seemed to him the more worthy of God.

So Eadbald resolved to send forth his darling to do such work as her mother had done, and Justus, who had become Archbishop on the death of Mellitus in 624, consecrated the last of the Roman Mission, Paulinus, to be her chaplain, and as he hoped, found another branch of the Church.

Paulinus was tall, noble, and dignified, with a slightly bending figure, and a dark, aquiline, Italian face. Edwin treated his wife with affection, the Bishop with respect; but the time passed on without any sign from him or his attendants of being willing to listen to the Christian.

However, on Easter Eve, 627, Edwin, who was living near the river Derwent, was attacked by an emissary of Cwichelm, King of the West Saxons, with a poisoned dagger. A Thane, named Lilla, threw himself between and received the thrust, which, after killing him, slightly wounded the King. That same night Ethelburga's first child was born, and when the King thanked Woden and Thor for her birth and his own safety, Paulinus impressed on him to Whom all was really owing.

Edwin was touched, and said: 'I am going forth to battle against Cwichelm, King of the West Saxons, who has sought to slay me by craft. If I return in peace, then will I believe in thy God and worship Him. Yea, and the babe that the Queen my wife has borne unto me, thou mayest baptise as her mother and thou are baptised.'

Accordingly, the child was baptised Eanfled on the Feast of Pentecost, and eleven converts from the royal household likewise received the same Sacrament.

As soon as the King had recovered from his wound, he set forth on his campaign, and returned victorious; but though he ceased to worship Woden and Thor, he still made no overt sign of acceptance of the faith, no doubt pondering it as a thoughtful man.

Letters and presents arrived from the Pope; to Edwin, a soldier's cloak and shirt—probably of mail; to Ethelburga, a silver mirror and ivory comb inlaid with gold. The Pope reminded her of the text about the believing wife, and earnestly entreated the King to embrace the true faith and cast aside his idols.

Edwin discussed the new faith with Paulinus, and spent much time in deep thought and self-debate. At last Paulinus approached, and, laying a hand on his brow, said: 'Knowest thou this token?'

Trembling with awe, the King fell at the feet of the Bishop, who lifted him up, and said—

'Be of good cheer, Edwin; the Lord Whom I serve hath delivered thee out of the hand of the enemies whom thou didst fear, and He hath given thee the kingdom which thou didst desire. Defer not then to do the thing which thou didst promise.'

How was that token known to Paulinus? Was it revealed to him in a dream, as some say? Had Edwin mentioned it to his wife or to any other, through whom it had come to Paulinus' knowledge? Others think the stranger who made the prediction was Paulinus himself, or some Christian at Redwald's court; but this supposition only disposes of one marvel by another, for he who foretold the greatness of the exiled wanderer must have been endowed with the spirit of prophecy. We must be content to leave this among other unexplained mysteries of forecast or intention. Edwin then assembled his Witan at Godmundingham in Yorkshire, to consider of the new law and new worship.

Among them arose Coifi, the High Priest of Woden, and true Yorkshire Englishman as he was, based his adherence to his gods on what could be got by them. 'None,' he said, 'had served them more faithfully than he;' but there were many men much richer and more favoured by the King than himself, and he therefore concluded that they did not profit a man at all.

An old Thane, of more generous, poetical, thoughtful mould, spoke next in a speech of exceeding beauty, which I will read in Wordsworth's paraphrase, which really is almost exact:

'Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty King,
That, while at banquet with your chiefs, you sit,
Housed near a blazing fire, is seen to flit
Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
Here did it enter, there, on hasty wing
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold.
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goes. Even such, that transient thing
The human soul, not utterly unknown,
While in the body lodged, her warm abode.
But from what world she came, what woe or weal
On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown
This mystery if the stranger can reveal
His be a welcome cordially bestowed.'

What a picture! of the long, low, timber-built hall, with the red firelight, and the torches glowing on the long ranks of feasting warriors, and the little bird dashing in from one unglazed window, its white breast and fluttering wings gleaming for a moment as 'from winter it comes, to winter it goes,' and rushes forth in terror into the darkness, while, amid the mirth and minstrelsy, that old man's eye follows, and likens it to his own yearning spirit, doubtful of, or dissatisfied with, the dim notion of Woden's Hall of slaughter. His words are like those of the Apocryphal Wisdom. 'As when a

bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign when she went is to be found . . . even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end.'

No wonder that, as Mr. Palgrave puts the conclusion of the speech, the Thane declared—

'But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell,
Some news of whence and whither,
And where the soul may dwell;
If on that outer darkness
The sun of hope may shine,
He makes life worth the living—
I take his God for mine!'

Paulinus, thus invited, preached in words of power, and Coifi cried out: 'Now I see the truth. Long I have known that it was not with us; now I see it shining clearly. Let us burn down the temples and altars which we have hallowed, but which do us no good.' Then Edwin solemnly gave his word to worship the God of Paulinus and no other; and added: 'Who will be the first to cast down the altar of Woden and the hedge round it?'

'That will I!' cried Coifi.

Priests were forbidden to mount any steed save a mare, or to carry weapons, but Coifi at once leapt upon the King's own horse, seized a spear, galloped to the enclosure, and hurled the spear into it. Many hands then tore down altar and hedge, and a few days after a little wooden church was raised at the old Roman colony of Eboracum, or York, where the cathedral now stands. There, after instruction, the King was baptised, and with him his two sons by his first wife, his grand-niece Hilda, and the Chief of his Witan.

It was a noble reign that ensued. It was remembered as a time when a woman with a babe in her arms might safely walk from sea to sea. At every spring of fresh water the King hung a brazen drinking cup on a post, and such was the respect in which he was held, that not one was stolen during his time.

Paulinus preached and baptised, assisted by his deacon James, in many parts of the united kingdom of Northumberland; and the foundations of York Cathedral in stone were laid. East Anglia felt Edwin's influence. Eorpwald, Redwald's son, was heartily a Christian, but was murdered by one of his heathen subjects. However, his half-brother Sigebert came back from exile among the Franks a hearty Christian, and with Felix, a Bishop from Burgundy, founded a diocese at Dunwich on the Suffolk coast, a place since nearly devoured by the sea; and Fursey, an Irish monk, founded a cell at Burghcastle, in Suffolk.

A terrible reverse was, however, coming. Cadwallon, King of Gwynedd or North Wales, had been defeated by Edwin and driven into Ireland, whence he returned, breathing revenge, fire, and slaughter, and, although a Christian, allied himself with the terrible and fierce Anglian, Penda, King of Mercia, or the Marchland, bordering on all the other kingdoms. Together they attacked Edwin, and at Heathfield, in Yorkshire, on the 12th of October, 633, the great and good King Edwin, together with his son Osfrid, was slain, and the army broken up. The kingdom was overrun by Penda and Cadwallon, and such was Welsh hatred and revenge that the cruelties of these Christians were worse than those of the heathen Angles.

Edwin's head was brought to York, and his widow and her children fled by sea, together with Paulinus, taking with him a gold cross and chalice. They were kindly received at Canterbury, where they met messengers bringing too late a pall for Paulinus as Archbishop of York, as well as one for Honorius, the new Primate at Canterbury. Paulinus devoted himself to the deserted see of Rochester, and Ethelburga founded a nunnery.

THE BOOKS OF SAMUEL.

Maximum Marks, 600. 1st Class, ⅔ i.e. 500 and upwards; 2nd Class, ⅔, 400 and upwards to 500; 3rd Class, under 400. None are counted with less than 4 Papers.

Class I.

Bubbles (*Prize*) . . 574	Elpis 546	Celestine 518
Verena (*Prize*) . . 563	Greta 539	Iza 511
Elphin 556	Water Wagtail . . 532	Pyrethrum . . . 501

Class II.

Brown Bess . . . 491	Aconite 473	Carlotta, Ariel 431
Breidden 490	Sparrow 468	
Winifred 486	Ina, Lancelot 455	Penholder . . . 425
Lucilla 478	Firefly 442	Atalanta 411

Class III.

Juno 398	Rose Marie . . . 353	Constantine . . . 302
Hypatia 380	Spectacles 325	Lily 288
Joiner 263	Daisy 303	Ellen 282

THE CHIEF FIGURE OF OBER-AMMERGAU.

1890.

He is represented, and, I should presume, conceived, not, if one may so put it, from His own point of view—hardly, perhaps, from such insight as St. John may have brought to bear on His feelings and experiences—but as He may have seemed to a humble and adoring, if ignorant, disciple. There is no attempt, by a risky hit of striking genius, to guess at what may have been thought and felt. That which could be seen is shown, and, in this one instance, this study from without, rather than from within, seems artistically right, since, though it leaves, of course, a sense of incompleteness, it brings the impossible within the region of possible art. His relations to man are given, though His communion with His Father, with Himself, is told rather than shown, indicated rather than expressed.

But how to tell what can be seen? In the first place, it is original and unexpected. The emotional, half-effeminate ideal that has inspired so much art must be forgotten. This is not the sheep before her shearers. It is perhaps not fully the Man of Sorrows. Upon this magnificent Being all visible and representable suffering must fall harmless, and, if the inconceivable weight of the sins of the world is there, you only see the strength that bears it up.

This splendid person, tall, stately, graceful, manly, and strong, above all things unaffected, with every look and gesture absolutely in good taste; with a voice like a trumpet, and with a face sometimes most beautiful, and always dignified and worthy—inspires awe rather than pity.

You see the ideal of a popular champion standing up against usurped authority and blind precedent; the Friend of Man; perhaps ideal Humanity fighting death and sin, but fighting with the assured certainty of final success; the Rock on which the waves beat in vain; a suggestion of One in Whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning. For, though it may be felt that such absolute calm can hardly be pourtrayed without a certain touch of stoical pride and coldness, the success is—the *wonder* is—that the idea is conveyed of a Being personally and essentially above and beyond every one else; aloof and apart, *in Himself*, not more intellectual, not more like a prophet, not more spiritual, not angelic in any sense which that word bears in ordinary art; but *other*, other than His angry judges, other than His adoring disciples, other than Man. This is He of Whom it is written.

It appears to me that to have conveyed this impression is a marvellous success. Pages might be written as to the methods in which the success is attained; many criticisms of detail might be offered; and the whole subject is full of artistic, ethical, and theological interest of the highest kind.

But the one great fact remains, unexpected beforehand, perhaps hardly fully felt at the time in difficulties of seeing and hearing, that, back upon the mind in silent hours there comes, may it be said with all reverence, the impulse to say, in a sense never before experienced, 'We have seen the Lord.'

CHELSEA CHINA.

SKETCHES OF OLD NORSE LITERATURE.

VII.

THE SAGAS, SNORRI STURLASON AND HIS EDDA.

By the year 1200, it is believed that most of the traditional Sagas of Iceland were written down. In the year 1178 Snorri Sturlason, the greatest prose writer of Iceland, was born. The dates are significant—just when tradition and literature were meeting—just when memories were crystalising into records, when the air was full of histories, ancient poems, and national epics, the man of genius appeared who, beyond all others, stamped his time as the golden age of Icelandic literature. We know pretty well what he wrote, but the authors of these Sagas, with one exception, are all unknown. Probably they considered themselves as merely scribes, but they were authors, for the mode of telling, the handling of the stories was their own, and differs widely in different Sagas. Some ideas peculiar to the country they seem to have held in common, and they accept some superstitions, as the belief in sorcery, and in the power of wizards to raise tempests; also that weapons could be charmed, and that some men were *fast*, that is, not to be hurt by ordinary means. Great events were believed to be heralded by strange dreams, by shadows cast before them on the minds of the wise and on the visions of the seers. Corpse lights played over tombs, and the voices of the happy dead might be heard at night, singing near their burial mounds. On the other hand, the bodies of wicked men after death might retain some hideous half-animation and wander abroad as malignant and twice as powerful as in life. Trolls and half-trolls were supposed to haunt waste places, and fairies might be lured out of the hill-sides by the sound of the violin. Making these sort of deductions for the spirit of the times, one may rely on the general truthfulness, the effort after truth of the better Sagas. Indeed, independent traditions not founded on the writings that we have, confirm many, by pointing out localities connected with them. In contents and character the Sagas vary much; some are pastoral and tell about the farms and sheep-folds of some little valley; others tell of far voyages to Greenland, and even to the new lands beyond that. Some are full of fun and rough wit; others, courtly and poetical. There are a number of short stories and adventures of the same character called *Thætir* or morsels. Rather than give a list and table

of contents of works shut up in Icelandic, we will mention a few that are translated, only remarking that the language is so idiomatic and antique that the best translation cannot convey the spirit of the original.

There are several lives of outlaws besides Hardar Saga, mentioned in page 52; they evidently possessed the sympathy of the people. 'Gisli the Outlaw' (translated), is the pretty story of a brave and kindly, but unlucky chieftain, who lived in the wild north-west of the island, and of the faithful wife who defended him to the last. 'The Story of Viga Glum,' the sombre life of a grim Viking, has been translated by Sir E. Head. Best of that sort is an unequal story, 'Grettir the Strong,' translated by Magnusson and Morris—in parts fabulous, but in part the true life of a remarkable outlaw. There is much of pathetic interest in Grettir's melancholy fate and weird adventures, admirably told, that are awful to remember if they should cross the mind of the benighted traveller in the wilds of Iceland.

Beyond all others in value is the 'Story of Burnt Njal,' or *Njala*, well translated by Sir G. Dasent: its perusal gives a better idea of Icelandic literature than that of any other single book, if the reader knows what to look for, and is not discouraged by an occasional monotony of incidents that are yet all working up to a climax. The story increases in interest as it develops, the only unpleasing part is at the beginning, and may be skipped by going on to the ninth chapter. The characters are so well worked out that they become acquaintances for life. The peerless Gunnar of Lithend, who, against all advice, insists on marrying the lovely, but utterly cold, cruel, and grasping Halgerda, a widow five years his senior, and thus draws down on himself all mischief, and at last death, is the hero of the first division; as Njal, the wise and blameless man of peace, sacrificed to the wild passions of his yet gallant and lovable sons, is the leading personage of the second part.

His character is a wonderful study. It seems strange that those rough times could produce the gentleness that was united to his more Norse qualities of strength and simplicity, and the cheerful sagacity with which he encountered all troubles, always working for the best, and ready to endure the worst. The burning of Njal's house is so described, that one seems to see the sudden flames enveloping the roof of the hall, and to hear the wailing of the women, and the wild shouts of the excited men; Njal alone, always dignified and simple, speaks calmly and kindly as ever; saves all whom he can, but chooses death for himself, not caring to survive his sons. One can understand how his faithful wife and little grandson will not leave him, and lie down quietly beside him under an ox-hide, 'not to turn or move again whether smoke or fire assail them.' And there they are found next day as if they only slept, beneath a pile of ashes, but untouched by fire.

The working out of the fate that baffled all Gunnar's generosity, and Njal's kindly wisdom, is very impressive; and the scenes at the *Althing*, when scathing words at last lash up the people to furious battle, are splendidly told. Mord, the traitor who works all mischief; Flosi and Kari, the two avengers of the different factions, noble characters both, but especially Kari, foes so long, yet reconciled at last —all stand out with vivid reality. The story moves on, through small things which lead to great things, to the tragic climax, and at last to a peaceful close. The style is racy, humorous, and tragic by turns; and it is curious to this day in Iceland to see how the old tale draws all to listen when read aloud in the still living language, which has been Icelandic for a thousand years. Nor do Icelanders alone feel the fascination of 'Njala.' A recent book of travels in Iceland begins: 'It was "Burnt Njal" that brought me;' and many besides that author have been lured to the wild rivers, the great plain, and glacier heights of Southern Iceland because of the people who dwelt there nine centuries ago.

Njala is emphatically the Saga of law, and of the judgments at the *Althing*. Every one knows about that open-air assembly in the picturesque ravines about the Axe River, but it is not, to judge by tourists' books, so generally known that two powers there met—a sort of parliament merely for framing and pronouncing laws, presided over by the Law Speaker, and also four quarter-courts of justice for trials, representing the local courts in each of the four divisions of the island.

In both the heathen *godi*, or local priests, sat of right, and for the *Althing* each priest named two assessors, one who sat on the bench before him, and one behind; 144 sat there, and thirty-six at each quarter-court, and these privileges went afterwards with the land to chiefs or Christian priests. The people thronged round to listen or applaud; but the *Althing* itself was anything but a democratic assembly. Majorities decided cases, and small minorities had to yield, if they liked under protest. In the law courts the oaths of witnesses were the evidence on both sides. In a murder case, the plaintiff had to summon the nine nearest neighbours to make an inquest on the spot, and then they had to ride to the *Althing* to give their evidence before the right court. If they came into a wrong court they were non-suited; in fact, justice was often defeated on technical grounds by clever opponents. Both parties, therefore, usually pleaded by men learned in the law; but, quite contrary to modern views, it was considered rank bribery in such skilled lawyers to accept a fee; they had to act for friendship, honour, or sheer love of justice. But the law did nothing for any one till he pleaded, and those only who were powerful, or had powerful friends were generally able to do so. There was no appeal, as in Norway, to the king or his earls, who were bound to protect the interests of their meanest subjects, and often did so. In Snorri Sturlason's time, King

Sverri besides established local magistrates, or *syslemen*, to administer justice all over Norway, and Snorri might well feel that in Iceland it was high time to have such real government, instead of the utter confusion brought about by the quarrels of chiefs who would not appeal to the law or defied its decisions.

Snorri was the youngest of the three sons of Sturla, a man of distinction. His eldest brother, Thord, was the father of Sturla, a great writer and historian. The next brother, Sighvat, was a warlike chief, the father of several unruly sons, one of whom, another Sturla, though handsome, brave, and attractive, was so quarrelsome and wanting in good sense as to be the chief cause of the ruin of the family. We have the events of Snorri's life recorded by his nephew Sturla, who says little good of him; but it may be doubted if we have a kindly portrait of the man. His mother having squandered his property, he was fostered at Oddé from the age of three by a learned man, Jön Loptson, the great-grandson of Sæmund the Wise. There he had access to all the writings Sæmund had left behind him, and was able to acquire the learning of the times. When he was nineteen he married a rich wife, Herdisa, and settled in Borg, the home of his mother, who was descended from Egil Skallagrimson, and considered a gifted woman. Some years later Snorri moved to Reykholt, and by a second marriage became the richest man in Iceland; but his wealth did him little good. His only legitimate son died early; his daughters were married for their wealth to violent, unscrupulous men, and there were endless family quarrels, and complaints that he did not give his children their share of their mother's property.

Twice he was Law Speaker in Iceland, and he was twice or oftener for some time in Norway. At one time when there he saved his country from a disastrous war, by persuading Earl Skuli not to send an armed fleet which, owing to a merchant quarrel, was already collected to harry Iceland. At the same time he promised to try and induce the chief men in Iceland to submit to Norwegian rule, for which he was much blamed by the very party which afterwards carried out his idea. Possibly he was afterwards implicated in the attempt of Duke Skuli to seize the crown of Norway. Of this, though he was accused, there seems no proof; but, if it were so, Skuli was nearer in blood to the old line of kings than Hakon, and Snorri may have considered his claim the best. But the suspicion made King Hakon his enemy, and it needed but a hint from him to cause his rapacious sons-in-law to murder him for his wealth. They surprised him in his house with an armed band of seventy men, and thus cut short the life of the greatest genius of his time.

Snorri was a strong, bold, and stirring man, with splendid gifts. His writings show a fair, honourable spirit, and a keen insight into the ways and character of men; sharp satirical power, and a latent humour that plays round the gravest subjects, yet well

restrained and balanced. A man who so appreciated what was noble, who had so broad a view of right in public as in private matters, must have had nobleness about him; and one may feel that had he but written a few lines about himself, instead of leaving his character to the mercy of his enemies, we might have had a somewhat pleasanter impression of him. No doubt he was ambitious; he had a wider political outlook than his contemporaries, felt in himself the power of ruling, and saw the need of a ruler; and probably his magnificence beyond what had been known in Iceland excited envy. Still his murder, told by his nephew Sturla without a comment or a word of regret, makes one indignant to this day, and not sorry that his friends avenged him in a raid described by Sturla with a pathos which shows how feelingly he could write when his own party suffered.

We pass now from the traditional Sagas, as those which survive were now probably committed to writing, to the books, or Sagas written at once by their authors, which belong to a different division of literature; and thus we come to the works of Snorri Sturlason. First the 'Younger Edda,' the book to which we owe what systematic knowledge of Teutonic mythology and ancient poetry we possess. The first part, *Glifaginning*, or the fooling of Glifi, is a sort of handbook to Northern mythology, in the form of the visit of a legendary King Glifi of Sweden to Valhall. Odin's replies to his questions are a full description of the old faith and the legends of the gods and heroes.

The second part, *Skáldskapermál*—i.e. words on the poetic art—is a sort of dictionary of the terms and synonyms used in poetry, also arranged as question and answer, full of charmingly told little stories and legends, and giving many extracts from the poets. There is no doubt that Snorri wrote this, perceiving how much of the fine Skaldic poetry would, without some such help, be shut up in unexplained *kennings* or paraphrases. These two books are excellent reading, and the terse prose is easy to understand. There never was a better story-teller than Snorri, always racy and vivid, and if he is at times rather playful at the expense of the old gods, he respects too much the faith of his ancestors and the deep meanings of the myths to make their adventures undignified.

Glifaginning is in part a prose paraphrase *Völu Spà*—the Sybil's prophecy—a beautiful and melodious poem, but one of the least ancient in the Elder Edda. This beauty is greatly lost in translation, as an English version, from want of grammar, must be either diluted and wordy, or rough and obscure. There seem to be traces in it of three Sybils, in the first part the noble wise woman instructs the listeners from her high seat in the hall about the beginning of time, and the burden is, 'Then all the powers, the high gods, assembled to their judgment seats and took counsel together.' The second Sybil is more awful and witch-like, *sitting out*, as the saying was, working spells, and through them answering

Odin's questions as to all the woes that were coming on the world, and the doom of gods and men; and now the burden is first, 'Know ye yet—or what?' and as the horrors deepen it changes to, 'Fiercely Garmr (the hell-hound) bays before the cave of the rock, the chain shall snap and the wolf range free.'

No doubt there are traces of Christian learning in this poem, some of the expressions are too like the prophecies of the end of the world to be coincidences; and probably it was coloured by the gloomy forebodings of the 10th century as to the coming judgment, for it tells of the defeat of almost all good, and the crash of the world into fire. The shorter Völu Spà, a fragment of the same date, ends indeed with a distinctly Christian allusion. 'Then there shall come One yet mightier, though I dare not name him. There be but few who can see further than the day when Odin meets the Wolf.'

A third Sybil, however, in Völu Spà, in a short but beautiful prophecy, speaks of a golden age to come, and of a new heaven and a new earth, when the few survivors of Valhall take counsel together; and also of a man and woman who have escaped from the great fire and become the founders of a new human race. The choice of these survivors hints at depths of thought in the mystic dreams of our ancestors. Balder, the sacrificed, comes again from death, and with him his slayer, the reconciled Hödr, the 'darkness' of the sun-myth, in a deeper sense, blind fate. Thor has been slain while slaying the world's wickedness, the great serpent; the reign of violence is over, but his sons Modi and Magni—courage and strength—survive, and they inherit the hammer which crushes all evil. Odin has fallen before the great destroyer, the wolf; but the wolf is slain by Vidarr the Silent, the simpler Wendish god, who figures the instructability that lies behind the changing manifestations of nature. Do we not seem to see here, attained by what different paths, the modern thought—Matter is indestructable, Energy is indestructable, Intelligence is indestructable. For Vali, too, lives on, though all conditions change; the god who was the son of the Spirit and the earth, the power of growth and recovery.

In *Skáldskapamál* there are stories full of such deep meaning. Thor's visit to Giant's home contains the thought that there are powers beyond all force that man could conceive of, whether human or divine; we would now say laws of cause and effect, through which all our freedom must work—our freedom in itself, as we trust, a cause. Thor cannot empty the goblet which is the sea. Thialfi, the swiftest of runners, contends in vain with Thought in the race. Thor is overcome by the old nurse in the wrestling trial, for she is old age, who conquers all strength at last. Again, when Thor goes to encounter the evil giant Geirod, the mountain volcanic force—meaning to crush out its treasures, and for a wager, without his hammer—he visits by the way the beneficent giantess Grace, the mother of Vidarr the Silent. She lends him her gloves of iron and

her iron-shod staff with which to conquer the antagonistic giant. And so from nature still we borrow the forces to subdue nature.

As an example of the style of *Skáldskapamál* we may quote the question, 'What are the names for gold?' Answer: 'Gold is called the fire of Egir, sap of Glasir, Sif's hair, head-band of Fulla, tears of Freya, Otter's ransom, Froda's meal,' etc., etc., and so on through other *kennings* or synonyms. Then follows, 'Why is gold called the fire of Egir?' and the explanation or story follows of each name in turn.

'Gold is called the fire of Egir because Egir the sea-god visited Asgard, and when he was ready to return home he asked all the Asa to visit him in his sea-hall. On that journey were Odin and Njord, Frey, Tyr, Bragi Vidarr, Loki, and the Asynur,* Frigg, Freya, Gefjun, Skadi, Idunn, Sif. Thor was not there; he had fared to the east to kill trolls. And when the Asa were seated, Egir caused to be borne in to the hall floor bright gold, that lightened and brightened all the hall like fire; as if in Valhall the swords were set before the fire. . . . There was Egir's wife, Rán, and her nine daughters (the waves), and the Asa were aware that Rán had a net with which she caught all those men who went down into the sea. . . . Now this Saga is why gold is called fire of the sea, or light or glitter of Egir, Rán, and their daughters. . . . And this name has fared as others, that the younger Skalds have worked after the elder Skalds in their songs, and expanded the metaphor to what they thought like what was formerly composed; so as water is sea, and rivers water, and brooks rivers, they all have the same comparison.'

It sounds like the metaphor of some Skald suggested by the golden path of sunshine on the water, or perhaps the phosphoric fires flashing in the depths of the sea. The Edda goes on—'Gold is called the leaf of Glasir because before the door of Asgard stands a linden-tree called Glasir, whose leaves are all of red gold—the fairest tree to gods and men.' Then follows the Saga of Sif and her golden hair, which Loki clipped off, and, for fear of the wrath of Thor, had to force the black dwarfs of the mine to replace forged in gold, but, unlike other wigs, of gold that grew like natural hair.

Gold is called Freyja's tears, because when she missed her husband and sought him far and wide, her tears fell everywhere like drops of gold. Both these myths probably refer to the end of summer and the golden harvest-time. In answer to the question why gold is called the Otter's ransom, comes the story of the Nibelungen—the subject of Wagner's trilogy—finely told, and where gold receives the further *kennings* of 'the dwelling of Fafnir,' or the 'grain of the glittering heath,' or the 'burden of the horse Grani.'

Next gold is called the 'meal of Frode,' and in Edda only, survives the song of blessing sung by the captive giant maidens while grinding gold and peace for Frode. But when the King Frode's word was ever, 'Sleep no longer than the cuckoo stays, or I can sing a stave,' their

* The Asynur are the goddesses who inhabited Valhall.

wrath arises and their song changes. And now they sing of their former free life in the mountains, when they tossed up the great boulders for sport till the earth trembled, and of their prowess in the battle, when they were dear to champions. 'Now we are prisoners, the mud eating our feet, the chill our heads. Grind on!' they sing in fury, 'grind war! grind revenge!' and they put out their giant strength. The mill is shivered, the huge mill-stone rent in twain as they speak this word: 'We have ground, O Frode, to our own minds. We have stood full long at the mill.'

No wonder that when gold, in common with many other nouns in use, lurked under so many metaphors and parables, that the art of the Skald demanded a good deal of culture in the hearers as well as the composers. 'I am a poor poet, I do not know my Edda,' is the apology which often introduces simpler and more direct poetry. But, as in other cases, when this Skaldic poetry became an affair of learning, a sort of manufacture, it soon withered away, and gave place to the lilting rhymes, and simplicity of the people's ballad.

Much of the mythology—various of those tales of the gods and heroes, when their origin was forgotten and the Edda was hidden away in smoky Icelandic huts or Danish libraries—still survived in a dwindled, vulgarised form in the popular tales of Norway, of Germany, and Western Scotland. Byrnhild became the Sleeping Beauty; some of Thor's exploits were given to Jack the giant killer; Sigurd the Volsung became the lucky third son of the peasant. The Asa were degraded to the rank of demons and witches, and popular legends told how they swept through the sky as the train of the wild huntsman of Germany, or the Asgardreya of Norway.

The religion of Odin had done its work and taught its truths. The wiser among the Teutons knew that these old stories were emblems and figures of the powers of nature; and the idea that the gods themselves were doomed to fall before the destroying powers, facilitated the acceptance of Christianity, which spoke of the Divine oneness above and beyond all else. One aspect of Odin was that of the All-father of gods and men, existant always, before the earth was formed, or the gods or the giants were made. No wavering doubts as to the reality of evil, or the immortality of man perplexed the ancient Norsemen. Nature under various personifications, as Asa, giants, dwarfs, and elves, was active and warring all around them; they shared in a conflict in which law and order, though destined to triumph at last, meanwhile only just held their own against the destroying forces. The way to conquest led through sacrifice, as Tyr the war-god gave his hand to the wolf; the way to immortality led through death, as Baldur went down to the prison of Hela till the judgment of the gods should come. In constant effort, constant courageous warfare against confusion and chaos and all forms of darkness and death, they recognised the power of the Summer gods, and the true aims of men who owned their sway.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

II.

THE CAMP COOK'S STORY.

THE sun had risen high enough to gild the summits of the pine-trees when, waking from my first sleep *al fresco*, I found that some one had thrown a blanket over me in the cold grey dawn, and that my comrades had left the spot without awakening me.

I felt bewildered as I gazed up into the blue sky glinting through green branches a hundred feet above me; then, recollecting where I was, I sprang to my feet, brushing away the fragrant pine-needles sticking to my clothes, and looked around me. I could not see the little 'crick,' but I heard its babbling. I also heard the voices of the men, who had discovered a bathing-pool.

As I stepped forward from the shade of the giant pines, the two first things belonging to camp life that I saw were a breakfast spread upon some boards supported upon trestles, and two or three of the younger men who, on the opposite bank from that on which I stood, were struggling with Peter on the edge of the pit from which we had dislodged the snakes the night before. Peter's mild face was ashy with terror.

'Oh, Mas' Harry! don' yo' now! Oh! now, Mas' Tom!'

The struggle and the laughter drew the attention of Mr. Blake, who was just dismounting from one of the waggon-horses, which I was glad to see seemed none the worse for its struggles the night before. Blake and one of the men had started at daylight to pick out another site for an encampment.

'Boys! what's all that?' he shouted over the water. 'You are scaring Peter out of his wits. See how his eyes pop out of his head. Let him alone.'

'We are only showing him the snakes' den, sir, and telling him that he'll be building fires all day long over such places before the survey is over. They say there is no end of varmints on this mountain. Peter knows already what sort of fun it is to have the wolves looking in at his provision-tent, and helping themselves to half-a-dozen hams of bacon.'

'There! that's enough about it!' interrupted Blake. 'We have rifles enough in camp to scare the wolves.'

'But Peter would 'most as soon have his bacon chawed by wolves as sleep in a tent with a loaded rifle. He hasn't done giving thanks to a kind Providence for his merciful deliverance that time Wilkinson's rifle went off as he trod upon the trigger stepping out of bed, and the ball made a hole through the cooking tent a foot and a half from where Peter's head might have been if he hadn't gone to get a pail of water fifty yards away.'

'That's enough,' repeated Blake. 'We all know that a bigger coward than Peter does not live in Maryland or Virginia. And I find him,' he remarked to me, 'an anomaly. He is a man who trusts the Lord with everything but his own safety. See what a breakfast, boys, he's gotten up for you. You know his worth, especially when anything goes wrong with any of you.'

'Yes, *sir!* I reckon we appreciated the worth of him that time last fall he went off three days to camp-meeting.'

'I tell you,' said an older man to me, 'Peter Byns is professor of religion for our whole party, and the supervisor of our morals. He'll walk us any time ten miles away from camp and back again to hear preaching. He'll offer all sorts of inducements to get a squad of us to go along with him. His camp-meetings are as good as a circus sometimes. *We* go to look at the mountain girls; but Peter seems willing to take us along on our own terms, if only he can get us to go with him.'

'At any rate, he loads himself with creature comforts for his recruits,' said Blake, sitting down at table, 'and, glad as he is to talk religion, none of you can say he ever forces it on his superiors. You may treat him with as much familiarity as you like,' he went on, turning to me, 'he will never presume upon your notice, but will be as obedient and humble as any negro south of Mason and Dixon's Line.'*

'How about that story when he went off three days to camp-meeting?' suggested one of the incorrigibles, with a wink at Peter, who was waiting on the breakfast-table.

'I'll tell you,' said Mr. Blake, for all Virginians love to tell good stories of local originalities, stories involving endless counter-anecdotes by way of illustration, and calling forth the imitative powers common to almost every talker in Virginia. 'Last fall a great camp-meeting was announced to be held about twenty-five miles from where we were surveying.'

'Tell the truth, Peter,' called out Wilkinson. 'Wasn't it to see some girl you wanted so bad that time to go to preaching?'

'No, 'ndeed, Mas' Jim. You's talkin' now, sah!'

'Anyhow,' continued Blake, 'Peter asked leave to take three days' holiday. He promised to fix us up some cooked provisions, and

* The old line separating Slave States from Free States before the Emancipation.

Joliffe here, our axeman, undertook to set out the things he left, and to make the coffee. Accordingly Peter boiled us six large hams, and baked big piles of bread, and scores of pies, and boiled up for us a lot of blackberry jam and apple-butter, enough to furnish eating for the camp as long as he should be away. Well, sir,' continued Blake, turning to me, 'at breakfast the first day we did right well, everything was first rate. But when we came back at night and went into the dining-tent, every man, on taking his seat at table, found his plate and knife and fork exactly as he had left them after breakfast in the morning. Joliffe, the axeman, said he hadn't bargained to wash dishes.'

'I don't know no white man what would wash plates,' remarked Joliffe, from the far end of the table.

'Well,' continued Blake, not heeding the interruption, 'all hands were in the same predicament, and very hungry, and, as each of us knew he was in his own place, sitting before the remnants of his own last meal, and using his own plate and knife and fork, we tacitly agreed for three days to put up with things as we found them, and went on using unwashed crockery and uncleaned knives and forks for the rest of Peter's absence. But on his return he was so much shocked that he has never asked leave to take another holiday.'

'Peter—say! How came it you weren't here to fight the snakes? What took you to Bakersville?'

'I sent him to see if there was any mail for camp,' said Blake.

'Yes, mas'r. I sot out 'fore Mas' Blake knowed that he was gwine break up camp—'fore he done know he's own min'. An' I foun' dis British gentleman takin' supper with Miss Celestine. Miss Celestine is kin to my old mistress, as you knows, sah. Miss Celestine's little cullerd gal ain't nothin', only a cullered chile, an' dis gen'l'man, whar he come from, is use, I 'specs, to chicken fixins. So I done stopped at Miss Celestine's, an' done de bes' I could for the sake of old Varginny.'

An hour or two after, as I was riding with Mr. Blake to the site of the new camping-ground, the talk fell upon Peter.

'Is he a common type of the Virginian slave?' I asked.

'No, indeed,' replied Blake, 'no more than he's an average sample of a professing Christian. He is as exceptional as the position that he occupies amongst us. He is the friend and intimate of his white masters.'

Then as we rode on he proceeded to give me the camp cook's story.

'He was born,' he said, 'the slave of a gentleman not far from Cumberland, probably about the year 1800. His master was a large landed proprietor, and like many gentleman of his day, lived above his means, and at his death was found to be worth far less than was expected. His estate was divided between his widow and several

children, she retaining Peter Byns as part of her share of the property. Peter from childhood had been a pet servant, selected by his mistress to wait particularly upon herself, and had been "raised," as they call it, under her own eye; separated to a great extent from his fellow-servants. He had been "kept in the house," taught to knit and sew, and usually ornamented one side of the fireplace in her chamber, where, seated on his little stool with his knitting or his sewing in his hand, he was ready to pick up her thimble or ball of cotton, add fuel to the fire, and do any little menial service she might require. His mistress was doubtless a woman of a kind and gentle disposition, and infused much of the same spirit into her little servant, till between them there existed a most tender and sincere attachment, and well in after life has he repaid the attention and care that she bestowed upon his childhood.

'After her husband's death and the division of his property, the old lady made her home with one of her children, taking Peter with her. He was now grown up, had become an excellent cook, a good seamster, or tailor, and by general capacity and trustworthiness was qualified to make himself useful in any department of household work. He continued to be Mrs. R——'s favourite servant, standing behind her chair at table, and attending her in her outdoor excursions. He was more with her than any one else; and she probably extended to him more confidence and intimacy than to any of her children.

'Before many years Mrs. R—— found herself so much reduced in circumstances that it was necessary she should forego the services of her faithful servant, and "hire him out," as the phrase is, that she might have the use of his wages. The little property that had been assigned her at the division of her husband's estate, either through mismanagement, or the avarice and overreaching of her children, had been reduced to almost nothing, and she found herself compelled to avail herself of this last resource to provide the means of living.

'It was easy for Peter to find employment at good wages, and he cheerfully took up the new line of his duty. He lived in different families in the neighbourhood, always as an upper servant, and avoiding association with persons of his own colour. His intimates were among the whites, with whom he was treated with kindness and consideration. He was by this time a sincere Christian, and he has a natural air of simplicity, gentleness, and humility which wins the regard of all with whom he comes in contact. He always has found a strong arm to stretch out and protect his weakness when danger or trouble threatened him. Wherever employed he was treated with indulgence, and had frequent opportunities given him of seeing his mistress; his most coveted recreation has always been to make her a visit.

'In the spring of 1836, I, with a corps of Engineers in the service of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, arrived in Cumberland, and

being about to enter on a summer campaign, we were in want of a cook. Peter, who was then "hired out" in Cumberland, was recommended to us as a suitable man. By this time his old mistress had nothing remaining of her former property except Peter, on whose services she was entirely dependent. She was living with a married daughter residing about four miles from Cumberland, whose husband exacted from her a full price for her board. This had to come out of Peter's wages; and he found that in the situation he then filled he was not earning enough. His mistress left him entirely to himself in selecting a situation, and bargaining about wages, and never asked any accounts from him.

'She felt her dependence on him, knew that her children would do nothing for her, and, as a widowed mother looks to her son, she looked to Peter as her only support and protector. So he hired himself to us, tempted by the increased wages he was to receive, though sorry to go from among those who knew him well, to live with strangers; besides, he would now be placed where opportunities for visiting his mistress would be very few. We were likely to be wandering from place to place, constantly requiring his services, and probably the campaign would close before he could be spared to make any visit home. But it was necessary that he should earn more money; his own wants were few and simple, he was accustomed to practice self-denial, and could live on almost nothing; but his mistress was old and infirm, delicacies were grateful to her, and the handsome addition to his wages would enable him to provide her with many little comforts. So Peter started on a new career.

'He had hard work and exposure to undergo. He had been delicately nurtured, and was not well qualified to endure the hardships of a camp life, but he had a stout heart, and was working for an end. He soon became appreciated by every man among us, and was growing in his attachment to us in return. He had a high regard for good society, had always been select in his intimates, and now found himself associated with educated and enlightened young men, who took an interest in him, and sought every opportunity to promote his welfare.

'His first campaign with us ended in December, and the party being disbanded till the spring, Peter found employment during the winter in Cumberland, being engaged to take the field with our party in the ensuing spring. He had now frequent opportunities for seeing his mistress, who was glad to have him near her again, and he passed a pleasant winter.

'In the spring of 1837 he again found himself in camp. We were to be occupied during the summer in a neighbourhood remote from Cumberland, and, communication with that point being difficult, it was necessary that Peter should arrange for the board of his mistress during his absence, for her son-in-law was a hard man, and dealt with her as he would have dealt with a stranger. Peter had no

difficulty in getting an advance of wages for this purpose, and this matter being arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, he fell into our line of march for the wilds of the Alleghanies.

'Our explorations were to be carried through a section of country where the foot of man rarely penetrated, the voice of the solitary hunter being the only human sound that ever reached its fastnesses. Peter, as you have seen, is almost as timid as a woman, and it is impossible to prevent the lads of our party from forcing him to listen to frightful stories of bears, wolves, and rattlesnakes, but nothing would hold him back from his great purpose, though I doubt not that his heart has often sunk within him.

'During this campaign the pleasant intimacy between Peter and all our party continued to increase as time developed his inestimable worth. In making up the parties to occupy different tents, three of the young men selected Peter to make up their complement, and he was made more comfortable there than in the provision-tent, where he had slept by himself on the preceding campaign. Theirs was always the best-kept tent on the ground. Peter could always find time to look after the personal comforts of his tent-mates. It was called Peter's tent, and was cleaned out every day, an attention which the others received only when the camp was moved. In the evenings, when noise, and uproars, fun, and frolic were going on in our camp-ground, a quiet and orderly circle could generally be found round Peter's tent. He was learning to read, receiving instruction from us, whom he calls his young masters, and in the evenings his recitations would take place. After lessons, the conversation would turn on serious or religious subjects, Peter leading off and feeling his consequence as he found an attentive audience around him.

'He was the only "professor of religion" in our party. He made no display of his piety, but the most reckless and inconsiderate of our young men have always respected in him a religion, of the practical working of which they have had a striking exemplification daily before their eyes. The wildest would visit his tent in the evening, and listen to the quiet conversation going on there as long as they were interested, and then quietly withdraw to carry on their noise and devilment in another place; but Peter's presence and profession were always respected.

'He is fond of making nice things, and in addition to the ordinary fare of the camp, will often have on hand a lot of pies, cakes, and so on, which he makes much of, and loves to dispense, though with a sparing hand. It is amusing to see him when he has a heavy press of work on, engaged around his fire getting up these nice things. He has a great aversion to having any one near him when he is busy, and generally selects a time when we are all in the field. But sometimes we are unavoidably detained in camp, and then a lot of the youngsters will cluster around Peter. A favourite trick of that year was to get hold of the dredging-box, and powder his red shirt as he

was stooping over the fire, watching the progress of his pies, but a quiet "Ah! now, Mas' James," or, "Now, don' do so, Mas' William!" was all the rebuke that these annoyances drew forth, and the young rascals could not continue long to annoy one who treated their persecutions so meekly.

'He is, as you heard them say just now, always anxious to attend religious meetings. If there is one within six or seven miles of the encampment, he is always apprised of it. In general, too, some of the young men will go with him. To be sure, they go more from curiosity than from a spirit of reverence; but Peter is always glad to have them on their own terms, and during the long walks on these occasions he will entertain them by reminiscences of his early life, anecdotes of his mistress and master, and, whenever he can find an interested auditory, he will speak about the beauties and the blessings of religion. At such times as these, Peter is treated with more than usual familiarity, but he never presumes on it; and when the party returns to camp he is the same humble, obedient servant, performing all his menial duties with ready patience and cheerfulness.

'In the fall of 1837, when our field operations were over, Peter went down with us to Baltimore, a place being made for him as messenger in the office of the Railroad Company. Several of the corps boarded that winter at Barnum's Hotel, and they took Peter with them, he receiving his board in compensation for his waiting at table and some other services. He made friends with the landlord and with all the employés, was admitted to the mysteries of the kitchen, and eagerly availed himself of the opportunities of improvement in cooking. Boned turkey he regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the French cook, and he became very ambitious to present his young masters with so rare a delicacy. He also acquired great proficiency in making pastry, and other handies of what he considers his "profession."

'Three of our party who lived in Baltimore introduced him to their families, and he speedily won the interest of the ladies. There were none of us who could not relate some instance of personal kindness received from him. Among his lady acquaintances he took lessons in sewing. Excelsior is his motto—his constant effort is improvement. He could do plain sewing as well as anybody; but he found among his city friends many kinds of fancy work unknown to him. He wished to learn hem-stitch and embroidery, and carried to the office with him work of this kind, with which he occupied himself at times when his services were not wanted, and very proud, indeed, was he when he had accomplished a hem-stitched handkerchief with initials embroidered in the corners.

'In the spring of last year, 1838, we were not sent into the field, and Peter returned to Cumberland. Last summer he passed in that neighbourhood. But in the Fall parties were organised for a winter campaign, and Peter was notified that he would again be wanted. By this time his old mistress had become very infirm, both in body

and mind, and her sons, looking forward to her speedy death, were anticipating the acquisition of a valuable servant. She has always declared that when she dies Peter shall be free, only asking of him maintenance during her lifetime, and it is understood that she has made a will setting him free at her death. Her sons are jealous of the interest manifested for Peter by his new friends, and, doubtless calculating on obliging her to make a new will, made great opposition to his leaving the neighbourhood and placing himself under our protection.

'We were to assemble at some distance east of Cumberland, and I sent up one of the young men to bring Peter down, with directions to make such arrangements for the comfort of his old mistress as would enable him to stay away some time. The old lady was almost bedridden, and had been so badly taken care of at her son-in-law's, that Peter had found it necessary to place her among strangers, who resided some sixty miles west of Cumberland, and he was accompanied on his visit to the old lady by our young man. They had to pass through the neighbourhood where her sons reside, and we did not know what effort might be made to detain or arrest Peter. It was therefore thought advisable that he should be under the protection of some white person.

'This visit being accomplished, and everything done that was necessary for the old lady's comfort, Peter joined us all in camp and resumed his old work, very desirous to show his new attainments in French pastry and boned turkey.

'Last winter was very severe, and living in tents in this mountain region from November until April, has required stout hearts and stout limbs, and several of those who began the campaign with us were forced to abandon the survey. One man in particular was confined to his bed several weeks by rheumatism, refusing to go home or to be lodged in any of the neighbouring houses, insisting on being kept with the party, and depending entirely on Peter for medical advice and nursing. Peter nursed him with all the tenderness and kindness of a woman, and aided by this care, and by his own stout spirit, the young fellow ultimately recovered, and served out the campaign. It was during the hardships of last winter that Peter's full value was learned. Though perhaps the most delicate man in the party, he was always up to his duty, had breakfast every morning before daylight, waiting on twenty men with unceasing care, and perhaps he is the only cook in America who could have kept so many hungry mouths going with hot buckwheat cakes.

'Our winter campaign ended in April, and we all went back for six weeks to Baltimore; Peter being indulged with a visit to his old mistress, with a white body-guard to protect him. Our present party has been in the field only three weeks, and several of the men have never before served with Peter; but he seems to be as usual making friends among us.'

Here Mr. Blake's narrative ended, but as I may find no better opportunity of relating the particulars of Peter's subsequent history, I will not quit the subject without telling all I know of it.

Peter served with us that year most faithfully, and when the winter came, went with us down to Baltimore. It was considered unsafe for him to be left in the neighbourhood of the family of his old mistress, and employment being found for him, he remained in Baltimore till the death of Mrs. R——, when it was ascertained that the plans of her sons had succeeded, and that she had been induced to revoke her former will, and to make a new one, leaving Peter to one of them. It was also ascertained that this man was making an effort to get possession of his wrongfully-acquired property, and Peter's friends therefore advised him to place himself beyond reach of legal process. Means were furnished him for reaching Boston, and letter provided, introducing him to some of the most respectable persons in that city. For a long time he was terribly home-sick and pined after his old haunts and his young masters. He had always been a member of the Episcopal Church of America, and in Boston he attached himself to the Church of the Advent, in those days considered the most 'high church' Church in New England. He became well known as a renovater and repairer of men's clothes, was very comfortably off, and had several men who worked under him. He never married, and died shortly before the Civil War. Several times he visited Baltimore, with due precautions, where he stayed in the house of the chief of the old survey, and was welcomed and made much of by his former friends. In Boston, his Rector, and the Church to which he united himself, greatly esteemed and respected him. But perhaps the strongest testimony to the blameless consistency of his Christian character lies in the fact that of the young men composing the parties with whom he worked, all, so far as I have been able to ascertain, became after a while, men who served God in their generation, and trace their first religious yearnings to their intercourse with Peter.

THE MOON AND THE EARTH:

THEIR PAST AND FUTURE HISTORY.

BY REV. HENRY N. HUTCHINSON, B.A., F.G.S.

PROFESSOR G. H. DARWIN (of Cambridge) and others have recently made some very interesting researches on the subject of tides. The results of their labours are of a new and startling character. By means of experiments and abstruse calculations, which only accomplished mathematicians can follow, these scientific seers—if we may so call them—have been enabled to interpret, from facts which to us convey very little meaning, the past history of our earth and moon; and also to present us with a glimpse into the future, which cannot fail to be of universal interest. We all live on the same planet, though we shall never see the state of things which must some day come to pass; yet we cannot but listen with interest to those who are able, to some extent, to satisfy our natural curiosity about the future. The results arrived at also give a new and deeper interest to that daily phenomenon of the ebb and flow of the tide, with which most of us are familiar. To the ancients that daily ebb and flow was for many ages a great puzzle. The connection between high tides and a new or full moon was long ago perceived by Pliny and Aristotle, but they could not understand how the tides were caused. This we now know; but it is only of late years that we have realised the great power they possess of regulating the movements of our planet. They are found to exercise a controlling influence upon day and night, the seasons, and perhaps even the weather.

It now appears that not only has the moon for ages and ages been producing tides on the earth, but that in days gone by the earth produced powerful tides on the moon! Nor must we leave out of consideration that great centre of our system called the sun, which, if he were nearer, would have a very powerful effect, but being a long way off, while the moon is quite near to us, his pull upon the earth and its watery envelope is very much less than that exerted by the moon. We may therefore leave solar tides out of consideration for the present, and examine those of the earth and her satellite. The earth rotates on its axis once in very nearly twenty-four hours, while the moon revolves round the earth in twenty-seven days, and takes exactly the same time to rotate once on her axis. This is why

she keeps the same face always turned towards the earth. If any one does not believe that the moon rotates on her axis, let him just try and walk round the table, on which we will suppose a lamp to have been placed. He will soon find that, in order to keep facing the globe of the lamp, it is necessary to effect a slight rotatory movement while going round the table, and by the time he has gone once round he will have faced successively all the four walls of the room; that is, he will have turned round once on his own axis. The popular explanation of the tides is that as each portion of the earth and its ocean in spinning round come under the moon they are lifted up by her attractive influence. A protuberance is thus made; but it does not last long. It soon begins to drop, for it is now being carried away to the west, and therefore ceases to be under the moon. In this way a tidal wave is formed, some parts of the earth and ocean being gently drawn up, others as gently subsiding. A similar protuberance is caused on the other side of the earth; the water on that side being less pulled up than the earth underneath it. Hence there are always two protuberances travelling round the earth at a distance of 180° from each other. It is clear, therefore, that the movement of the tides is partly due to the earth's rotation on its axis. Stop that rotation and they cease to travel, that is, the tides practically cease. The protuberances would be there, but we should not be made aware of their existence. It may be new to some that there are tides in the solid earth as well as in the ocean; but it is an undoubted fact. Sir William Thomson has shown that if the earth were quite rigid and unyielding the ocean tides would be much greater than they are, and that what we see is the excess of the ocean-tide over the land-tide. He has also drawn some other important conclusions from this yielding of its crust to the pull exerted by the moon with regard to the state of the earth's interior.

Professor Darwin has shown that the moon once belonged to the earth. The two rotated as one mass. But owing to the centrifugal force of the outer portion, and also to the continued daily throb of the solar tide, the outer and lighter portion was partly thrown and partly pulled off. Being in a semi-fluid, or viscous state, it assumed a spherical shape—as its parent did before it. The pull of the earth was too strong to allow it to fly away into space, and so it was forced to begin revolving round its parent. In this way, then, solar tides (tides caused by the sun) had a good deal to do with the birth of the moon. Both were very hot, and consequently unfit for vegetable or animal life; but they have had plenty of time to cool since then, and the moon seems to have cooled more rapidly. It is almost a cold body, so far as we can tell with instruments for detecting rays of heat. Being smaller, it naturally would cool more quickly. Now at this period Professor Darwin calculates that the moon went round the earth in about three hours. It also made one rotation on its axis in that time. The earth's day, or period of rotation, was also

the same. The moon kept, as now, the same face towards the earth. But this state of things, he says, could not last. It was not a stable condition of affairs; and as a man who has lost his balance must fall, so the moon must either have gone back to the earth to be reabsorbed, or it must have begun to retreat. Our satellite was somehow so influenced that she decided on the latter course, and retreating she has been ever since. At the same time, both bodies began to slacken their rotation, the moon more so than the earth. What follows from this? Clearly it follows that the tidal protuberances made on the moon by the earth's attraction must begin to travel round the moon (because she was rotating more slowly, and not keeping the same face to the earth). In other words, tidal waves were started on the moon. She was too hot then for an ocean of water to exist on her surface, and so these tides were land-tides, or upheavals of the solid or semi-fluid mass of the moon; but that does not affect the argument. The tidal wave must have caused friction, and friction would tend to diminish the rate of rotation, just as when you put the break on to a carriage wheel. And so these tides, caused by the earth's pull, acted like a break on the moon, and retarded its rotation. This went on for ages, until the rotation became so slow, that at last it took the moon twenty-seven days to make a single rotation.

This, then, is what the earth has brought the moon to. But the action has been mutual. The moon, by way of revenge, has been steadily acting in the same way on her parent. A similar friction of tidal waves produced by the moon has been for ages lengthening the terrestrial day, until from three hours it has grown to 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds. Thus the parent acts on the child and the child on the parent. It has even been found possible to calculate roughly the time during which these changes have been taking place. Professor Darwin put it down at about fifty-seven millions of years. But he has also attempted a glance into the future, which tells us that this 'tidal retardation,' as it is called, will go on until, in about 150 millions of years from now, the length of the day will be 1400 hours! But whenever this state of things is reached the moon's day and month will also be 1400 hours, and in that case tides would cease. This state of things will be more permanent, and would last for countless ages, were it not for the influence of the sun. Solar tides, or tides caused by the sun, must then begin to make their influence felt, and that influence would also be a retarding one. So the earth and moon would not be left in peace to keep things as they had mutually arranged. An endless series of complications would be introduced, into which we need not enter further than to say that probably the earth's rotation will be so much further reduced that the day and the year will be equal. After that, if the world lasts long enough, rotation must cease altogether. This would cause a sad state of things, for in that case there would be no seasons, but only a six-months day and a six-months night! This is a

startling result, and perhaps seems, to the uninitiated, incredible. But the calculations are accepted by those competent to judge of such matters.

An interesting discovery concerning the satellite, or moon, of the planet Mars, tends to confirm the above results in a very striking way. This moon presents a phenomenon unparalleled in the solar system. It revolves round Mars once in seven hours, while Mars itself takes twenty-four hours to rotate once on its own axis. Consequently if there are any dwellers on that planet, their month is shorter than their day! This curious fact is explained by the influence of tides caused by the sun. Solar tides have reduced this ancient warrior-planet to such a feeble state that his satellite can now run round him faster than he can turn himself round. It must have taken a long time to effect this. We may therefore conclude that Mars is probably older than the earth, and is a standing—or rather revolving—warning of what we are coming to! Mars is so near to us that we can obtain glimpses of its physical geography. The snow-caps at the poles are distinctly discernible, and astronomers have made maps showing the distribution of land and water. A glance at a map of Mars shows that its seas are much longer and narrower than those of our earth. It has been suggested, and with good reason, that this comparative scarcity of water is what might be expected in an older planet. Thus the rapid movement of the satellite and the physical condition of the planet itself can both be explained on the supposition of greater antiquity. And if the moon has, in the course of ages, entirely lost not only her atmosphere, but her oceans too, why should not Mars be slowly losing its watery envelope? This is a very fair conclusion, and naturally leads to the question, 'Will the earth some day be like Mars?' It is very likely. Nay, more, it is very likely that the earth will some day dry up and become like the moon. Mars and the moon would seem to show us stages through which the earth itself must pass; for it is believed that every year a small quantity of water is absorbed into the earth and lost.

The moon would seem to be a witness in the heavens testifying to a coming time when 'this green flowery rock-built earth' shall cease to be an abode of life; when its surface shall be as barren, as dry, cold and lifeless, as that of the moon is now! It will have no heat but what it gets from the sun. One side will be very hot (by radiation from the sun), and the other very cold.

Finally, it has been concluded that the solar system carries in itself the sure signs of its own decay, that 'the elements will melt with fervent heat,' and, finally, that the whole system will once more be reduced to that simple chaotic and nebulous state from which Kant and Laplace have already traced it.

Further than this the boldest imagination will not dare to adventure. The great geologist Hutton said, with regard to the stratified

rocks of the earth, that he could see 'no trace of a beginning, no sign of an end.' But had he lived in these days his mind probably would have been powerfully influenced by these discoveries in a region into which he had not dared to penetrate. And he would doubtless have rejoiced, as we rejoice to-day, in the enlargement of that horizon which, though receding, still so greatly limits the range of man's intellectual vision.

CHRISTIAN'S NAME.

BY JOANNA HARRISON.

CHAPTER III.

'HAUD the licht straight, Meg, like a woman. He'll need a shirt, or maybe twa, an' here his flannels, puir auld body. Hech! it's an awfu' job this. What's to come o' the bairn, think ye?'

Chris heard these words dimly as she wakened from a sleep, and for some minutes she did not know whether they were a reality or part of a dream.

Hours had passed since her last visitor had ridden away; night had closed in, and still old Peter did not come home. Poor little Chris had laboured to get his supper ready and to place his chair as he liked it best, and then had watched and waited, and cried with weariness and disappointment, until at last, quite worn out, she dropped asleep upon the floor. Now, roused by strange voices and a glimmer of light, she rubbed her eyes and sat up. Two women were standing before the press in the corner where both Chris and her grandfather kept their clothes. They were so intent upon what they were doing that they had not seen the child.

One was a bent old woman with an ugly, ill-tempered face. She stood peering into the cupboard, holding a lantern, while the other, who was tall, stout, and matronly, was rapidly taking out some articles of clothing from the shelves, and throwing them over her arm, talking all the while in a good-natured, careless fashion.

'Toots, Janet! that's enough,' said the older woman. 'What needs we lade wersel's? My certy! thon's a bonny neepkin. I would like fine to hae a neepkin like yon.'

Her companion laughed loud. 'Out o' the drawer wi' your hands now, Meg, or that neepkin will sune be in your pouch, I ken fine. Losh, what's that?' she cried, with a start, as Chris made a sudden movement. 'Bairn, are ye no in yer bed?'

'Where is Gran?' cried Chris. 'Oh, Gran, Gran!' and she ran wildly to the door and then up and down the cottage, as if with some faint hope of finding him.

'That's you, Janet Mucklehose,' said old Meg crossly. 'Ye've wakened her wi' yer lang clavering tongue. Come awa' now, haste

ye, an' steek the door after ye, we'll no need to pit aff time.' She drew her companion away, thrusting aside poor little Chris, who clung to them with sobs and entreaties to be told what had become of 'Gran.'

The younger woman hesitated. 'We canna leave her here her lane, puir thing,' she said, 'an' the auld man maybe deein'. It's awfu', Meg.'

'Tak' her to the auld man then, an' see what they'll say to ye yonder,' said old Meg, with a sneer; 'ye're nae better nor a fule, Janet.'

'She'll can bide wi' me the nicht, onyway,' returned Janet firmly. 'Tak' you the duds to the auld man, Meg. If they gie you siller you can keep it a', for me.' And hastily flinging the bundle of clothes to the old woman, she wrapped her own shawl round Chris, and lifting her in her strong motherly arms, carried her out of the cottage into the starlight, and walked off fast in the direction of the village. Chris made no objection, for she had no doubt that she was being taken to her grandfather; but when she asked presently how long it would be before they got to him, the woman gave her an impatient shake.

'Tuts, haud yer tongue,' she said. 'Granfaither, quo' she'? What way could you see yer granfaither, an' him wi's leg new aff?' She stopped as she felt the child sob and shiver in her arms, and went on more gently. 'Yer granfaither's gotten a sair hurt, Chrissie—it's the horse that kickit him—but he'll maybe no dee. Hoot no, he'll do fine wantin' a leg.'

Chris began to sob again. 'Is it very sore?' she gasped.

'His leg? It was a' to pieces, ye ken, an' the doctor at th' infirmary was to cut it aff. Ye dinna need to fash yersel', its awa, awa,' and Janet made a flourish in the air with the arm which was not round Chris, to show that it was foolish to discompose herself for such a mere trifle as the loss of a limb.

Another half hour's weary trudge brought them to the village, where a few lights glittered irregularly from the cottage windows, and one larger one issued from the blacksmith's forge which stood a little apart. Janet opened the door of the cottage which adjoined it, and set down her burden on the stone floor of the little kitchen. It felt hot and close after the fresh damp air outside; it seemed full of light and noise and movement, and was crowded with human beings. It was some minutes before Chris's dazed and weary eyes could distinguish who the inmates were. They consisted of seven or eight children who had been sitting or standing about the room, and who now crowded round their mother, clamouring for their supper, while their father, the blacksmith, who was sitting beside the fire, withdrew his pipe from his mouth to ask whether the 'auld man was aye livin'.'

'That's mair than I can say,' answered Janet, as she stepped across the room to pick up a baby, which had been roaring in its cradle for

an unknown length of time. 'Yon's his bairn,' she went on, pointing to Chris, 'sae ye can haud yer tongues afore her. It's time ye were a' bedded.'

'It's aicht o'clock,' remarked the blacksmith, who was as slow of speech as his wife was rapid. He looked at Chris with wonder expressed in his heavy face. 'Wife,' he said at last, 'gie her a drap parritch.'

Janet, who had been busy with her baby while he spoke, now took an iron pot from the fire, and poured out the porridge into various wooden bowls, plates, and pie-dishes which her eldest girl brought her, while another child set down a tin pitcher of milk. There was some disputing over the porridge, as there were not enough dishes for all, therefore the big ones were apt to get more than their share. Janet poured out a special plate for Chris, and taking her own portion in a broken pie-dish, she sat down with her baby at a little distance from the table, and began to feed both it and herself without paying any attention to the elder children. These took very little notice of Chris except by staring at her, although most of them were her schoolfellows; their father's presence kept them in check; only her old enemy, Sandy, the eldest, could not conceal his indignation that a good share of porridge, which *he* might have eaten, should have been wasted on this stranger. He took the biggest bowl he could find in sulky silence, and emptied the milk pitcher, at the bottom of which were two or three struggling flies, over his porridge. The other children were interested in the flies, and thrust their heads nearer to watch one crawl into the island of porridge, while Sandy pushed it back into the milk with his spoon.

'Saundy,' said his father slowly, 'tak yon flee oot o' yer milk.'

'The milk's no sae deep but it can waide oot,' replied Sandy, in an injured tone.

'Wife,' said the blacksmith, 'gie the loon some mair milk.'

'There's plenty o' milk for a' the parritch,' said Sandy, with a wrathful look at Chris; but as both porridge and milk were finished, there was no more to be said, and Janet presently packed the whole party off to bed, putting Chris to sleep between two other little girls in one of the crowded box-beds.

Poor little Chris felt almost too bewildered to understand what had happened to her. She knew in a dim way that something dreadful had happened to her grandfather, something that made her shudder, that was too terrible to be thought of, and yet she hardly believed it was really true, and as she closed her weary eyes she hoped that it was all a dream, and that she would wake up the next morning in her own bed at the cottage, and feel that she was herself again. She did not sleep very soundly, the bed felt so hot and uncomfortable, and in her half-waking moments she heard snatches of talk between Janet and her husband, all upon the same horrible subject, which she was trying so hard to believe unreal. From

Janet's description, she saw the whole scene as if it had happened to some one in a story, and had nothing to do with herself at all. She saw the vicious, kicking horse like some immense horrible monster rather than like a real horse—the people afraid to go near him, all but one brave old man, 'Cripple wi' rheumatism,' as Janet said, and not able to get out of the way. Then the fierce kick, the shattered limb—and what followed Chris dared not think; the voices sank to a whisper, the baby woke and cried and was hushed again to sleep, and Chris at last fell asleep herself, only to dream the same things over again.

With morning all the stir and turmoil of the cottage began again, and Chris shrank from it even more than she had done the night before. Janet bustled about, preparing for the business of the day; scolding one child, and slapping another, but all in a good-humoured way. It was long before she had leisure to attend to Chris, who lay still in bed with wide-open eyes watching her. At length the good-man and most of the children were 'gotten oot o' the road,' as Janet expressed it, and Chris was left alone with her and the baby. Long afterwards Chris remembered that baby, when most other recollections of the time she passed in the blacksmith's cottage had grown dim in her memory. It was a white-faced little thing with goggling eyes, and a head which wagged and rolled loosely on its neck; moreover, it cried a great deal, and Janet at such times used to pace the floor with it in her arms, or sit patiently rocking it and singing—

'Heigh ye, heugh ye, what'll I do wi' ye?
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye.
Mony o' ye, little to gie ye,
Heigh ye, heugh ye, what'll I do wi' ye?'

and then the same words over and over again.

Chris found the song so melancholy that it quite made her cry, and she was glad that Sandy and the older children were not by to see how babyish she had become. All that day and the next she was tired and heavy, and could hardly hold up her head; it was not till the next afternoon that she cared to creep out of the cottage as far as the blacksmith's forge; but then she felt something like pleasure in sitting there in the half darkness, staring into the glowing fire, and listening to the clang of the great hammer. By-and-by two cart-horses came to be shod, and she wondered to see them stand so patiently while the blacksmith and his apprentice clipped and pared their great hoofs, and then nailed on the shoes and filed them, until Chris wondered how any horse could bear such treatment, much less like it, as these seemed to do. When she came in again, Janet told her that there had been a message from her grandfather, who was now lying at the infirmary at King's Haven, nine miles off; that he wished to see her, and Janet proposed that she should go to King's Haven with her 'gude brither, Tam Mucklehose, the first time he

drave coals.' Chris thought no plan could be more delightful, and when the time came, she was carefully hoisted upon the cart by the kind blacksmith, who made a seat for her with straw and sacking; while Janet charged the carter to take good care of her, and deposit her safely at the infirmary.

Tam Mucklehose, who like his brother was a man of few words, grunted amiably, and answered, 'Just so!' He did not look at Chris, because, as Janet had explained to her before, he was 'an extraordinar modest man,' so he gazed into the distance between the ears of his foremost horse all the time Janet was speaking to him. He then got into the cart, and they jolted off.

The morning was bright, and the roads somewhat slippery with frost, which caused some little excitement to Chris, otherwise the journey was unspeakably tedious and long. The carter spoke not a word except to his horses, to whom he sometimes said, 'Hi!' or 'Haud up, mon!' and when he had to get out of the way of any other vehicle, he never did so till the last possible moment. He sometimes walked alongside the cart, sometimes rode on the shaft with his legs dangling, and never took any more notice of Chris than if she had been one of his coals, although she more than once made a little attempt at conversation. At last, after weary hours, the cart jolted over the streets of a town, the driver said, 'Woa! stand, mon!' and lifted Chris down.

'Is it here where Gran is?' she asked him; and he slowly took his thumb out of his waistcoat pocket, and moved it in the direction of a building just opposite. 'Is yon the infirmary?' Chris asked again.

'Just so,' Tam Mucklehose answered, and put his thumb back again. He then turned to his horses and said, 'Chee back, mon!' in order to prepare their minds for turning round, nevertheless, he stood still and waited until he saw that Chris had gone in by the right door.

Chris had quite made up her mind what she ought to say and do, and when the door was opened to her, she asked without any hesitation to see Peter Adamson.

The matron looked laughingly and kindly at the tiny figure. 'Well, I never!' said she; 'what an old-fashioned little thing! So you're Peter's grandchild, my dear?'

'Ay,' said Chris.

'And how did you get here, for goodness sake?'

'I came in the cart wi' the coals.'

The matron laughed again.

'Visitors are not admitted at all hours,' she said briskly; 'do you know that? But yours is a by-ordinary case.'

She looked at the child sharply from head to foot. She was a round-faced, cheerful-looking woman, with a pair of very bright searching eyes; her cap and apron were spotlessly clean.

'You look as if you had been in the coals,' she said at last. 'Come

this way.' She took Chris into her own room, unpinned the big shawl in which Janet had bundled her up, and washed and combed her herself, expressing as she did so much disgust at her untidy condition, and contempt for 'the person, whoever it was,' who had let her leave home in such a state.

'But I'm wantin' to see Gran—that's Peter Adamson,' said Chris.

'Well, I'm going to let you see him,' replied the matron, giving another twitch to her hair. 'Mary!'—she put her head outside the door and called another woman to her—'take this child and give her some of the soup and bread—as much as she'll eat. I'll be back in a little.'

The matron had rather a special favour for Peter, and was determined to be kind to Chris for his sake. It was not that she really liked him—he was too reserved and ungracious for that; but his happened to be the only serious case in the hospital, except that of an old woman or two, who did not interest her—women never did—and she had been most anxious to save Peter's life and her own credit by her skilful nursing.

'I think I've found something he cares about at last,' she thought half angrily, for she was vexed with his unsociable ways. 'He might have got better if he would—nothing to hinder him—but there he lies, more like a caged wild beast than anything else. Nobody good enough for him, I suppose, but that brat of a child.'

Chris had finished her meal and was waiting impatiently when the matron returned.

'Well, have you supped it all?' said she, looking into the bowl. 'Now I'll take you to your grandfather, and you'll be a good girl, and speak to him pretty. You'll not be put about, now, when you see him in his bed? You wouldn't cry, I'm sure—big girls like you never cry.'

Chris looked at her with large eyes of fear and wonder.

'Is Gran's leg awful bad?'

'Never think of it!' said the matron hastily. 'We don't speak about legs here. See and tell him a nice story, now.'

'Ay, I'll do that,' and Chris looked bravely into the woman's face. 'I'll tell him about the fox that cam' into oor hoose.'

The matron nodded approvingly, and led the way into a large, airy, whitewashed room, containing rows of iron beds, not many of which were occupied. But in one, the end one of the row, lay old Peter, his bushy hair and beard showing ivory white against the snow-white pillow, while his blue eyes gleamed fiercely as of old from under the white eyebrows. But the face was small and shrunken and deadly pale, and the thin old hands which lay outside, plucked incessantly at the coverlet, and never rested. The matron drew a chair to the bedside, and with a quick movement lifted Chris upon it.

'Well, Peter, you've got a visitor to-day. Are you going to turn her away, as you did the two good ladies who came to read to you?'

The old man made a slight movement, as if he shrank from her sharp tongue; he looked at her almost entreatingly, but he answered her never a word. Then he looked into Chris's awed and earnest face, and faintly smiled.

'Weel, Chris,' he said, after a long pause, 'ye see a' that's left o' me.'

'Oh, Gran! when are we comin' hame?'

The old man gazed at her yearningly. He lifted one hand and let it fall again upon the coverlet, but he did not speak. Chris's big brown eyes filled to the brim with tears—she did not quite know why; but the matron shook her head at her, and she understood dimly that she must not appear low-spirited; it would be bad for Gran. So she began at once to tell him her story of the fox. The old man ceased plucking at the coverlet, and listened with interest; it pleased him to hear the little voice. Chris herself got excited over the story, but when she came to relate how the fox had gone away from her, her voice faltered, and she was very near crying again. She made a pause to recover herself, and then said bravely, 'But is na it grand that he's livin', Gran, an' that he's gotten awa frae a' thae muckle dowgs?'

Peter looked up with a gleam of the old expression in his face. 'Ye've learnt him the road to the hen-hoose, onyway, Chris,' he said.

The child's face fell. She perceived the truth of this remark, and also she reflected that perhaps no one had fed the hens, or looked after any of the animals since she left, but again this was no time to dwell upon such melancholy thoughts; so she went on to tell Peter about the gentleman in the red coat who had come to see her, and how he had asked to see her grandfather too, and had spoken of Glenfinnary as if he knew him 'lang syne.' 'An' he gave me a shillin' when he gaed awa', and—and—' she felt eagerly in her pocket, but the coin was not forthcoming. 'And—oh, Gran! I had nae mind o' it, and I dinna ken where it is!' She clasped her hands in distress.

'Never heed it, Chris,' said the old man.

'But it was sic a bonny ane,' said Chris. 'It was a yellow ane; I would hae likit you to see it, Gran. I'll gang back to oor hoose an' get it.' She slid down off the chair and came close to the bed.

'Never heed it, Chris,' said old Peter again. A strange light had come into his face, and he tried feebly to raise himself. 'Yon man that gied it you,' he whispered, 'I maun see—the man.'

At this moment the matron came back. She had left the two together while she busied herself with some of her other patients.

'Come away, child,' she said, in her cheerful voice. 'Your Gran has had enough of you, I see. She took hold of Chris to draw her away, but the old man lifted up his hand to stay her.

'Bide,' he said, in the same hoarse whisper. It frightened Chris. She crouched down beside the bed, and hid her face in the clothes.

The old man felt about for her head, and laid his hand on the bright hair. 'Wha'll keep her when I'm gane?' he muttered, but so low that even the nurse did not catch the words. 'Chris'—he spoke again with failing breath. 'The letter—yer mither's—let him read it—nae ither body. An' the ring—have ye aye got it?'

The child felt for the string round her neck, and showed him she had it safe. But the matron would wait no longer. She pulled Chris away impatiently, and desired another nurse to lead her out of sight while she did what she could to revive the fainting old man.

Chris stayed all night in the hospital, and when she woke the next morning in her new surroundings she was eager to know how Gran was, and how soon she might go back and see him. But the servant girl, in whose room she slept, told her she must be very quiet and not give trouble; the mistress had no time to attend to her then, she added, for there had been a death in the house that night.

CHAPTER IV.

When the news spread through the village that Peter Adamson was dead, all the neighbours for miles round were full of sympathy, and regret for his loss.

It is true that not one had cared about him personally, or known him well, yet his death had happened in such a sad and tragical way, that every one was moved by it, and many kindly words were spoken of the old man, and many conjectures raised as to what was to become of his little grandchild.

Little was known of Peter's family history. The villagers only knew for certain that he had come to his cottage as park-keeper eight years before, bringing with him a young infant. This seemed a very strange circumstance, and it greatly roused the curiosity of the neighbourhood. Every one wanted to know who the child's parents were, but no one quite dared to question Peter on the subject. He had, indeed, mentioned to some acquaintance, that it was his daughter's child, and that she was dead, and the report spread that Peter had once had a remarkably pretty daughter, who had run away with an English gentleman, and that the gentleman had cruelly deserted her and her baby; but many of the wives preferred to think that there was witchcraft in the case, because it was impossible that any ordinary human child could thrive without a woman to look after it. They had come to offer their help and advice to Peter when he first arrived, partly, no doubt, from kindness, partly from curiosity; but he sent them all about their business, saying that he needed no one's help; he had reared motherless animals in plenty, and did not suppose a baby required very different treatment. In truth, the little one throve under his care, and never knew a day's illness while Peter lived, which was in the neighbours' eyes only another proof of its uncanny nature. But now in the regret which followed upon

Peter's death ill-feeling was forgotten, and there was a general wish to be kind to the orphan child. The chief question was, however, what was to be done with her; she had no claim upon any one, but all agreed in saying that she should not be allowed to go to the poor's house. They could never forgive themselves, they said, were such a degradation to be put upon Peter's grandchild. The case was discussed at a parish meeting, and it was finally resolved that Chris should live with old Meg Gourlay; her board being paid for partly by the parish, and partly by what remained from the sale of Peter's furniture and live-stock, after the funeral expenses were paid. The minister, Mr. Spence, who, in spite of Peter's contempt for him, was a good charitable man, had the chief share in making this arrangement. He had a high opinion of Meg, whom he considered to be, as he expressed it, 'an experienced Christian, and a woman of singular piety; whose care and example would doubtless conduce to the child's happiness, here and hereafter.' Meg had a smooth tongue before her superiors, however ill-tempered she might be in private, and she had completely won the confidence of the good, simple-minded minister. She declared her willingness to take charge of the child, and care for her as if she were her own; to instruct her in Scripture knowledge; and this arrangement being concluded, the minister, attended by Meg, went to Peter's cottage, to see if there was anything left there which ought to be secured for his grandchild's benefit.

Mr. Spence opened the door, which had been locked by his directions, and entered the little kitchen which looked so dreary now. 'Desolate without an inhabitant,' said he, and sighed, as he looked round at the bare walls, while Meg groaned in sympathy.

Some mischievous hand had already shattered the windows; there was a hole through every pane of glass, and the stones which had been thrown were lying about upon the floor. The minister expressed anger at the wanton destruction.

'This is unseemly,' said he, as he picked up one of the stones and examined it through his spectacles; 'this is most unseemly on the very day of the burial. This is, I may say, in a high degree reprehensible.'

'It's an awfu' sin, sir, as you say,' returned Meg, groaning. 'Gless is worth siller.'

The minister let the stone fall from his hand, and looked round again upon the empty room. Everything movable had been taken away and sold, except the kist, of which he had brought the key with him, and which he now desired Meg to open.

'Can you not manage it?' he said, as she fumbled at the lock.

Meg replied that she did not understand the ways of locks, and resigned the key to Mr. Spence, who found, however, that it opened very easily. The large chest was not more than half full, and only contained some woman's dresses and a scanty supply of linen.

Mr. Spence lifted the lid of the smaller compartment. There was nothing in it but an old knife, a box of percussion caps, a bunch of leather bootlaces, and a few specimens of Scotch pebbles picked up in the neighbourhood. The letter, the moleskin purse, and one or two other small articles which Peter kept in the kist, had disappeared, but Mr. Spence, not knowing of their existence, of course did not miss them. He was disappointed, however, at finding neither money, nor papers, nor, indeed, anything except the merest rubbish.

'There is nothing whatever of value in this chest,' said he, as he relocked it; 'the old man must have been poorer than I supposed. You can assure me, good Mrs. Gourlay, that no one has had access to the cottage before the keys were removed?'

'Naebody was here, sir, but only Janet Mucklehose an' mysel'. I wouldna like to say onything against Janet,' she added, twirling her thumbs; 'I dinna think she's in a state o' grace, but——'

'Enough said,' interrupted the minister. 'Mrs. Mucklehose is a respectable person—very much so, indeed. The contents of this chest, worthless as they are——'

'I wouldna say that, sir,' observed Meg; 'the claes is weel eneugh. A body might wear them brawly—that is, a puir body, ye ken,' she added submissively. 'No ane that's prood or set up, an' no a great muckle wife like Janet——'

'True,' said Mr. Spence, as he once more adjusted his spectacles to survey the clothes. 'You speak truly, Mrs. Gourlay, and I should do wrong to contemn these articles of female apparel, which the orphan may yet find useful, should she be spared to attain the requisite stature. I will keep the chest therefore at the manse until she is of an age to inherit them—always supposing, that is, that she be spared.'

And in spite of the murmured objections of Meg, who predicted, not without reason, that the garments would be consumed by moths long before Chris was ready to wear them, Mr. Spence locked up the chest and the cottage, put the keys into his pocket and departed, leaving Meg outside.

Chris could hardly remember what happened to her during the first few days of her stay with Meg. She was full of grief and bewilderment, and could only cry, and feel that since her grandfather, her only friend, was dead, she had no hope left in the world, and could never be happy again.

Meg was not unkind to her during those first days of her grief. She could not well be so with the eye of the neighbourhood upon her, for every now and then one or two of the village matrons would look in to ask Chris how she did, and bid her cheer up; and then they would linger to talk with Meg about old Peter's death-bed, and discuss the accident, and wonder what sort of an end he had made, and shake their heads, for they all feared it had not been a good one.

As these visits grew less frequent, Chris began to discover that old

Meg's temper was very much shorter than she had supposed at first. She had been told by several persons, and especially by Meg herself, that she ought to love her as a parent, and this she had never been able to do, as she considered her habits dirty and her appearance repulsive; still, she supposed her to be an excellent woman in her own peculiar way. But when little Chris awoke from her stupor of grief, and felt the need of kind words, and the love and care she had always been accustomed to, and received instead grumblings and curses, and sometimes even blows, she began to feel, not sorrowful, but wicked, and to hate old Meg with a fierce hatred. She hated the very sight of the old woman as she sat crouching over the fire mumbling with her toothless jaws, or smoking a grimy old pipe, as was her custom; for she did not trouble herself to move about much now that she had Chris to do her errands for her. The child would have been glad enough now to go to school, but there was no time for that; Meg could not spare her. There was not much work to be done, it is true; the cottage was very seldom cleaned, and the bed, there was but one, very seldom made; but once a fortnight or so Meg had a baking day, and then she and Chris lived upon the oat and peasemeal bannocks as long as they lasted, though after ten days or so they became quite mouldy, and crumbled away when one touched them. Meg did not mind; she cared little for solid food, except a potato occasionally, but lived chiefly upon tea, and whisky from the shop; and when in a good humour, she sometimes gave Chris a drink of tea out of her saucer, as she could not go to the expense of buying a cup for her.

Chris had no property of her own now, even the ring she wore round her neck was gone from her. With all her care she had not been able to keep it hidden from Meg, and the old woman had tried to take it off, which Chris resisted fiercely. She refused to let Meg have it in her hand, or even touch it; and as neither threats nor coaxing had any effect, Meg at last gave up the struggle, merely remarking with a laugh that she was a 'queer ane.' Chris was surprised at her good-humour, and took care not to remind her of the subject of dispute, which was not again mentioned.

A few nights after this, when Chris was in bed, she woke up suddenly with a start and a scream, which seemed to rouse old Meg, who was lying beside her, and who now rose on her elbow to ask, crossly, what the matter was.

'Oh! I've had a dream—an awfu' dream!' gasped Chris, who was trembling violently. 'Oh, I felt hands on my throat—they were chokin' me!'—and she slipped out of the bed upon the floor, where she sat sobbing convulsively. Meg scolded her, and declared that now Chris had come to live in the house, she had no peace in her life.

'Keepin' a body frae their very sleep wi' yer dreams an' yer havers! Can I no get rested for ye, nicht nor day? Come inower to yer bed, ye little taed, or I'll tak' the stick to ye! Ye're a real tor*ment*.'

As the old woman, with many curses, crawled out of bed, and began groping about the room as if to search for the stick, Chris obeyed, and made no further disturbance that night. But the next morning Meg was again startled by a loud cry from the child, who suddenly sprang upon her like a wild cat, and seized her by the arm.

'My ring! my ring! Gie me my ring! I ken you've gotten it!'

'Bairn!' said Meg, freeing herself with violence from Chris's clutch, and giving her a couple of blows with her clenched fist, which sent her staggering across the room. 'Bairn, you'll be my deith! I dinna think you're a bairn—you're a deevil! What's a' this wark aboot noo?'

'But my ring?' said Chris, as she picked herself up, and confronted Meg once more. 'The string's broke, an' the ring's awa'. I *will* hae it!'

Meg protested, with the air of one tried beyond human endurance, that she had not seen Chris's ring, and did not want to see it.

'I kent ye would loss it,' she said. 'The string broke? String's bound to break if ye canna bide still nicht nor day. Ye're the awfullest bairn. Gang awa' an' seek for it, than, I'm no gaun to be fashed wi' ye.'

Chris did seek for her ring with a sort of forlorn hope, whenever she had a spare moment; but she felt the search was useless, and after a time she gave it up, and tried to pretend she did not care.

But as days and weeks went on, the life with old Meg became more and more hateful to the child. One day, Meg was smoking as usual by the fire, and Chris was sitting by the window with a sullen look upon her little face. Meg did not happen to want anything, so Chris was doing nothing, only thinking. She stared blankly out of the window at the dreary wintry landscape, at the bare sodden fields, where the lingering snow-patches were fast changing into muddy pools of water, at the innkeeper's draggled fowls which, huddled closely together, were trying to get warmth and shelter under the little rough-thatched oat-stack which supplied bedding for his cow.

'Some day,' Chris was thinking, 'I shall run away—far away over those fields, where Meg cannot come hobbling after me—away into the wide world and be a beggar-lassie. I think that would be fine! I would go to-day, only—my legs are so tired, I couldna run. And maybe it would be better when the roads are drier, if I can bide that long wi' *her*.' And she looked at Meg, who was sitting nodding her old head, and working her jaws up and down.

Chris clenched her hands and set her teeth wickedly.

'I hate you—I hate you!' she whispered half aloud. 'Ah, how I hate you! I wish that you were dead!'

Meg was too deaf to hear the whisper, but a movement outside a moment later made her turn round. Suddenly her face changed; she snatched the pipe from her lips and hid it with a marvellously quick movement, like some crafty bird, while she croaked out—

'Chris, ye little deevil, oot wi' the Bible—haste ye!'

'The Bible?' said Chris, rising sulkily and without haste. 'I didna ken ye had a Bi——'

'*Will* ye haud yer tongue?' said the old woman, giving her a swift buffet in passing as she, with wonderful activity, sprang to a shelf and took down a large book. 'The meenister, ye little fule—the meenister's comin' in. Deevil, that I hadna gotten ye oot o' the road!'

She had only time to hiss out these words in an emphatic undertone, when the latch was lifted gently and Mr. Spence entered without knocking, for he knew that Meg was very deaf. He only saw what to him was the pleasing sight of a good old woman sitting reading her Bible, on which she was too intent to be aware of his presence in the room.

'Good-day to you, Mrs. Gourlay,' said he, coming close to her and raising his voice. 'I am glad to find you once more studying the best of books—your usual employment, I think?'

'Eh, sir,' said Meg, rising slowly, with shaking head, 'ye gave me an unco start the day. Ye ken I'm that dull o' hearin'. Chris, ye—puir wee lammie, come here an' dight a chair for the meenister.'

'And how is your little charge?' inquired Mr. Spence, looking benevolently at Chris as he took the chair she had dusted for him. 'It was anent her, Mrs. Gourley, that I came to have some talk with you. You have instructed her, no doubt, as you engaged to do. I suppose you found her totally ignorant of religious truths when she came to you?'

Meg shook her head and groaned, as she did not know exactly what to answer.

'We're a' sinners,' she said at last, 'a' sinners. But she's an awfu' bad lassie that, sir.'

'Ah,' said the good minister, looking sadly at the child, 'I judged as much. But we must be patient, Mrs. Gourlay, we must make allowances. Remember she has never been brought under any good influences till now. Come here, Christian, my poor child. Do you know that you have an immortal soul?'

Chris drew nearer at the sound of the mild voice, and looked up into the minister's face without speaking, but yet intelligently, for she was neither so young nor so ignorant as Mr. Spence supposed, and had learnt about religion at school as children did in those days.

'Do you know that you have a soul?' the minister went on, 'a soul which will live for ever after your body is laid in the grave. Would you not like to live for ever with the Saints and Angels in Heaven?'

'I dinna ken,' said Chris, hesitating.

The minister looked surprised and stern.

'If you are not good you must dwell for ever with the devil and his angels, amidst fire and darkness and chains. Are you not afraid to think of going there?'

'I dinna ken,' said Chris again. 'I would like to gang where Gran is.'

'Isna that awfu'?' exclaimed Meg, whose favourite doctrine, indeed the only one she distinctly understood, was the eternal damnation of the greater number of her acquaintances. 'I ay tell't her the auld heathen was awa' to the pit of fire, an——'

'Hush, hush, Mrs. Gourlay,' said the minister, who looked both pained and perplexed, 'it is undesirable to suggest this idea to so young a child. Her young heart still clings to her grandfather, and it would ill become us to say for certain that a fellow-creature had gone to hell.'

'I dinna ken what ither gait he could gang than,' said Meg, disappointed and rather sulky at being found fault with, 'I never heard tell that he made a gude end. But maybe, sir, you ken mair perteeklers?' Her eye twinkled cunningly as she asked this question in a more submissive tone.

The minister sighed and shook his head. 'I came here,' said he, 'partly with a view to bringing this child to Christian Baptism, that is, supposing her to be unbaptized, as I suppose she is; but I fear she is yet too uninstructed. Have you any wish for Baptism, my child?'

Chris gazed at him with wistful eyes, full of thoughts to which she could not give expression.

'Would you like to be christened?'

Chris had in her heart a great wish to be a christened child. She thought she would then have a right to her name, but she did not know what her grandfather's wishes might have been, and she did not want to run the risk of going to Heaven, supposing he were not there. She looked at Mr. Spence earnestly, and wrung her hands, as if the words she wished to say would not come.

'Well,' said he kindly, 'speak out, don't be afraid. Let me hear what you have to say.'

'I'm no feared,' said Chris, 'I—I want to ken——'

'Well,' said the minister again.

'*Is* Gran in Heaven?' said Chris, and in her earnestness she laid her hand upon the minister's coat. 'D'ye think he is?'

He looked at her compassionately. 'My child,' he said, hesitating, 'we cannot tell.'

'But we dinna think it,' said Meg's harsh voice, in a tone of decision.

Chris looked quickly from one to the other. 'Then I'll no be christened,' she said, and she turned her back upon them both, and went and sat down at the end of the room.

The minister took up his umbrella and prepared to go. He had come full of zeal, hoping to do a good work, and felt vexed and disappointed.

'It is much to be regretted,' he said to Meg, 'that she looks upon the matter in this way. I had thought her Christian up-bringing so

safe in your hands, that I might have called upon you as engaging parent, to fulfil the duties incumbent on such a one. We must wait, however. In the meantime you must use gentleness——'

'She's an ungratefu' hizzy,' interrupted Meg, energetically. '*Me* her engaging parent?' (and, indeed, she did not look much like one). 'Weel I'm sure, set her up! there's nae gude will come o' her, sir, she'll be a reprobate frae grace like the auld man—indeed, she's a fair tor-ment to me. Ye've nae need to file yer boots travellin' thae guttery roads for the likes of her.'

The minister glanced from his muddy boots to Chris's downcast figure, and then looked doubtfully at Meg, and made a motion with his hand to silence her shrill tongue.

'Patience, Mrs. Gourlay,' he said, 'patience. I fear,' he went on, half to himself, 'that I have erred in this matter. I have been hasty and over confident.'

He turned to leave the cottage, but on his way to the door he paused to look regretfully at Chris. The child had seated herself with her face to the wall and her shoulders drawn up, looking the very picture of sullenness.

'So you despise instruction?' he said to her, in a severe tone; 'you do not desire a place in the Christian Church?'

No answer from Chris, only one shoulder went up a little higher, and one small foot gave a kick to the wall in front of her. The minister stood still a moment and looked at her.

'Baptism hath no virtue in itself,' he said. 'For that, you may well wait till you are older. But remember, "He that denieth Christ before men shall be denied before the angels of God."'

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

VIII.

THE DRAMA OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

As has been well observed, the most dramatic of modern nations had no national drama at the time when Corneille evoked order out of chaos. Under the influence of the Pléiade, French tragedians followed classic models, and worked within very narrow limits, obedient to the three unities of time, place, and action, the crisis only of a story being given instead of the whole, the action passing in one place, and the time being limited to twenty-four hours. No secondary plot, such as the story of Lorenzo and Jessica in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, was allowable, and one paramount passion was to be depicted, an idea which our own Joanna Baillie worked out, with the result of producing studies, not living plays. Tragedy and comedy were rigidly separated; royalties, courtiers, and generals fill the parts in the former; the bourgeoisie appear only in the latter—a characteristic fact, which paints the period.

We see at once that these rules and traditions make such plays as those of the English school impossible, and forbid the drama to attempt to offer a true picture of real life or complicated character, but allow, and indeed demand, a high degree of polish and concentration. Comedy, however, shook itself partially free from this bondage; but tragedy submitted to its fetters down to the time of the Revolution, growing more and more artificial, and harping continually on a well-known range of subjects as it fell more and more into the hands of third- and fourth-rate dramatists, until Berchoux, exasperated, exclaimed—

'Qui me délivrera des Grecs et des Romains?
Du sein de leurs tombeaux ces peuples inhumains
Feront assurément le malheur de ma vie! . . .
Quand je fus au théâtre
Je n'entendois jamais que Phèdre, Cléopâtre,
Ariadné, Didon, leurs amants, leurs époux,
Tous princes enragés, hurlant comme les loups.
Rodogune, Jocaste, et puis les Pélopides,
Et tant d'autres héros, noblement parricides;
Et toi, triste famille, à qui Dieu fasse paix,
Race d'Agamemnon, qui ne finis jamais;
Dont je voyais partout les quérelles antiques,
Et les assassinats, mis en vers héroïques!'

Even actors were bound by traditional rules; Lady Morgan, in her amusing account of her visit to France after the Restoration, tells us that Talma's admirable presentment of Nero in Racine's *Britannicus* was coldly received, because it was original, and not according to tradition. 'If I attempt the least innovation,' he said to her, 'if I frown a shade deeper to-night than I frowned last night in the same character, the pit are sure to call me to order!' No vehement gestures were tolerated in Corneille's time—no brutality, such as the French stage constantly permits now. 'Que vous tuez mal!' cried Gardel, nearly a century later, to a prince who was stabbing a princess. 'Tuez-la donc avec grâce!' A heroine dying of poison in agonies on the stage, no matter who acted the part, would have been then impossible.

We have said that to Corneille belongs the honour of organising the French drama. Before his time the French stage had plays—but what plays! 'At a period when nothing was represented but sensational adventures, he gave to tragedy a moral aim, and used it to elevate the mind by portraying heroic characters, lofty feelings, objects worthy of admiration and fit to inspire love of duty and virtue, and a taste for whatever is great and beautiful.'* Perhaps it is to Corneille that France owes some of her great deeds. 'Were he alive I would make him a prince,' was the characteristic speech of Bonaparte.

It is very difficult for the ordinary English reader to enter into the merits of classical French poetry; to do so seems to require a different turn of mind and training to ours; we miss the delicate shades of language, the turn of phrase which says so much to a French reader. For instance, when Narcisse in Racine's *Britannicus* is trying to regain his evil influence over Nero, all through the scene Nero uses 'vous' to Narcisse, until, suddenly yielding to his insinuations, he exclaims, 'Mais, Narcisse, dis-moi, que veux-tu que je fasse?' The change to the familiar second person singular at once conveys the knowledge that the two are no longer Emperor and courtier, but accomplices in crime. The *tutoiement* is enough to show this—to a French ear.

Perhaps on the whole an English reader appreciates Corneille's manly strength—he has been called the Michael Angelo of French poetry—better than the tender and finished grace of Racine. To realise the different styles of the two dramatists we cannot do better than follow M. Legouvé, and compare what he calls 'two sister scenes,' one from the *Cinna* of Corneille, the other from the *Britannicus* of Racine. In the former we have Augustus and Cinna, in the latter Nero and Agrippina. Augustus overwhelms the traitor by the enumeration of the favours and kindnesses which he has showered upon him; Agrippina seeks to shame Nero by holding up before him his monstrous ingratitude. We will first see how Corneille treats his

* Roche's 'Histoire des principaux écrivains français.'

subject. He begins with calm dignity, bidding Cinna sit down and listen in silence; he may say what he will afterwards; and then, standing and fixing his eyes on his companion, forced to sit still and mute, while his alarm, anxiety, and terror increase every moment, the Emperor bids him recollect that he had treated him—although his born enemy—as his dearest friend, had restored his patrimony, enriched him with the confiscated wealth of Mark Antony, given him every boon he has asked—every word is a stab to the guilty conscience of Cinna—and in return, what? 'Tu veux m'assassiner demain au Capitole!' Coldly and calmly Augustus continues; he knows everything, when and how the blow is to be given; he enumerates the eleven conspirators, 'Procule, Glabrion, Virginian, Rutile,' and all the rest; each name seems to drop like a blow. And here we may pause to note with what striking effect great masters of style can use what seems a mere list of names. In Macaulay's fine poem on the Armada, how much is due to the introduction of one local name after another! Other instances will occur to the reader. But Augustus does more than cite the conspirators, the last of whom is Maxime, and here he adds a reproach, which stings like a lash: 'Maxime, qu'après toi j'avais le plus aimé,' and then, with sudden and crushing contempt: 'Le reste ne vaut pas la peine d'être nommé.' They are only an inglorious company of ignoble men. The terrible accusation is clinched by one stern line: 'Cinna, tu t'en souviens . . . et veux m'assassiner!'

M. Legouvé compares this scene to the finale of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Before the storm, low, deep, threatening notes are heard from the orchestra, suggesting that heavy pause and brooding oppression felt before the outbreak of a tempest, as if Nature felt its approach, and crouched and shrank in apprehension. Corneille gives the historical words of Augustus, as reported by Seneca, but with what admirable dramatic genius he has constructed the scene in which they are set! How simple is the Emperor's speech, yet how essential is every word; how each strikes home to the conscience of the trembling traitor! What a reserve of indignant scorn we feel in them!

We now turn to Racine, and again we find two interlocutors, but this time mother and son. Agrippina, being a woman, speaks at greater length than does Augustus, and more passionately; she counts up all that she has borne and done and sinned to raise Nero to his present height of power, reminds him of all that he owes her, taunts him with his falsehood and crimes, and then turns suddenly and violently on him with—

> 'Et lorsque, convaincu de tant de perfidies,
> Vous ne deviez me voir que pour les expier,
> C'est vous qui m'ordonnez de me justifier!'

The beginning of her speech, 'Asseyez-vous, Néron, et prenez votre

place,' seems to suggest that Racine had Corneille's great tragedy in his mind; but the treatment is quite different. M. Legouvé almost reproaches Racine for the elegance and studied grace of the diction; but we must remember that here a woman and a queen and a mother is speaking, not an offended sovereign and a man, whose deep displeasure is controlled by a strong will and habitual self-discipline. Cinna trembles and is overwhelmed; Nero is neither angry nor contrite, but—more fatal far!—is simply exceedingly bored; when he replies there is only cold and insolent contempt in his look and tone.

'Non que, si jusqu'à là j'avais pu vous complaire,
Je n'eusse pris plaisir, Madame, à vous céder
Ce pouvoir que vos cris semblent redemander:
Mais Rome veut un maître et non une maîtresse.'

And then he passes on to disdainful reproach, implying a sort of shame for his mother, which is the greatest insult of all. Agrippina's tone changes; from railing she turns to a defence of herself against the accusations which Nero has brought against her: 'Vous êtes un ingrat!' she cries passionately. 'Vous le fûtes toujours!' Let him take her life, if that is what he desires, only it were well to remember that the people might resent it; the deed may cost him his crown; this alone makes her unwilling to die, and Nero replies, as if struck by the suggestion, 'Mais enfin, que voulez-vous qu'on fasse?'

Deceived by this apparent submission, perhaps believing him really softened by her appeal, Agrippina throws off the mask, and harshly, triumphantly demands that her accusers should be punished, that Britannicus and Junia should be free to do as they will, that Nero should admit her to his presence whenever she chooses, and finally, that Burrhus should be humbled. The change of tone is a revelation and a true stroke of genius; Nero replies mildly, and she goes out exultant, blinded by pride and self-confidence, while in the next scene Nero reveals his true self in one of those wonderful lines of which Corneille had the secret—

'J'embrasse mon rival . . . mais c'est pour l'étouffer!'

Talma's presentation of Nero did not at first please the Parisians. 'The constraint of forced and half-given attention,' says Lady Morgan, who saw the tragedy acted in Paris, with the beautiful Mlle. Georges as Agrippina, 'the languor of exhaustion, the restlessness of tedium, and the struggle between some little remains of filial deference and habitual respect, blinded with the haughty impatience of all dictation, were depicted with a keeping, a tact, a fidelity to nature indescribably fine. His transition of attitude; his playing with the embroidered scarf round his neck, and which made a part of his most classical costume; his almost appearing to count its threads in the inanity of his profound ennui, were all traits of the highest

order of acting. In London this acting would have produced a thunder of applause; in Paris it was coldly received because it was innovation, and many a black head in the parterre was searching its classical recesses for some example from some traditional authority of an emperor being restless on his chair, or of the incident of playing with the handkerchief being at all conformable to the necessity "de représenter noblement" in all kings, since the time of Louis le Grand!'

Racine said that of all his plays, *Britannicus* was 'le plus travaillé.' It certainly is one of his most characteristic ones, as 'Cinna' is of Corneille. There is something feminine in the tender grace of Racine, while Corneille loved to dwell on the austerer virtues. Take, for instance, his treatment of paternal affection in 'Les Horace' and 'Le Cid.' The Roman father sends out his sons to fight against their kinsmen, one of whom should be his son-in-law; he is the patriot and citizen, and at first sight appears to be nothing else. Don Dièguе, entrusting Rodrigue with the mission of avenging his insulted honour, exclaims, 'Die or slay!' It seems as if in these stoic souls there was no room for affection, but note how the Roman father breaks down at last, 'Moi-même en cet adieu j'ai les larmes aux yeux;' but still true to himself, he adds, 'Faites votre devoir.' He gives his sons, because Rome needs them, but his heart bleeds inwardly all the same, and his joy bursts forth when his son returns victorious, all the more that, when he believed him a fugitive and a coward, he was ready to slay him with his own hand, as a Roman father had full right to do.

Paternal affection in Corneille's eyes was an affection both manly and tender, a duty rather than a passion; we find the same feeling in Don Dièguе, the Cid's father.

'Va, cours, vole et nous venge,'

he exclaims, himself too old and broken to fight, and it is significant that from this point up to the moment when his insulted honour has been washed white by the death of his enemy, Corneille withdraws the old man from the scene. We need to feel his profound and unjust humiliation in order to sympathise with Rodrigue's sacrifice of Chimène. But when the Cid returns to him, he rejoices as did the father of the Horatii—

'Appui de ma vieillesse et comble de mon heur,
Touche ces cheveux blancs à qui tu rends l'honneur,
Viens baiser cette joue, et reconnais la place
Où fut jadis l'affront que ton courage efface.'

Here the strong reverence for personal and family honour is the ruling passion, as patriotism was in 'Les Horace.'

Even in Corneille's comedy of 'Le Menteur,' which in other hands would have been a farce, Géronte keeps the dignity of a father.

Molière would have made him a ridiculous dupe, and when we recollect how gentle blood was esteemed almost a divine thing in the 17th century, so that a great lady, seeing a peasant woman in violent pain, exclaimed, 'Is it possible that these boors suffer as we do?' the lesson which the father gives his son is even startling in its noble audacity. 'Are you a gentleman?' Géronte asks his son, on discovering that he has lied. Dorante retorts that there is no doubt of it, considering whose son he is. 'Is that enough?' answers Géronte. 'All France thinks so,' is the half-proud, half-careless reply, and then his father exclaims—

'Et ne savez-vous pas avec toute la France
D'où ce titre d'honneur a tiré sa naissance?
Et que la vertu seule a mis en ce haut rang
Ceux qui l'ont jusqu'à moi fait passer dans leur sang.

Dorante.—J'ignorerais un point que n'ignore personne,
Que la vertu l'acquiert comme le sang le donne.

Géronte.—Où le sang a manqué, si la vertu l'acquiert,
Où le sang l'a donné, le vice aussi le perd.
Ce qui naît d'un moyen périt par son contraire;
Tout ce que l'un a fait l'autre le peut défaire;
Et dans la lâcheté du vice où je te voi,
Tu n'es plus gentilhomme, étant sorti de moi!'

By and by a gentler, milder tone shows that there is affection as well as just and high indignation, but the paternal authority and sense of honour are the dominant key. The influence of Corneille is always noble and elevating, and when we compare such scenes as these with Molière's presentment of the relation between parents and children, even while we feel it almost ungrateful to speak severely of that prince of comic writers, we cannot help owning that Rousseau was right in saying that the theatre, and Molière especially, had weakened the sense of filial duty. 'It is a great vice,' he wrote, in his letter on dramatic representations, 'to be a miser; but is it not worse'—he is, of course, alluding to Molière's 'Avare'—'for a son to rob his father, fail in respect, make the most insulting reproaches, and, when the angry father curses him, to reply with a jeering look that he can make no use of his gifts? If the jesting be excellent, is it the less objectionable for that? and is the piece which teaches us to sympathise with the insolent son who uttered it any the less a school of immorality?' It is true that the fathers in Molière really are absurd or vicious; it is the faults and vices of the parent which Molière satirises, not the man as a father; but his spectators are not likely to remember this.

Corneille is the painter of heroism. He had no wish to represent any but noble passions in his tragedies, and, as M. Roche well observes, he depicted the heroism of honour in the 'Cid;' that of patriotism in the 'Horace;' the heroism of clemency in 'Cinna;' enthusiasm of religion and conjugal fidelity in 'Polyeucte;' fraternal

love in 'Rodogune.' He drew men perhaps rather as they should be than as they are.

His first tragedy of 'Médée' was a success rather because it was much better than anything that had gone before it than that it is really good; but it called the attention of the Queen-Mother, Marie de Medici, upon him, and she recommended him to study Spanish. We must not forget that these were the palmy days of Spanish literature. Cervantes and Lope de Vega and Calderon were then read by every cultivated person. The influence of Spain at the Court of Henri Quatre had been such that Sully complained that even the oaths used by the courtiers were Spanish. A number of Spanish words took root in the language, such as *duègue*, *camarade*, *nègre*, and Spanish influence remained powerful even in Louis Quatorze's reign. A year after the 'Médée' was acted, the 'Cid' took Paris by surprise, and founded French tragedy. 'Cela est beau comme le Cid,' is a proverb which remains to testify of the impression which it produced. Richelieu condescended to be jealous, and backed up the impertinent critique of Scudéry, brother of the authoress, and his influence made the newly-founded 'Académie' condemn it—a singular *début* for that learned and literary body, but, as Boileau tells us—

> 'En vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue:
> Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue.'

To show that he was no mere adapter from the Spanish, as his enemies suggested, Corneille produced his 'Horace,' an even finer piece than the 'Cid.' Voltaire, an acute critic, though a bad play-writer, remarks that the answer of the old Roman, when asked what his son could have done against three foes—'Die!' is finer than any speech which he could recollect in classic story, and that there was a great burst of admiration at the answer of the young cousin to his fiercer Roman kinsman's 'Albe vous a nommé, je ne vous connais plus,' —'Je vous connais encore et c'est ce qui me tue.'

This is one of those traits which a French reader feels sublime, while an English one is apt to regard it as a conceit. There is no arguing the matter, the difference of view has deep differences of education and temperament underlying it. Voltaire suggested that Shakespeare's plays should be expurgated by a few well-turned jokes being substituted for the coarse *plaisanteries* of the English author; the tragic scenes of Corneille are apt to appear cold to the foreign reader.

We have already spoken of 'Cinna,' which drew tears from Condé; this fine play was followed by his beautiful 'Polyeucte,' perhaps his masterpiece, although when it was read at the Hôtel Rambouillet, it was not considered a success, and, with a judgment as little just as that of the Academy on the Cid, the Précieuses decided that it was not calculated for acting, as Christian ideas did not lend themselves

to dramatic action! There is a tenderer interest in this play than in any other of Corneille's. As it is less known to the general reader than the 'Cid' or 'Les Horace,' a sketch of the plot may be welcome. The subject is taken from a collection of Lives of the Saints, dating from the tenth century, which tells how Néarque and Polyeucte, young Armenian nobles, were close friends, although the one was a Christian, the other a heathen, nominally only, however, for on hearing of the proclamation of Decius against the Christians, Polyeucte declares himself a convert, and breaks the idols in his city of Melikene. His father-in-law, Félix, whose duty it is to carry out the edict, implores, threatens, sends his wife to beseech him to retract, but all in vain. Polyeucte dies a martyr to his faith.

In Corneille's version, Polyeucte is already a Christian, and invites his friend to witness his baptism. Pauline, in obedience to her father, has married him, although her heart was already given to a Roman knight, Sevère, who is supposed to have fallen in battle. Hardly has she told her sad little story than she learns that he yet lives, and is coming to preside over a great sacrifice to the gods, which Decius has commanded. Félix, her father, much alarmed to find that he has deprived a man high in the Emperor's favour of his bride, bitterly repents that he has given his daughter to Polyeucte. Then comes the episode of breaking the idols and the arrest of the audacious convert. Pauline has only to let events take their course, and the death of her husband will leave her free to marry Sevère; but Corneille's heroine can act no such unworthy part; she makes every effort to deliver Polyeucte, even appealing to the generosity which she knows Sevère possesses to induce him to save his rival, and the situation is treated with a high-minded delicacy, such as it would be difficult to find an example of in later plays. But though she does not appeal in vain, Polyeucte will not yield—he dies, and his death converts his wife and her father, while Sevère, refusing to continue the persecution, makes an eloquent speech, which reads like irony when we remember the treatment which the Huguenots were to receive in this reign of Louis le Grand.

Corneille's next works, 'Pompée,' 'Rodogune,' and 'Héraclius' are greatly superior to all which followed; he had not the instinct of choosing with certainty happy subjects for his pieces, and as soon as he deserted those where strongly conceived characters act amid striking and simpler scenes, and tried to write a play of plot, he became weak and even absurd. Voltaire remarks truly that he is only feeble and cold when not sustained by the strength of his subject. Almost everything which he has expressed poorly did not deserve to be expressed at all. His style is simple and strong, with none of Racine's studied grace of diction; each word seems indispensable, although it is true that sometimes the taste of the day for playing on words, which we also find in Shakespeare, peeps out, and there is an occasional touch of the Précieuse in some of his conversations; like Wordsworth, he has no sense of the ridiculous.

Usually Corneille worked within strict limits of morality and good taste, but his 'Théodore' offended against both, though certainly this was not his intention. The failure of his later pieces grieved and mortified him profoundly, and in 1653 he gave up writing for the stage.

He and his far less celebrated brother Thomas married sisters, daughters of the Lieutenant-General De Lampérière, who at first positively rejected the great dramatist's proposals, on the reasonable ground that his daughter had very little money, and her suitor none at all. Richelieu happening to hear of this, and finding that Corneille was too unhappy and troubled to compose, sent for M. de Lampérière, who came up to Paris much alarmed by this summons from the terrible minister, and was so much relieved to find that he could satisfy him by giving his daughter to Corneille that he gladly consented to the match. The households of the two brothers were very happy ones. Ducis tells us so in his pretty verses on the two wives—

'Ce n'était que de bonnes mères,
Des femmes à leurs maris chères
Qui les aimaient jusqu'au trépas;
Deux tendres sœurs qui, sans débats,
Veillaient au bonheur des deux frères,
Filant beaucoup, n'écrivant pas.

'Les deux maisons n'en faisaient qu'une;
Les clefs, la bourse était commune;
Les femmes n'étaient jamais deux.
Tous les vœux étaient unanimes;
Les enfants confondaient leurs jeux;
Les pères se prêtaient leurs rimes;
Le même vin coulait pour eux. . . .

'C'est ainsi qu'au sein du silence
Ces deux frères, loin des grandeurs,
Vivaient opulents d'innocence,
De travail, de paix et de mœurs.
Doucement vers la rive noire
Il s'avançaient du même pas,
Des maris on vantait la gloire;
Des femmes on ne parlait pas.'

Corneille was not only a good husband, but a good son and brother, supporting a widowed mother, and dowering his many sisters, one of whom married a lawyer of Rouen, and was the mother of Fontenelle, who wrote his uncle's biography. Like Corneille, he gave up the bar for literature, and attempted dramatic poetry, with no result except to array four great satirists against him, two of whom were Racine and Boileau. He felt about unsuccessfully before he found out his real bent, which was then quite novel; namely, making scientific knowledge popular. His essay on the 'Plurality of Worlds' was a very remarkable work for that time, and his pleasant and limpid style brought abstruse subjects within the grasp of the general reader, and his knowledge was both great and varied. He lived to

extreme old age, with hardly diminished powers, down to the time when the battle of the Encyclopædists raged most fiercely, and evidently alarmed him, though in earlier life he seemed to belong to that party. Hallam's view is that his best works were the Eulogies on the deceased members of the Academy of Sciences, of which he was President; he had abundant opportunities of pronouncing them, since this was his office during the long period of forty years. Of his 'History of Oracles,' Hallam says that it marks an important change then beginning to work in literature, bringing about a coalition of learning and letters, long so independent, and even hostile to one another. Fontenelle belongs to the Hôtel Rambouillet by his earliest works, and to the 18th century by his later ones. Although a striking figure in the history of literature, he was a man of talent, not genius, and in none of his works has he attained to the first rank among writers.

Questions.

7. What was the state of the French drama before Corneille wrote?

8. Give a sketch of Corneille's life, and describe the plot of whichever you consider his best work, giving your reasons for this preference.

9. What merits and defects characterise Corneille?

10. Mention some minor tragedians contemporary with Corneille.

11. Contrast the Romantic and Classical schools of tragedy.

12. Did Corneille create his audiences, or did he find it waiting for him?

Books recommended: Roche, *Hist. des écrivains français;* Van Laun, *Hist. of French Literature,* vol. ii.

FRENCH LITERATURE CLASS.

Entrance fee, 2*s.* 6*d.* For an additional 2*s.* 6*d.* *and postage,* competitors may have their papers returned with criticisms.

First prize, books to the value of £3 (not £5); second prize, books to the value of £2. The prizes are awarded to the most successful competitors in the series of six papers.

Answers to be sent to Miss Norris, Walnut-Tree Road, Cockington, South Devon.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Are elaborate musical and otherwise ornamental religious services conducive to devotion?

The Church of England, in the present day, certainly appears to be answering this question in the affirmative, and Chelsea China supposes that many of her younger readers will be surprised at the need of asking it, having known no services which are not more or less ornamental and elaborate.

Nevertheless, it is not an easy one to answer. Devotion consists in realising the presence of God, in conscious communion with Him. Whether this comes most easily through our intellect or through our emotions, is probably a question of temperament; whether, in fact, it is easier to *think* our prayers or to *feel* them. We are taught to use both our spirits and our understandings.

Beautiful accessories, which appeal to the senses, raise sensitive natures to a certain pitch of exaltation which lays them open to devotional *feelings*, and makes this realisation easy to them.

But it is still easier to realise only that the flowers are beautifully arranged, and the music sweet and appropriate, and, as things often go in this imperfect world, it is easiest of all to realise that Johnny Green is singing out of tune, and that the arum in the second vase on the right hand side has turned the wrong way and spoilt the effect. Or, to discover that they managed the stringed instruments better last week at St. So-and-So's, but that we have a great many more Eucharis lilies. This is not devotion, and can hardly be said to lead to it.

Permanent beauty of architecture, sculpture, and painting, about which there is no change or fuss, must surely be always soothing and elevating; and though music cannot be permanent, it can be so in accordance with the spirit of the place, and within the powers of the performers, as to produce the same effect of ease and matter-of-course-ness. The sense of effort has many advantages, but it hardly conduces to devotion.

Chelsea China does not lose sight of the many lads who enjoy singing in choirs and carrying banners, and are at least kept in safe company by so doing, nor of the girls to whom 'decorations' are at once a pleasure and a duty. But all these should remember that 'devotion' lies above and beyond this innocent sense of being useful and offering service, even when no self-importance comes to mar it.

The wings of the soul float easily in an atmosphere of congenial beauty. They may be hindered from mounting high by the sweet and lovely sights and sounds around them, they are perhaps more frequently ruffled by sounds that are not sweet, and sights that are not lovely. It is not always the most musical or the most artistic people to whom elaborate services give the most unmixed satisfaction.

Chelsea China cannot settle the question, but she thinks that one

piece of practical advice is, to do nothing that cannot be done well, at least relatively to the requirements of the congregation.

Papers received from *Taffy*, *A Northumberland Lassie*, *F. L. C.*, *Bildad*, *Ein Mädchen*, *Semibreve*, and *Lucciola*. All are favourable except the last, which is given, as well as *A Northumberland Lassie's*. Chelsea China thinks the perfection of the performance is rather too much taken for granted by her correspondents, and would point out to some of them that the word *elaborate* occurred in the question, which was not intended to refer to simple hymns and chants or Christmas holly. She does not think the subject has been exhausted.

A very difficult question. What I say springs from no lack of power to appreciate musical excellence. I am musical myself. But public worship is in its first principle—the Voice of a Body. Its prayers, psalms, canticles, are not individual expression of personal devotion, but the united adoration of the whole Church. That being the principle, surely the worship will be the fuller, the more its musical portion is kept to the level of ordinary capacities. That many educated persons find great opportunity for their own personal devotion, and take great pleasure in elaborate musical services, I do not doubt; but that the simpler and heartier service is a greater aid to general worship, I think is beyond question. I am aware that Cathedrals and their choirs occupy somewhat different ground; and that this rule cannot be hardly pressed upon them. A highly-trained choir must sing music of an entirely different character from that which an ordinary congregation can attempt, and this ornate music, properly and reverently rendered, is in itself an offering to God. No attempt should be made by the congregation to join in this music, or a want of seemliness and reverence is certain to be the result. But further, this question deals, I think, with the 'special services,' ornate musical performances which are becoming more and more a feature of the present day—cantatas, organ recitals, selections from oratorios, and so on—concerts of sacred music, in short—held in our churches. They are very often used as an occasion of meeting the expenses of the choir, through the offertory which accompanies the performance. If I am asked, do these 'sacred concerts' conduce to devotion, I am obliged to say, I think not. Some of the objections to bazaars held for Church work seem to me to apply here. To raise funds for the use of the Sanctuary in such a manner seems quite as objectionable; if not more so. Are we not fostering the growing spirit of getting all the personal enjoyment we can out of everything—even of that which we profess to be offering unto God? And does not that desire of self-pleasing mix itself with many of the efforts now made to render our services 'ornamental,' at the cost of simplicity and fervour? It is a difficult question, I again repeat. ——— LUCCIOLA.

An elaborate musical and otherwise ornamental religious service

is undeniably conducive to devotion, both to educated and uneducated people. To a large number of uneducated people, beautiful music is the most adequate expression of what is noblest and best in their character; it lifts them up above the worry and turmoil of this world, and makes them realise to a certain extent the never-ending music of Heaven. The beautiful accessories of such a service will have the same effect on people, who, though educated, are not musical. The eye appeals far more forcibly to uneducated people than the ear. A rough working lad, on seeing a crucifix for the first time, said, with tears in his eyes, 'I never knew what crucified meant before.' To poor people a beautiful church and service will be all the more attractive from the contrast to their own homes. As music and art are both God's gifts, we ought surely to put them to their highest use by making the services of His Church beautiful by their means. ——— A NORTHUMBRIAN LASSIE.

VULGARITY.

Chelsea China thinks *Sunflower's* paper on vulgarity may find a place this month. The difficulty of the discussion lies in the fact that, like the opposing words, lady-like, etc., vulgarity is two-sided, and stands for the opposite of polish of manner, as well as for the want of refinement. ———

I think vulgarity comes from one of two causes, viz.: (1) love of display, (2) a tendency to impurity. It is by *no* means confined to the poorer classes; far from it. George Macdonald says something to the effect that a lady may live in a cottage, but a title is not always borne by one! Vulgarity cannot be excused as the outcome of a lower state of life or occupation, though doubtless it arises from a low train of thoughts. Vulgarity in display is shown in dress, in manners, and in conversation. Since the aim and object is self, there is an utter want of modesty and of real self-respect, and a tendency to deceit in appearing to be more than one is. When vulgarity comes from a delight in what is impure, it is seen in looks, in gestures, in coarse language, and very often in flirting. True, much vulgarity arises from utter ignorance, and vulgar people may be unconscious of their faults if their eyes are not opened by some *thing* or some *one* more refined. I say some*thing* because I think the beauties of Nature and the study of art may often serve to wean a mind from vulgarity, and tune ears, that have listened with the *greatest* delight to the world's music, to something more sublime. Ruskin* truly says that a person's character may be judged from his or her taste, and if the taste is low the character is pretty sure to deteriorate.

The true kill-weed for vulgarity is the motto, 'Whatsoever things are true, . . . whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think* on these things.' SUNFLOWER.

* Read Ruskin's lecture on 'Traffic' in 'The Crown of Wild Olive.'

An interesting paper has also been received from *Bog-Oak* on Accordance of Views in Friendship. She thinks it necessary where the views are of vital importance. Chelsea China is of opinion that the necessary agreement consists in *thinking the subject of vital importance* rather than in taking the same view of it. *A. E. L.* writes warmly of a long friendship with one from whom she differed vitally on the most important points.

Several papers on Musical Services received too late for notice this month.

QUESTION FOR AUGUST.

Is a love of personal adornment detrimental to the female character?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before September 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE CONVERSION OF THE NORTHMEN.

Questions for August and September.

29. Write a life of St. Anskar.

30. Trace the influence of England on the conversion of the northern nations.

31. Give half-a-dozen lines each on Olaf Tryggveson, Olaf the Saint, and Knut the Great—with a detailed account of one.

32. An account of Christianity in Iceland.

Books chiefly recommended, *Apostles of Mediæval Europe;* Dr. Maclear's *Conversion of the Northmen* (S.P.C.K.); besides ordinary histories.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by October 1st.

May Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda, Andromache	39	Water Wagtail	37	Veritas	31
Papaver	38	Ierne	36	Firenze, Vörwarts, Countess, Καθολικος	30
Cocksmoor, Kentigern	37	Charissa	35		
		Sophy, Δαμβδα	33		
		Verena	31		

Second Class.

Fidelia, Bluebell, Decima	29	King Cole	26	Violets, Cecilia, Honeysuckle	23
De Maura	28	Hegesippus, Antigone	24	Spider	21
		White Owl	23		

Third Class.

Ina	17	Trudel	13

REMARKS.

17. The Conversion of the Franks is best given by *Etheldreda, Water Wagtail, Papaver,* and *Andromache. White Owl:* The Burgundians were not Franks. Bog-Oak thought it impossible that any one could omit Clovis and his Salian Franks from this answer.

18. The Alliance between Frankish Kings and the Papacy is very thoughtfully done by most Members, especially *Etheldreda, Cocksmoor, Kentigern, Water Wagtail, Papaver, Ierne,* and *Andromache. De Maura:* The question was, 'between the Frankish *Kings* and the Popes,' not Charlemagne alone. Roughly speaking, the steps between 752 and 800 were—

I. Pope Zachary sanctions Pepin's coronation, 752.

II. Pepin twice protects the Popes against the Lombards, bestows on them the Exarchate of Ravenna, and receives title of Patrician, 755.

III. Charlemagne protects Adrian. Donation of Charlemagne, 774.

IV. Leo III. sends keys to Charlemagne, 795, acknowledging his supremacy.

V. Charlemagne protects Leo III. and is crowned Emperor at Rome, 800.

There were many steps before, and smaller ones between, of course.

De Maura suggests that the relations of the See of Canterbury and Crown at present are much the same as those of Pope and Emperor in mediæval history. Bog-Oak sincerely hopes they may never become so! Read Bryce, Chaps. vii. and x., or Trench's Lecture on the subject. *Charissa, Fidelia,* Λαμβδα, and others omit step 1st. *Sophy:* It was Stephen II. (not Zachary) who supplicated Pepin in 754. *Violets* and *Spider* omit the Donation of Pepin. *White Owl:* Pope Stephen III. died in 772, and Adrian I. succeeded. Adrian's reign was 24, not 25 years, as *Firenze* says. This is rather important, because till Pio Nono broke the spell, no Pope had ever 'attained to the years of St. Peter,' i.e. his legendary episcopate of 25 years. *White Owl, King Cole,* and *Cecilia* omit the famous Donation of Charlemagne. *Fidelia:* Leo III. succeeded in 795, not 779. *Water Wagtail:* There were actually no emperors between Constantine VI. and Charlemagne. The fact of Irene setting him aside, was Leo's pretext for declaring the Western Empire (at least) vacant, and as in theory the Empire was elective, the Roman people might (and by their acclamations did) choose Charlemagne. *Bluebell:* A.D. 800 was the last year of the 8th, not the first of the 9th century. The latter began January 1st, 801. *Andromache:* The Roman civil year always began on January 1st. An ecclesiastical custom of beginning it at Lady day, or the Vernal equinox, obtained in some countries, but that Xmas day was 800. Λαμβδα omits after relations of Pope and Emperor. *Vörwarts* and others omit the Church's obligations to

Charlemagne, e.g. his numerous German Bishoprics, encouragement of learning, etc. *Hegesippus: Veni Creator* is very doubtfully Charlemagne's; it is also attributed to St. Gregory.

19. Bog-Oak humbly apologises for the mistake (entirely her own) of putting 787 for 794, due to copying in hurry from a list with the date of Nicæa II. just above. Though one or two Members kindly suggest an additional Council of Frankfort, she fears there was but one. No one has lost marks for taking Nicæa instead of Frankfort. *Violets, Hegesippus, Cecilia:* The *primary* object of the Council was to condemn the Adoptionist Heresy, taught by Elipandus and Felix, Spanish Bishops, saying that Christ—as to His Human Nature, was but the adopted Son of God, a modification of Nestorianism. *King Cole:* It was not this heresy, but the use of images which helped to separate East and West.

20. *Etheldreda* and *Andromache* have given the history and consequences of the 'Forged Decretals' best. Every one should have mentioned the forged 'Donation of Constantine,' which formed part of the fraud, though probably (says Trench) as old as the time of Adrian I. It rehearses that Constantine, healed of leprosy and baptized by Pope Sylvester, withdrew from Rome to Constantinople, so as to leave the Pope supreme temporal ruler of Italy. Members of the C.H.S. can correct this clumsy invention by remembering that he was not, alas, baptized till on his death-bed, and then by Eusebius of Nicomedia. No single trace of contemporary evidence supports such a donation, which never took effect in Constantine's days. Yet it was *this* fable which Pepin and Charlemagne were said to have renewed in their Donations. Bog-Oak is indebted to the unpublished lecture of a friend for the thought that, as no man can give what is not his own, neither Constantine nor Charlemagne could invest the Popes of all time with kingly power, any more than they could invest all Emperors with spiritual power. They could (and Charlemagne no doubt did) give the Popes what might be described as manorial or even feudal rights over the whole or part of Italy, but Charlemagne never gave royal rights away. He ruled with a strong hand all his life, and appointed one of his sons 'King of Italy.' It is one of the fundamental principles of the Divine Right of Kings that a man cannot give it up for any one but himself. *He* may abdicate all or some of his powers, but they pass on to his successors. *White Owl:* St. Isidore of Seville was a noble Spanish Bishop of the early part of the 7th century, not the 3rd. *Countess:* It is not at all improbable that he arranged the *genuine* Isidorean Decretals, but whoever arranged the false ones, it was not St. Isidore, as *Ina* thinks. *Trudel:* The pseudo-Isidore styled himself *Peccator*, a sinner, a common, and in this instance, well-merited act of humility. This seems to have been corrupted into *Mercator*. *Spider:* It seems certain, from their having been known elsewhere, before their introduction to Pope Nicolas, that their *primary* design was to free the clergy from

State control, and suffragan Bishops from State-appointed Metropolitans; the secondary use, perhaps not clearly foreseen, was to give a historical basis for the spiritual and temporal power of the Popes. The only fault of the contemporary Popes was their accepting, without question, so large a body of fresh documents, which they *ought* to have known were spurious, inasmuch as no copies of the originals existed at Rome.

Notices to Correspondents.

Of the two verses quoted by *G.* last month, the second is the last verse of a poem, 'The Use of Flowers,' by Mary Howell, published in 1837, in 'Birds and Flowers,' and should run as follows:—

'To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.'

BASIL H. SOULSBY.

S. C.—The poem of which one verse was quoted in the January Number is not by Mr. Christy, but by Caroline Bowles Southey.

Donations to the Lily Mission thankfully acknowledged:—Mr. Smith 10*s.*; R. P. 10*s.*; M. S. M. 10*s.*; Anon. 5*s.*

Dolly would be extremely obliged if any one could tell her the name, author, and publisher of a sacred allegory, the following outlines of which are all she knows of it.

A young fisherman lived on an island, from which at morning and evening, if he had done well during the day, it was possible to see the light from a beautiful country across the seas. One morning, after a storm, the young man discovered a girl and her idiot brother in a cave near the sea. He made a home for them, and by-and-by married the girl. But in some way he incurred the hatred of the idiot boy, and after an expedition returned to find his home destroyed and his wife gone. He himself was enslaved by the wicked lord of the island, and made to work on some great building in the town. After some time of patient endurance on the fisherman's part, there was a terrible earthquake, and during the confusion the young man managed to save one of his enemies, whom *Dolly* has forgotten. She has a vague impression that the fisherman found his wife, and reached the beautiful country with her, but is not sure, and wishes very much to hear of the book again.

Ignoramus.—'Preparation of Prayer-book Lessons,' by C. M. Yonge (Smith & Innes). The Prayer-book (also the Litany) in lessons and illustrations (Skeffington).

The Monthly Packet.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES.

CHAPTER IX.

BALCHENBERG.

'In these wylde deserts where she now abode
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
On stealth and spoil, and making nightly rade
Into their neighbours' borders.'—*Spenser.*

A TERRIBLE legacy of the Hundred Years' War, which, indeed, was not yet entirely ended by the Peace of Tours, was the existence of bands of men trained to nothing but war and rapine, and devoid of any other means of subsistence than freebooting on the peasantry or travellers, whence they were known as *routiers*, highwaymen, and *écorcheurs*, flayers. They were a fearful scourge to France in the early part of the reign of Charles VII., as, indeed, they had been at every interval of peace ever since the battle of Creçi, and really made a state of warfare preferable to the unhappy provinces, or at least to those where it was not actually raging. In a few years more the Dauphin contrived to delude many of them into an expedition, where he abandoned them and left them to be massacred, and formed the rest into the nucleus of a standing army; but at this time they were the terror of travellers, who only durst go about any of the French provinces in well-armed and large parties.

The domains of King René, whether in Lorraine or Provence, were, however, reckoned as fairly secure, but from the time the little troop, with the Princesses among them, had started from Nanci, Madame de Ste. Petronille became uneasy. She looked up at the sun, which was shining in her face, more than once, and presently drew the portly mule she was riding towards George Douglas.

'Sir,' she said, 'you are the ladies' squire?'

'I have that honour, Madame.'

'And a Scot?'

'Even so.'

'I ask you, which way you deem that we are riding?'

'Eastward, Madame, if the sun is to be trusted. Mayhap somewhat to the south.'

'Yea; and which side lies Châlons?'

This was beyond George's geography. He looked up with open mouth and shook his head. 'Westward!' said the lady impressively. 'And what's yon in the distance?'

'Save that this land is as flat as a bannock, I'd have said 'twas mountains.'

'Mountains they are, young man!' said Madame de Ste. Petronille emphatically—'the hills between Lorraine and Alsace, which we should be leaving behind us.'

'Is there treachery?' asked George, reining up his horse.

'Ken ye who is the captain of this escort?'

'His name is Hall; he is thick with the Dauphin. Ha! Madame, is he sib to him that aided in the slaughter of Fastern's Eve?'

'Just, laddie. 'Tis own son to him that Queen Jean made dree sic a fearful penance. What are ye doing?'

'I'll run the villain through, and turn back to Nanci while yet there is time,' said George, his hand on his sword.

'Hold, ye daft bodie! That would but bring all the lave on ye. There's nothing for it but to go on warily, and maybe at the next halt we might escape from them.'

But almost while Madame de Ste. Petronille spoke there was a cry, and from a thicket there burst out a band of men in steel headpieces and buff jerkins, led by two or three horsemen. There was a confused outcry of 'St. Denys! St. Andrew!' on one side, 'Yield!' on the other. Madame's rein was seized, and though she drew her dagger, her hand was caught, before she could strike, by a fellow, who cried, 'None of that, you old hag, or it shall be the worse for thee!'

'St. Andrew! St. Andrew!' screamed Eleanor. 'Scots, to the rescue of your King's sisters!'

'Douglas—Douglas, help!' cried Jean.

But each was surrounded by a swarm of the ruffians; and as George Douglas hastily pushed down some with his horse, and struck down one or two with his sword, he was felled by a mighty blow on the head, and the *écorcheurs* thronged over him, dragging him off his horse, while others surrounded the three ladies. Whether there was any resistance on the part of the Scottish archers, their escort, they could not tell; they only heard a tumult of shouts and cries, and found rude hands holding them on their horses and dragging them among the trees. Their screams for help were answered by a gruff voice from a horseman, evidently the leader of the troop. 'Hold that noise, Lady! No ill is meant to you, but you must come with us. No; screams are useless! There's none to come to you. Stop them, or I must!'

'There is none!' said Madame de Ste. Petronille's voice in her own tongue; 'best cease to cry, and not fash the loons more.'

The sisters heard, and in her natural tone Eleanor said in French, 'Sir, know you who you are thus treating? King's daughters—sisters of the Dauphiness!'

He laughed. 'Full well,' he answered, in very German-sounding French.

'Such usage will bring the vengeance of the King and Dauphin on you.'

He laughed yet more loudly. His face was concealed by his visor, but the ill-fitting armour and great roan horse made Jean recognise the knight whose eyes had dwelt on her so boldly at the tournament, and she added her voice.

'Your Duke of the Tirol will punish this.'

'He has enough to do to mind his own business,' was the answer.

'Come, fair one, hold your tongue! There's no help for it, and the less trouble you give us the better it will be for you.'

'But our squire!' Jean exclaimed, looking about her. 'Where is he?'

Again there was a rude laugh.

'Showed fight. Disposed of. See there!' and Jean could not but recognise the great grey horse from the Mearns that George Douglas had always ridden. Had she brought the gallant youth to this, and without word or look to reward his devotion? She gave one low cry, and bowed her head, grieved and sick at heart. While Eleanor, on her side, exclaimed, 'Felon, thou hast slain a nobleman's brave heir! Disgrace to knighthood!'

'Peace, maid, or we will find means to silence thy tongue,' growled the leader, and Madame de Ste. Petronille interposed, 'Whisht—whisht, my bairn; dinna anger them.' For she saw that there was more disposition to harshness towards Eleanor than towards Jean, whose beauty seemed to command a sort of regard.

Eleanor took the hint. Her eyes filled with tears, and her bosom heaved at the thought of the requital of the devotion of the brave young man, lying in his blood, so far from his father and his home; but she would not have these ruffians see her weep and think it was for herself, and she proudly straightened herself in her saddle and choked down the rising sob.

On, on they went, at first through the wood by a tangled path, then over a wide moor covered with heather, those mountains, which had at first excited the old lady's alarm, growing more distinct in front of them; going faster, too, so that the men who held the reins were half running, till the ground began to rise and grow rougher, when, at an order in German from the knight, a man leapt on in front of each lady to guide her horse.

Where were they going? No one deigned to ask except Madame de Ste. Petronille, and her guard only grunted, '*Nicht verstand*,' or something equivalent.

A thick mass of wood rose before them, a stream coming down from it, and here there was a halt, the ladies were lifted down, and the party, who numbered about twelve men, refreshed themselves with the provisions that the Infanta Yolande had hospitably furnished for her guests. The knight awkwardly, but not uncivilly, offered a share to his captives, but Eleanor would have waved them off with disdain, and Jean sat with her head in her hands, and would not look up.

The old lady remonstrated. 'Eat—eat,' she said. 'We shall need all our spirit and strength, and there's no good in being weak and spent with fasting.'

Eleanor saw the prudence of this, and accepted the food and wine offered to her; but Jean seemed unable to swallow anything but a long draught of wine and water, and scarcely lifted her head from her sister's shoulder. Eleanor held her rosary, and though the words she conned over were Latin, all her heart was one silent prayer for protection and deliverance, and commendation of that brave youth's soul to his Maker.

The knight kept out of their way, evidently not wishing to be interrogated, and he seemed to be the only person who could speak French after a fashion. By-and-by they were remounted and led across some marshy ground, where the course of the stream was marked by tall ferns and weeds, then into a wood of beeches, where the sun lighted the delicate young foliage, while the horses trod easily among the brown fallen leaves. This gave place to another wood of firs, and though the days were fairly long, here it was rapidly growing dark under the heavy branches, so that the winding path could only have been followed by those well used to it. As it grew steeper and more stony, the trees became thinner, and against the eastern sky could be seen, dark and threatening, the turrets of a castle above a steep smooth-looking grassy slope, one of the hills, in fact, called from their shape, by the French, *ballons*.

Just then Jean's horse, weary and unused to mountaineering, stumbled. The man at its head was perhaps not attending to it, for the sudden pull he gave the rein only precipitated the fall. The horse was up again in a moment, but Jean lay still. Her sister and the lady were at her side in a moment; but when they tried to raise her she cried out, at first inarticulately, then, 'Oh, my arm!' and on another attempt to lift her, she fainted away. The knight was in the meantime swearing in German at the man who had been leading her horse, then asking anxiously in French how it was with the maiden as she lay with her head on her sister's lap. Madame answered, 'Hurt, much hurt.'

'But not to the death?'

'Who knows? No thanks to you.' He tendered a flask, where only a few drops of wine remained, growling something or other about the *Schelm;* and when Jean's lips had been moistened with it

she opened her eyes, but sobbed with pain, and only entreated to be let alone. This, of course, was impossible; but with double consternation, Eleanor looked up at what, in the gathering darkness, seemed a perpendicular height. The knight made them understand that all that could be done was to put the sufferer on horseback and support her there in the climb upwards, and he proceeded without further parley to lift her up, not entirely without heed to her screams and moans, for he emitted such sounds as those with which he might have soothed his favourite horse, as he placed her on the back of a stout little strong mountain pony. Eleanor held her there, and he walked at its head. Madame de Ste. Petronille would fain have kept up on the other side, but she had lost her mountain legs, and could not have got up at all without the mule on which she was replaced. Eleanor's height enabled her to hold her arm round her sister, and rest her head on her shoulder, though how she kept on in the dark, dragged along as it were blindly up and up, she never could afterwards recollect; but at last pine torches came down to meet them, there was a tumult of voices, a yawning black archway in front, a light or two flitting about. Jean lay helplessly against her, only groaning now and then, then as the arch seemed to swallow them up, Eleanor was aware of an old man, lame and rugged, who bawled loud and seemed to be the highly displeased master, of calls for 'Barbe,' and then of an elderly homely-looking woman who would have assisted in taking Jean off the pony, but that the knight was already in the act of so doing. However, he resigned her to her sister and Madame de Ste. Petronille, while Barbe led the way, lamp in hand. It was just as well that poor Jeanie remained unconscious or nearly so while she was conveyed up the narrow stairs to a round chamber, not worse in furnishing than that at Dunbar, though very unlike their tapestried rooms at Nanci.

It was well to be able to lay her down at all, and old Barbe was not only ready and pitying, but spoke French. She had some wine ready, and had evidently done her best in the brief warning to prepare a bed. The tone of her words convinced Madame de Ste. Petronille that at any rate she was no enemy. So she was permitted to assist in the investigation of the injuries, which proved to be extensive bruises and a dislocated shoulder. Both had sufficient experience in rough-and-ready surgery, as well as sufficient strength, for them to be able to pull in the shoulder, while Eleanor, white and trembling, stood on one side with the lamp, and a little flaxen-haired girl of twelve years old held bandages and ran after whatever Barbe asked for.

This done, and Jean having been arranged as comfortably as might be, Barbe obeyed some peremptory summonses from without, and presently came back.

'The Seigneur desires to speak with the ladies,' she said; 'but I have told him that they cannot leave *la pauvrette*, and are too much

spent to speak with him to-night. I will bring them supper and they shall rest.'

'We thank you,' said Madame de Ste. Petronille. 'Only, *de grace*, tell us where we are, and who this Seigneur is, and what he wants with us poor women.'

'This is the Castle of Balchenberg,' was the reply; 'the Seigneur is the Baron thereof. For the rest'—she shrugged her shoulders—'it must be one of Baron Rudiger's ventures. But I must go and fetch the ladies some supper. Ah! the demoiselle surely needs it.'

'And some water!' entreated Eleanor.

'Ah, yes,' she replied; 'Trudchen shall bring some.'

The little girl presently reappeared with a pitcher as heavy as she could carry. She could not understand French, but looked much interested, and very eager and curious as she brought in several of the bundles and mails of the travellers.

'Thank the Saints,' cried the Lady, 'they do not mean to strip us of our clothes!'

'They have stolen us, and that is enough for them,' said Eleanor.

Jean lay apparently too much exhausted to take notice of what was going on, and they hoped she might sleep, while they moved about quietly. The room seemed to be a cell in the hollow of the turret, and there were two loophole windows, to which Eleanor climbed up, but she could see nothing but the stars. 'Ah! yonder is the Plough, just as when we looked out at it at Dunbar o'er the sea!' she sighed. 'The only friendly thing I can see! Ah! but the same God and the Saints are with us still!' and she clasped her rosary's cross as she returned to her sister, who was sighing out an entreaty for water.

By-and-by the woman returned, and with her the child. She made a low reverence as she entered, having evidently been informed of the rank of her captives. A white napkin was spread over the great chest that served for a table—a piece of civilisation such as the Dunbar captivity had not known—three beechen bowls and spoons, and a porringer containing a not unsavoury stew of a fowl in broth thickened with meal. They tried to make their patient swallow a little broth, but without much success, though Eleanor in the mountain air had become famished enough to make a hearty meal, and feel more cheered and hopeful after it. Barbe's evident sympathy and respect were an element of comfort, and when Jean revived enough to make some enquiry after poor Skywing, and it was translated into French, there was an assurance that the hawk was cared for—hopes even given of its presence. Barbe was not only compassionate, but ready to answer all the questions in her power. She was Burgundian, but her home having been harried in the wars, her husband had taken service as a man-at-arms with the Baron of Balchenberg, she herself becoming the bower-woman of the Baroness, now dead. Since the death of the good lady, whose

influence had been some restraint, everything had become much rougher and wilder, and the lords of the Castle, standing on the frontier as it did, had become closely connected with the feuds of Germany, as well as the wars in France. The old Baron had been lamed in a raid into Burgundy, since which time he had never left home; and Barbe's husband had been killed, her sons either slain or seeking their fortune elsewhere, so that nothing was left to her but her little daughter Gertrude, for whose sake she earnestly longed to find her way down to more civilised and godly life; but she was withheld by the difficulties in the path, and the extreme improbability of finding a maintenance anywhere else, as well as by a certain affection for her two barons, and doubts what they would do without her, since the elder was in broken health, and the younger had been her nursling. In fact, she was the highest female authority in the Castle, and kept up whatever semblance of decency or propriety remained since her mistress's death. All this came out in the way of grumbling or lamentation, in the satisfaction of having some woman to confide in, though her young master had made her aware of the rank of his captives. Every one, it seemed, had been taken by surprise. He was in the habit of making expeditions on his own account, and bringing home sometimes lawless comrades or followers, sometimes booty; but this time, after taking great pains to furbish up a suit of armour brought home long ago, he had set forth to the festivities at Nanci. The lands of the estate were so situated, that the old Baron had done homage for the greater part to Sigismund as Duke of Elsass, and for another portion to King René as Duke of Lorraine, as whose vassal the young Baron had appeared. No more had been heard of him till one of his men hurried up with tidings that Herr Rudiger had taken a bevy of captives, with plenty of spoil, but that one was a lady much hurt, for whom Barbe must prepare her best.

Since this, Barbe had learnt from her young master that the injured lady was the sister of the Dauphiness, and a king's daughter, and that every care must be taken of her and her sister, for he was madly in love with her, and meant her to be his wife.

Eleanor and Madame de Ste. Petronille cried out at this with horror, in a stifled way, as Barbe whispered it.

'Too high, too dangerous game for him, I know,' said the old woman. 'So said his father, who was not a little dismayed when he heard who these ladies were.'

'The King, my brothers, the Dauphin, the Duke of Brittany——' began Eleanor.

'Alas! the poor boy would never have ventured it but for encouragement,' sighed Barbe. 'Treacherous I say it must be!'

'I knew there was treachery,' exclaimed Madame de Ste. Petronille, 'so soon as I found which way our faces were turned.'

'But who could or would betray us?' demanded Eleanor.

'You need not ask that, when your escort was led by Andrew Hall,' returned the elder lady. 'Poor young George of the Red Peel had only just told me so when the caitiffs fell on him, and he came to his bloody death.'

'Hall! then I marvel not,' said Eleanor, in a low, awe-struck voice. 'My brother the Dauphin could not have known.'

The old Scotswoman refrained from uttering her belief that he knew only too well, but by the time all this had been said, Barbe was obliged to leave them, having arranged for the night that Eleanor should sleep in the big bed beside her sister, and their lady across it at their feet—a not uncommon arrangement in those days.

Sleep, however, in spite of weariness, was only to be had in snatches, for poor Jean was in much pain, and very feverish, besides being greatly terrified at their situation, and full of grief and self-reproach for the poor young Master of Angus, never dozing off for a moment without fancying she saw him dying and upbraiding her, and for the most part tossing in a restless misery that required the attendance of one or both. She had never known ailment before, and was thus all the more wretched and impatient, alarming and distressing Eleanor extremely, though Madame de Ste. Petronille declared it was only a matter of course, and that the lassie would soon be well.

'Ah, Madame, our comforter and helper,' said Elleen.

'Call me no French names, dearies. Call me the Leddy Lindsay or Dame Elspie, as I should be at home. We be all Scots here, in one sore stour. If I could win a word to my son, Ritchie, he would soon have us out of this place.'

'Would not Barbe help us to a messenger?'

'I doubt it. She would scarce bring trouble on her lords; but we might be worse off than with her.'

'Why does she not come? I want some more drink,' moaned Jean.

Barbe did come, and, moreover, brought not only water but some tisane of herbs that was good for fever and had been brewing all night, and she was wonderfully good-humoured at the patient's fretful refusal, though between coaxing and authority, 'Leddy Lindsay' managed to get it taken at last. After Margaret's experience of her as a stern *duenna*, her tenderness in illness and trouble was a real surprise.

No keys were turned on them, but there was little disposition to go beyond the door which opened on the stone stair in the grey wall. The view from the windows revealed that they were very high up. There was a bit of castle wall to be seen below, and beyond a sea of forest, the dark masses of pine throwing out the lighter, more delicate sweeps of beech—and pale purple distance beyond—not another building within view, giving a sense of vast solitude to Eleanor's eyes, more dreary than the sea at Dunbar, and far more changeless. An occasional bird was all the variety to be hoped for.

By-and-by Barbe brought a message that her masters requested the ladies' presence at the meal, a dinner, in fact, served about an hour before noon. Eleanor greatly demurred, but Barbe strongly advised consent, 'Or my young lord will be coming up here,' she said; 'they both wish to have speech of you, and would have been here before now, if my old lord were not so lame, and the young one so shy, the poor child.'

'Shy,' exclaimed Eleanor, 'after what he has dared to do to us.'

'All the more for that very reason,' said Barbe.

'True,' returned Madame; 'the savage who is most ferocious in his acts, is most bashful in his breeding.'

'How should my poor boy have had any breeding up here in the forests?' demanded Barbe. 'Oh, if he had only fixed his mind on a maiden of his own degree, she might have brought the good days back; but alas, now he will be only bringing about his own destruction, which the Saints avert.'

It was agreed that Eleanor had better make as royal and imposing an appearance as possible, so instead of the plain camlet riding kirtles that she and Lady Lindsay had worn, she donned a heraldic sort of garment, of white and gold thread, with the red lion ramping on back and breast, and the double tressure edging all the hems, part of the outfit furnished at her great uncle's expense in London, but too gaudy for her taste, and she added to her already considerable height by the tall veiled head-gear that had been despised as unfashionable.

Jean from her bed cried out that she looked like Pharaoh's daughter in the tapestry, and consented to be left to the care of little Trudchen since Madame de Ste. Petronille must act attendant, and Barbe evidently thought her young master's good behaviour might be the better secured by her presence.

So, at the bottom of the narrow stone stair, Eleanor shook out her plumes, the attendant lady arranged her veil over her yellow hair, and drew out her short train and long hanging sleeves, a little behind the fashion, but the more dignified, as she swept into the hall, and though her heart beat desperately, holding her head stiff and high, and looking every inch a princess. The shrewd Scotch lady behind her flattered herself that the two Barons did look a little daunted by the bearing of the creature they had caught.

The father, who had somewhat the look of an old fox, limped forward with a less ungraceful bow than the son, who had more of the wolf. Some greeting was mumbled, and the old man would have taken her hand to lead her to the highest place at table, but she would not give it.

'I am no willing guest of yours, sir,' she said, perhaps alarmed at her own boldness, but drawing herself up with great dignity, 'I desire to know by what right my sister and I, King's daughters, on our way to King Charles's Court, have thus been seized and detained?'

'We do not stickle as to rights here on the borders, Lady,' said the elder Baron in bad French; 'it would be wiser to abate a little of that *outrecuidance* of yours, and listen to our terms.'

'A captive has no choice save to listen,' returned Eleanor; 'but as to speaking of terms, my brothers-in-law, the Dauphin and the Duke of Brittany, may have something to say to them.'

'Exactly so,' replied the old Baron, in a tone of some irony which she did not like. 'Now, Lady, our terms are these, but understand first that all this affair is none of my seeking, but my son here has been backed up in it by some whom'—on a grunt from Sir Rudiger—'there is no need to name. He—the more fool he—has taken a fancy to your sister, though, if all reports be true, she has nought but her royal blood, not so much as a *denier* for a dowry nor as ransom for either one of you. However, this I will overlook, dead loss as it is to me and mine, and when your sister, so soon as she recovers from her hurt, shall have become my son's wife, I will have you and your Lady safely conducted without ransom to the borders of Normandy or Brittany, as you may list.'

'And think you, sir,' returned Eleanor, quivering with indignation, 'that the daughter of a hundred kings is like to lower herself by listening to the suit of a petty robber-baron of the Marches?'

'I do not think! but I know that though I am a fool for giving in to my son's madness, these are the only terms I propose; and if you, Lady, so deal with her as to make her accept them, you are free without ransom, to go where you will.'

'You expect me to sell my sister,' said Eleanor disdainfully.

'Look you here,' broke in Rudiger, bursting out of his shyness. 'She is the fairest maiden, gentle or simple, I ever saw; I love her with all my heart. If she be mine I swear to make her a thousand times more cared for than your sister the Dauphiness; and if all be true your Scottish archers tell me, you Scottish folk have no great cause to disdain an Elsass forest castle.'

An awkward recollection of the Black Knight of Lorn came across Eleanor, but she did not lose her stately dignity.

'It is not the wealth or poverty that we heed,' she said, 'but the nobility and princeliness.'

'There is nothing to be done then, son,' said the old Baron, 'but to wait a day or two and see whether the maiden herself will be less proud and more reasonable. Otherwise, these ladies understand that there will be close imprisonment and diet according to the custom of the border till a thousand gold crowns be paid down for each of these sisters of a Scotch king, and five hundred for Madame here; and when that is like to be found, the damoiselle herself may know,' and he laughed.

'We have those who will take care of our ransom,' said Eleanor, though her heart misgave her. 'Moreover, Duke Sigismund will visit such an offence dearly!' and there was a glow on her cheeks.

'He knows better than to meddle with a vassal of Lorraine,' said the old man.

'King René——' began Eleanor.

'He is too wary to meddle with a vassal of Elsass,' sneered the Baron. 'No, no, Lady, ransom or wedding, there lies your choice.'

With this there appeared to be a kind of truce, perhaps in consequence of the appearance of a great pie; and Eleanor did not refuse to sit down to the table, and partake of the food, though she did not choose to converse; whereas Madame de Ste. Petronille thought it wiser to be as agreeable as she could, and this, in the opinion of the Court of the Dauphiness, was not going very far.

Long before the Barons and their retainers had finished, little Trudchen came hurrying down to say that the lady was crying and calling for her sister, and Eleanor was by no means sorry to hasten to her side, though only to receive a petulant scolding for the desertion that had lasted, to the sick girl's sensations, so very long.

Matters remained in abeyance while the illness continued; Jean had a night of fever, and when that passed, under the experienced management of Dame Elspie, as the sisters called her more and more, she was very weak and sadly depressed. Sometimes she wept and declared she should die in these dismal walls, like her mother at Dunbar, and never see Jamie and Mary again; sometimes she blamed Elleen for having put this mad scheme into her head; sometimes she fretted for her cousins Lilias and Annis of Glenuskie, and was sure it was all Elleen's fault for having let themselves be separated from Sir Patrick; while at others she declared the Drummonds faithless and disloyal for having gone after their own affairs and left the only true and leal heart to die for her; and then came fresh floods of tears, though sometimes, as she passionately caressed Skywing, she declared the hawk to be the only faithful creature in existence.

Baron Rudiger was evidently very uneasy about her; Barbe reported how gloomy and miserable he was, and how he relieved his feelings by beating the unfortunate man who had been leading the horse, and in a wiser manner by seeking fish in the torrent and birds on the hills for Jean's refreshment, and even helping Trudchen to gather the mountain strawberries for her. This was, however, so far from a recommendation to her, that after the first, Barbe gave it to be understood that all were Trudchen's providing.

They suspected that Barbe flattered and soothed 'her boy,' as she termed him, with hopes, but they owed much to the species of authority with which she kept him from forcing himself upon them. Eleanor sometimes tried to soothe her sister, and while away the time with her harp. The Scotch songs were a great delight to Dame Elspie, but they made Jean weep in her weakness, and Elleen's great resource was King René's parting gift of the tales of Huon de Bourdeaux, with its wonderful chivalrous adventures, and the appearances of the dwarf Oberon; and she greatly enjoyed the idea of the

pleasure it would give Jamie—if ever she should see Jamie again; and she wondered, too, whether the Duke of the Tyrol knew the story—which even at some moments amused Jean.

There was a stair above their chamber, likewise in the thickness of the wall, which Barbe told them they might safely explore, and thence Eleanor discovered that the Castle was one of the small, but regularly-built fortresses not uncommon on the summit of hills. It was an octagon—as complete as the ground would permit—with a huge wall and a tower at each angle. One face, that on the most accessible side, was occupied by the keep in which they were, with a watch-tower raising its finger and banner above them, the little squat round towers around not lifting their heads much above the battlements of the wall. The descent on most of the sides was almost precipitous, on two entirely so, while in the rear another steep hill rose so abruptly that it seemed to frown over them, though separated by a ravine.

Nothing was to be seen all round but the tops of trees—dark pines, beeches, and chestnuts in the gay light green of spring, a hopeless and oppressive waste of verdure, where occasionally a hawk might be seen to soar, and whence the howlings of wolves might be heard at night.

Jean was, in a week, so well that there was no cause for deferring the interview any longer, and, indeed, she was persuaded that Elleen had not been half resolute or severe enough, and that she could soon show the two Barons that they detained her at their peril. Still she looked white and thin, and needed a scarf for her arm, when she caused herself to be arrayed as splendidly as her sister had been, and descended to the hall, where, like Eleanor, she took the initiative by an appeal against the wrong and injustice that held two free-born royal ladies captive.

'He who has the power may do as he wills, my pretty damsel,' replied the old Baron. 'Once for all, as I told your sister, these threats are of no avail, though they sound well to puff up your little airs. Your own kingdom is a long way off, and breeds more men than money, and as to our neighbours, they dare not embroil themselves by meddling with us borderers. You had better take what we offer, far better than aught your barbarous northern lords could give, and then your sister will be free, without ransom, to depart or to stay here till she finds another bold baron of the marches to take her to wife. Ha, thou Rudiger! why dost stand staring like a wild pig in a pit? Canst not speak a word for thyself?'

'She shall be my queen,' said Rudiger hoarsely, bumping himself down on his knees, and trying to master her hand, but she drew it away from him.

'As if I would be queen of a mere nest of robbers and freebooters,' she said. 'You forget, messires, that my sister is daughter-in-law to the King of France. We must long ago have been missed, and I

expect every hour that my brother, the Dauphin, will be here with his troops.'

'That's what you expect. So you do not know, my proud damoiselle, that my son would scarce have been rash enough to meddle with such lofty gear, for all his folly, if he had not had a hint that maidens with royal blood, but no royal portions, were not wanted at Court, and might be had for the picking up!'

'It is a brutal falsehood, or else a mere invention of the traitor Hall's, our father's murderer!' said Jean, with flashing eyes. 'I would have you to know, both of you, my Lords, that were we betrayed and forsaken by every kinsman we have, I will not degrade the blood royal of Scotland by mating it with a rude and petty free-booter. You may keep us captives as you will, but you will not break our spirit.'

So saying Jean swept back to the stairs, turning a deaf ear to the Baron's chuckle of applause, and murmur, 'A gallant spirited dame she will make thee, my junker, and hold out the Castle well against all foes, when once she is broken in.'

Jean and Eleanor alike disbelieved that Louis could have encouraged this audacious attempt, but they were dismayed to find that Madame de Ste. Petronille thought it far from improbable, for she believed him capable of almost any underhand treachery. She did, however, believe that though there might be some delay, a stir would be made, if only by her own son, which would end in their situation being publicly known, and final release coming, if Jean could only be patient and resolute.

But to the poor girl it seemed as if the ground were cut from under her feet; and as her spirits drooped more and more, there were times when she said, 'Elleen, I must consent. I have been the death of the one true heart that was mine! Why should I hold out any longer, and make thee and Dame Elspie wear out your days in this dismal forest hold? Never shall I be happy again, so it matters not what becomes of me.'

'It matters to me,' said Elleen. 'Sister, thinkst thou I could go away to be happy, leaving thee bound to this rude savage in his donjon? Fie, Jean, this is not worthy of King James's daughter; he spent all those years of patience in captivity, and shall we lose heart in a few days?'

'Is it a few days? It is like years!'

'That is because thou has been sick. See now, let us dance and sing, so that the jailers may know we are not daunted. We have been shut up ere now, God brought us out, and He will again, and then we did not die nor pine.'

'Ah, then we were children, and had seen nothing better; and—and there was not *his* blood on me'

And Jean fell a weeping.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN'S NAME.

BY JOANNA HARRISON.

CHAPTER V.

THE sorrows of children are in some respects heavier to bear than the sorrows of older people. A child sees no way out of its trouble; its grief is a perfectly hopeless one as long as it lasts. It never says, as an older person might do, 'To-morrow, or next week, or by-and-by things will look brighter again; perhaps they will be all right; I shall feel differently about this.'

Yet, if the misfortune is really a heavy and crushing one, it is happier, on the whole, to be a child, for if a child suffers without hope, it also enjoys without any mixture of pain.

It would be difficult to find any one more utterly desolate than little Chris was at this time of her life, with no one on earth to care for her, and having, as she believed, cut herself off from the love of her Father in Heaven. Chris often trembled when she thought of the minister's words; she did not suppose that God could care for her any longer; she did not know that all her little pleasures came from Him.

For Chris *had* pleasures, though certainly they were small if one compared them with the happy life she had led in former times. The long cold winter was beginning to wear away, the snow patches had disappeared, and the sun began to have some little warming power. There were few beautiful things about Windygates for the eye to rest on, but one or two of the kale-yards contained little clumps of snowdrops, and a plant or two of blue and pink hepaticas, which, as they unfolded, were a real delight to Chris. More than that, the blacksmith's garden had a splendid patch of crocuses, purple, white, and yellow, a very glory of colour, which she was never tired of gazing at. It was an event to her when the hedge-sparrows—earliest of spring songsters—first began to pipe out their weak, sweet, rapid notes from amongst the stack of disused pea-sticks which lay ready for next season beside the 'midden,' and when she could first crush the swelling ribes' buds, which peered through the fence, between her finger and thumb, although the strong scent almost made her cry as it brought back the memory of former springs, of happy days which would never come back.

She was often able to run out to the cottage door and bask in the

sunshine, although she could never leave old Meg for long. Sometimes, but rarely, Meg went out herself and remained away for hours, and then Chris enjoyed her liberty to the utmost. True, she paid for it afterwards, for the old woman almost always came in drunk, which made her temper more violent than ever. But Chris had grown reckless and defiant, and cared little for angry words.

'Are ye for awa' oot, Auntie Meg?' she asked one day, giving a little skip of delight behind the old woman's back as she spoke, for she saw her fumbling with her seldom-worn bonnet.

'Ay, I'm awa' oot, an' ye dinna need to be sae prood aboot that,' returned Meg sharply. 'Ye needna think ye'll get the ploy when I'm awa'; ye'll jist bide in the hoose an' commit the Shorter Carritch. The meenister—deil flee awa' wi' 'm!—disna need to say ye get nae instruction frae me. I'll instruck ye! My certie, I'll break every bane o' ye if ye dinna ken the hale o't when I come in!'

And so grumbling, Meg hobbled to the high shelf where she kept her Bible, and produced a small old tattered book, which she tossed to the child.

'Hets, I canna learn oot o' this!' said Chris, contemptuously. 'The leaves is a' awa';' and, indeed, the book was more than half gnawed away as if by rats or mice.

'It's thae deevils of rottens,' remarked Meg, as she snatched the book from Chris, and turned over the leaves with some concern. 'I never was wunt to be sae plagued with them. That your blame; ye're ay skalin' crumbs, ye gutsy taed! Aweel, I'm no carin', ye dinna cross the doorstane or e'er I come back,' and hastily stepping out, she pushed Chris back into the cottage, and locked the door after her.

Chris was both angry and disappointed, for she had looked forward to a day in the open air. Her first impulse was to fling herself against the door, kicking and screaming, but she did not give way to it, lest Meg might hear and triumph over her. She determined to lead her to believe that it was rather a pleasure to be locked in, and to meet her on her return with a calm and dignified indifference. While studying this revenge it presently occurred to Chris that she was hungry; she would have some of Meg's tea, she thought; that would do good to herself, and at the same time annoy her enemy. She climbed up to the high shelf and reached down the tin canister, but it was empty.

'Ay, she'll have gone to the shop for more,' thought Chris, 'I might have kent that. I wish there was a drop of milk; never mind, I'll have some bannocks.'

The thick oat bannocks were tough and heavy. Chris resolved to toast them, and make believe they were new-baked. 'What would Meg say if she saw me?' thought she, with a certain wicked glee, as she drew a little three-legged stool in front of the fire, and set to work to toast the cakes on the bars of the grate, enjoying her meal at her leisure, and considering what mischief she could do next.

The book lay on the floor where Meg had dropped it, and Chris picked it up and opened it, though little remained of its leaves except the title page. The hard word Catechism puzzled her, and she began to reflect regretfully on her want of book-learning.

'Gran would be ill-pleased if he 'kent,' she thought. 'Waes me! I might have read the letter by this time maybe. The letter—I wonder where it is, and Gran said the man was to read it.'

Chris sprang from her seat as this thought occurred to her; her piece of oat-cake fell from her lap unheeded on the floor. She stood quite still with clasped hands thinking, trying to remember.

'The letter is in the kist,' she said to herself at last; 'I mind that well enough. If I could get hame to oor hoose I would get it, but where'll I find the man? I'll get the letter first onyway, an' maybe I'll find my bonny yellow shillin' too. I will get hame—I will!'

But the door was fast locked; for to-day at least Chris was a hopeless prisoner. It was useless to try and get out by the window, it was a tiny square window of four panes, which had never even been made to open. She went to look out at it, and to try the lock of the door again, though she knew it was useless. As she stood looking out longingly, and making plans for the future, an odd noise reached her ear, a noise as of scraping and nibbling, such as she had often heard in the cottage, but never quite so close to her. She turned round and beheld two large rats busy eating the oat-cake she had dropped, and even as she watched there came a third still bigger, and began nibbling, after glancing a cunning suspicious look at her. Chris was not particularly fond of rats, and could well have dispensed with their company; still she did not absolutely loathe any animal, and felt a certain fascination in watching the hideous creatures. She stood quite still until they had finished every crumb of the oat-cake, after which two of them withdrew to a hole under the bed; but the big one, after some little delay, disappeared into the corner behind the great clock, where Chris heard him for some minutes noisily gnawing and tugging at something. Cautiously she crept nearer to see what he was doing, and was just in time to see him run down a hole with a strip of something bright coloured in his mouth. Chris wondered very much what the thing was; it looked like a bit of rag chequered red and green, and she had an odd feeling that she had seen it before, or something very like it. She contrived, after some trouble, to open the clock-case, where the great silent pendulum still hung; but the clock had not gone for years, and the whole of the back part was wanting. There seemed to be nothing behind it but a bit of crumbling wall roughly mended with deal. As, however, her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she caught sight of the place where the rat had found his prize, and saw hanging down through a chink in the deal board a morsel of the same many coloured rag she had seen him take away. She took hold of the frayed edge and pulled it gently, she found she could

pull it through the chink; by degrees, with cautious pulling, she succeeded in drawing out the whole of it. It was a silk tartan handkerchief, of which only the outside strip had been torn away. Chris spread it on her knees, and overcome with astonishment, sat down on the floor to gaze at it. She recollected this handkerchief as long as she could recollect anything. It had belonged to her grandfather, and had been given to him by an old woman, the village shopkeeper's mother, as a token of gratitude for having cured her little dog. Old Peter had never worn it or cared for it; but Chris, as a small child, had thought it very grand indeed, and the sight of its gay chequers and the yellow satin stripes she used to think so beautiful brought back many memories. She sat quite still, lost in wonder as to how it could have come there; then this thought faded from her mind, and still she sat on dreaming over it, calling to mind the old days at home when her grandfather was with her, until she had forgotten the existence of old Meg and her present evil fate.

To this short forgetfulness succeeded a too sudden and rough awakening. The cottage door opened noisily, and old Meg staggered in, in an even worse mood than usual. She was always quarrelsome when she had had too much whiskey, and high words had passed that afternoon between her and Janet Mucklehose, who had met her coming back from the public-house, and had taken the opportunity of reproving her in very forcible language for drunkenness, hypocrisy, and neglect of her little orphan charge. Prudence and refinement were not amongst Janet's virtues, and however true her accusations might have been, she would have done better to admonish her neighbour in private rather than in the open street. A battle of words ensued, in which the two women stood with their arms akimbo, each trying to shout the other down, until Meg, finding that Janet possessed greater eloquence, and that public opinion was on her side, at length gave up the dispute, shook her fist in her adversary's face, and hastened home vowing vengeance. She rushed into the cottage with such blind violence as to fall over poor little Chris, who was still sitting, wrapped in her day dream, on the floor; then, roused to fresh fury at finding her in her way, she seized the child, shook and beat her, and tried to knock her head against the wall. Chris had a naturally hot temper, and her stay with Meg had certainly not made it any gentler. For the moment this sudden onset made her as mad and blind with passion as the old woman herself. She dashed at her enemy, giving back blow for blow to the utmost of her strength, kicking, striking, and cursing; for, alas! Chris had learnt many bad words of late—foul words, whose meaning, happily, she did not understand. It was an ugly, horrible thing to see and hear, this struggle between the old woman and the child. At length Meg's superior strength prevailed; she forced Chris down upon the floor, and for a moment the child thought she was going to strangle her. But Meg paused, and, keeping her hand

on Chris's throat, looked around for a suitable weapon to chastise her with. The poker was the readiest, but happily for Chris, it was out of reach, and as Meg loosed her hold of the now terrified child and went to fetch it, Chris darted through the open door and fled.

She might easily have found shelter and protection at the blacksmith's, or, indeed, at any of the neighbour's cottages, had she thought of it, but she had had no time to think. Her one idea was to 'get home,' back to the old cottage on the moor. She ran until her limbs failed her, and she was obliged to stop, trembling and half giddy. A few months ago she could have run the whole two miles and never thought of being tired, but she was not so strong now. She cast a frightened look all round, but there was no one in sight. Meg had been unable to pursue, and no one else had observed her. She was safe for the present, and could walk along the well-known path at her leisure. As the cottage came in sight it had a strange desolate look in Chris's eyes, even from a distance; no smoke rose from its chimneys, no cackle of fowls was heard round the deserted yard. As she came nearer she saw the broken windows, and noticed a deep hollow in the thatched roof, which seemed ready to fall in. The door had been locked, but it was so rotten that a very slight push sufficed to break it in, and Chris, with a sinking heart, entered her old home. How different it all was! It was deadly cold, and everything smelt mouldy; the walls had great patches of damp upon them; the furniture, even the grate, was gone. Chris looked round her in blank dismay. There was nothing to sit down upon except the bare damp floor, and upon this she cast herself despairingly. Where was her grandfather's chair? which, while she walked along, she had thought she should like to see and touch once more, and try to fancy him sitting there. Where was the 'kist' which contained her letter? Where were the animals? Chris got up and made her way out into the yard. The little byre was clean and empty, there was not even a bit of straw in it; the roof with its thatch of dry heather was full of holes which let in the daylight. The henhouse was in even worse case, its door had disappeared entirely; a little chaff still remained upon the floor, but the fowls' perches had fallen down and lay across each other in confusion. The old dog-kennel was still in the yard, but it lay overturned and blocking up the way, a bit of rusty chain still dangling from it. Everything was utterly silent, except for the wind which whistled dismally through the cracks and crannies of the ruined byre. Chris stood and called—she knew well that nothing would answer, and yet she could not bear the silence. She called each of the animals by name; she even called 'Gran' once or twice falteringly, and then stopped, angry with herself, and half-frightened at the sound of her own voice. She walked into the cottage again, sat down deliberately on the floor in her old corner, with her hands clasped round her knees and her forehead resting upon them, and began to wish that she were dead. By-

and-by it occurred to her that it was no use for a little outcast like herself to indulge even that desire. In an ordinary case, it is easy and very common for children to wish to die and go to Heaven when things do not go smoothly with them in this world; but where was Chris wishing to go to? The minister's words came into her mind, 'He that denieth Christ before men shall be denied before the angels of God.'

'But I canna deny Him,' she moaned, 'I canna. If I deny Him, I've naebody left. Lord, Lord! come to me, or send ane o' them to me!'

She opened her eyes when she had said this, and glanced round the cottage half shuddering, thinking what if a white-winged form were actually to step out from that dark corner, and lay its awful, shining hand upon her. She hid her face again, and by-and-by her thoughts grew indistinct and dreamy. Outside the daylight was beginning to fade, the 'soughing' wind had brought a shower of rain, which shook the window frame and dashed in, bringing with it morsels of the broken glass. Chris did not heed, but presently there was a noise at the door, a quick light footstep in the room, and she awoke with a start. She lifted her eyes and saw that a lady had come into the cottage while she was asleep, and was standing looking at her with pity and surprise in her face. Chris was not surprised. She recognised at once that this was an answer to her prayer, though she knew well enough that it was no angel, but a human being; yet beautiful, as a heaven-sent messenger ought to be. The lady had a tall graceful figure, and beautiful plaits of fair hair; she was dressed in a spring suit of grey, and wore a hat with a heron's plume in it. She spoke as soon as she saw Chris was awake, in a gay, musical young voice.

'So you are really a little girl!' she said. 'I couldn't think what you were. My poor child, why do you sit here? this is too cold for you,' and she laid her hand upon Chris's little blue fingers. The child shivered all over at the touch, and caught her breath.

'Did I frighten you, you poor little thing?' the lady said. 'I didn't mean to. I only came in to get shelter from the rain. Look how it is pouring!' and she pointed to the window. 'I suppose you did too, for you can't live here, surely?'

'It wasna for the rain I came in,' answered Chris mysteriously.

'I was going to the village of Windygates, but I mistook the way, and it is too late now,' the lady said. 'I wish to go and see'—and she looked earnestly at the child—'a little girl named Christian Adamson. Perhaps you can tell me where to find her?'

'That's me,' answered Chris briefly, but with a happy smile.

'Why, so I thought as soon as I saw you,' said the lady. 'But how lucky I am to find you here! Tell me how it was.'

'The Lord sent ye,' answered Chris, looking admiringly at her. 'And He's been real quick. I cried on Him to send somebody, an'

He sent you. I never cried on Him before, but I'll aye do it now,' she added decidedly.

The child's words brought a sudden flush to her listener's face and a bright light into her eyes. She drew Chris to her and put her arms round her.

'You must tell me everything, everything,' she said impulsively, 'and how you came to be so unhappy, and then perhaps I can help you. I do so want to help people, and I have heard of you, Chris, from—from a friend of mine. You are the little girl who saved the fox, are you not? Now tell me your story.'

'But what do they ca' you?' said Chris, gazing at her, wide-eyed.

'I am Lilias Forrester—Miss Forrester,' the young lady answered, 'and I am come home to live at the Hall. You know where that is?'

'The big hoose? Is that your hoose?'

'Yes—it is my house.'

'But ye dinna bide in it?'

'I might not, until I was twenty-one; I have always lived in England. But now I am come to live here at home, and I want to learn to know all my neighbours and be their friend. Do you understand me, Chris?'

Chris felt just a little overwhelmed at her new friend's magnificence. This, then, was the heiress of Windygates, of whose riches and beauty she had often heard, and whose coming had been looked forward to by the whole village. No angel could have been a more exalted being in her eyes, but she felt entire confidence in her. She set herself to tell her story as well as she could, beginning from her grandfather's illness and death. She had sometimes a little difficulty in expressing herself, but having been accustomed to hold long conversations with imaginary beings for want of human company, she succeeded better than might have been expected. Her listener was full of sympathy, and evidently took the most intense interest in all that Chris told her about herself.

'Chris,' she said at last, 'that ring and that letter *must* be found. Meg must have the ring, I think, and the letter—I don't know, but it *shall* be found. I'll go to the minister——'

'But he maunna read it,' interrupted Chris. 'It's the man——'

'Never mind,' said Miss Forrester, tightening the clasp of the arm which held the child. 'Leave the man to me—I know where to find him. He *shall* read it;' and her eyes quite flashed as she seemed to picture to herself the probable reluctance of 'the man.'

Chris felt awed by the sight of so much resolution, and said nothing. But by-and-by the lady recollected the lateness of the hour and the length of time they had been sitting on the cold damp floor. She rose hastily; she did everything in a quick, eager, yet not ungraceful way. 'How dark it is growing!' she said. 'Chris, how in the world are we to get home? I am not sure of the way even in the daylight.'

Chris was surprised, and declared her intention of staying where she was, and never going back to Meg.

'No; but I mean you shall come home with me,' said the lady. 'I suppose you don't know the way to the Hall?'

Chris shook her head, and Miss Forrester looked out again over the dark wet fields.

'How foolish I have been!' she said. 'Child, we cannot stay here all night; you must guide me back to the village. You can't be afraid of Meg when I am with you. Once there, we will find some means of getting home.'

CHAPTER VI.

It was fortunate for Chris that she escaped from Meg when she did, for the old woman might really have killed her, or at least done her a serious injury. It would have been unintentional, of course; she would not deliberately have done her any real bodily harm, but drink and passion combined had made Meg absolutely mad for the moment, and she had not drunk enough to stupefy herself, as she sometimes did. Finding it hopeless to try to overtake the child, she turned and rushed back into the village like a mad creature, screaming out to the neighbours to give chase, yet hardly able, from passion, to get out the words. Soon she had quite a crowd round her, and some men especially, who were lingering about, found the scene very amusing.

'Hey, Meg! what's ado?' said one, leaning his back against the public-house wall, and looking at her with a broad grin. 'What's happened ye?'

'Tak' a wee bit dram,' said another, winking at his neighbour. 'It's fine for the temper.'

'Weel, I'm sure!' said the landlady, elevating her nose contemptuously, as she, too, came out to gaze, and listen to the volley of abuse which Meg now hurled at the two men who were jeering at her. 'I peety yon bairn if this is what she gets. Dinna you gang near her, Liz,' she added, plucking back her little daughter, who was venturing too close.

'Siccan a pawssion I never saw.'

'Weel, where is the bairn then?' said one of the men, who began to understand what Meg wanted. 'What have ye made o' her now, ye auld witch?'

Meg ceased her outcry, and raised her arm as if to show the direction in which the child had run, when suddenly it fell powerless at her side. Her face, even her lips, grew grey and twitched into what seemed a ghastly smile; one side bent and gave way under her, and she fell forward at the landlady's feet. The men stood stupidly round, wondering in their dull way what had made her so suddenly quiet; the landlady was the first to realise what had happened.

'It's a fit,' she cried, bending over to look at her. 'Here, lift her up, some o' ye. Lord preserve us! is she dead?'

Two of the men hastened to lift Meg, and laid her on her back on the ground.

'She's no deid onyway,' said one.

Other neighbours now came running up and crowded round, and even the children pushed in to try and get a sight of Meg's strangely rigid face.

'Haud her up! dinna let her heid hing doun.' 'Gie her a wee drap speerits.' 'Haud her aff the damp grund.'

These and many other pieces of advice were offered, till at last Meg showed symptoms of reviving, and the two men sensibly enough carried her into her cottage, and laid her down on her own bed. Here she was attended to by Janet Mucklehose and the landlady, who sent a boy for the doctor, with directions to fetch the minister instead, should the doctor not be at hand.

'She's better,' said Janet, as the two women bent over her, 'her face is mair natural like gettin'. Ay, it's a queer turn this she's ta'en, puir body. Will it be a stroke, think ye, Mistress Lowdan?'

The landlady, Mrs. Lothian, pursed up her mouth and looked mysterious. 'Ye may ca' it a stroke,' she said, 'or ye may ca' it a fit—it's no for hiz to say. Woman, she just fell forrit at my feet as if a body had ca'd her doun! An' her that was just ragin' a wee while syne. Eh, its awfu'!'

Mrs. Lothian sat down in Meg's chair and began to shake and shudder so violently that Janet was afraid she would soon have two patients instead of one.

'Ay, it's gien ye a fricht, nae wonder,' she said, forcing a cheerful tone, as she tried by rubbing to bring back some life to Meg's helpless hand. Tak a keek oot at the door, Mistress Lowdan, I marvel the bairn's no comin' in.'

'The bairn!' exclaimed the landlady, with a hysterical laugh. 'Wha kens whaur the bairn is noo?'

'Puir wee thing!' said Janet, who had kept a warm corner in her heart for Chris ever since the night she had carried her home in her arms. 'I wish she may be safe enough. I doubt Meg's abused her ower sair, an' she's rin awa'. I'll get a haud o' Sandy when he comes in, an' send him——'

'Dinna you meddle wi' her, if you'll tak' my advice,' said Mrs. Lothian. 'Folk that has onything ado wi' yon bairn——' she nodded meaningly. 'First the auld man, ye ken, and then her,' pointing to Meg. It's no canny, Janet. I wuss the meenister would come for my pairt, I'm no carin' for the doctor.'

'An' it's no very likely we'll get him,' said Janet, 'for he's ay awa', but it's time ane o' them was here.'

She drew forward a chair for the expected visitor, and moved about, trying to put the cottage a little in order. 'What's this on the floor?' she went on, half to herself, picking up as she spoke the silk tartan handkerchief which Chris had dropped in her flight.

'Ah! Meg, ye auld sorrow, this 'll be some o' your wark, I doubt,' she continued, speaking in an undertone, and with her back to Meg. 'See here, Mistress Lowdan, I mind seein' this neepkin in amang the auld man's duds, an' Meg she had an unco' conceit o' it, an' sez, "I wuss I had a neepkin like yon," sez she. An' sez I, "Keep oot o' the drawer wi' yer hands, or that neepkin 'll be in yer pooch," sez I.'

'Losh!' said Mrs. Lothian. 'She's a rale bad ane, I doot. Ye think she lifted it then?'

'I'm sure she did,' said Janet, 'mair by token she didna lift it as lang as I was there. She'll hae gaen hirplin' back her lane an' gotten'd. An' hiz thinkin a' thing was that safe. Eh, but she's cunnin'!'

'Whisht!' said Mrs. Lothian. 'She hears ye.'

Janet dropped the handkerchief with rather a guilty air, and turned round, for the sick woman had made an uneasy movement, and there was a sharp look in her bleared eyes as if she understood what was passing. Janet settled her more comfortably on the pillow, and asked her if she felt better. The twitching lips tried to form some answer; Meg seemed to be repeating some phrase over and over again. Janet bent over to catch the sound, but by-and-by the voice came back of itself, and Meg spoke distinctly.

'Gang oot o' my hoose,' she said. 'Gang oot o' my hoose.'

'Weel, I'm sure!' said Mrs. Lothian, rising and shaking out her skirts. 'If this is a' the thanks we get after a' wer charity! What was it you said, Mrs. Gourlay?'

Meg repeated the same speech several times over, rolling her head backwards and forwards restlessly.

The landlady tossed her head indignantly, and prepared to go; in truth she was not sorry now for an excuse to leave the sick woman, but the entrance of the minister a moment later decided her to remain where she was a little longer, out of mere curiosity to see what would happen.

The two women made way for Mr. Spence as he came in and went up to the bed, his benevolent face full of concern. He spoke to Meg gently, and asked her if she knew him. She evidently did; her eyes expressed intelligence and a sort of longing, but still her lips kept forming the same words. 'Gang oot o' my hoose—gang oot o' my hoose.'

'I dinna think she means it, sir,' said Janet, coming forward, for the minister had stepped back and looked distressed. 'Thae words were the first thing she said when she came to hersel', an' she's gane on wi' them sae lang she canna say nae ither thing. Tuts, let abee, Meg! dinna haver that gate.'

'We will engage in prayer,' said the minister. And standing where he was with uplifted hand, he prayed aloud and solemnly. The two women also stood, covering their faces, but no one knelt. Meg ceased her muttering and lay still, her eyes fixed eagerly upon the minister, and a painful struggling expression upon her face.

She seemed trying to force her rebellious tongue to form some other phrase.

A knock at the door presently interrupted them, and at the conclusion of the prayer Mrs. Lothian went to open it.

'It'll be the doctor,' whispered Janet, as a man's figure entered, and the minister, turning with a sort of bland condescension, said: 'You have arrived most opportunely, sir. I will withdraw whilst you examine your patient.'

'You mistake,' answered the stranger, after a quick glance round. 'I'm not a doctor, and I'm sorry to have intruded where there's illness. Has anybody seen Miss Forrester? Did she not come this afternoon to see the child—the little girl, who I was told lives here?'

'No, sir; Miss Forrester's not been here,' said Mrs. Lothian.

'Then I must have come to the wrong house,' and the stranger was retreating hastily when the minister interposed.

'I would request your patience one moment, sir. This is very singular, very singular indeed. Permit me in one word to explain the circumstances.'

Janet here offered the visitor a chair, but he stood impatiently with his hand upon the back, not expecting much enlightenment evidently from the minister's discourse.

'You are, if I mistake not,' the latter went on, 'the gentleman presently staying at the Hall, the Honourable——'

'Arthur Beverley,' said the stranger, in a resigned tone, feeling it hopeless to cut the minister short.

'Precisely. And you came in search of——'

'Miss Forrester,' said Mr. Beverley, 'and she came in search of a little girl who does not seem to be here. So if you can't tell me where she is, sir, I think I had better go away.'

'The child in whom Miss Forrester is so kind as to be interested,' said Mr. Spence, 'has been missing from her home for some hours. It will be my duty to institute a strict search for her, and since you, sir, are seeking Miss Forrester, I shall be glad to accompany you, seeing that it is far from impossible that by our joint efforts we may be the means of restoring both to their friends at one and the same time.'

Mr. Beverley was by no means anxious for the minister's assistance, and was impatient of the good man's long speeches and slow movements, still he did not like to be rude. He was beginning, therefore, with as good a grace as he could, to assure Mr. Spence that his company would afford him great pleasure, when his intended speech was cut short by the sudden entrance of Chris herself, followed by Miss Forrester.

The child stopped as she opened the door, and looked round her utterly bewildered at the sight of the assembled company. Miss Forrester surveyed the scene more calmly until her eyes encountered

Mr. Beverley, when her face flushed slightly, and she listened with an extremely reserved and haughty air to his eager questions and expressions of relief that she was safe.

'The Lord be praised!' said Mr. Spence, 'our anxieties are now at an end. To you, madam, under Heaven, our thanks are due for the restoration of our little wanderer. Nay, Mrs. Mucklehose,' he continued, for Janet had drawn Chris into her motherly embrace, and was half-scolding, half-pitying the little pale-faced, wet-footed creature, 'nay, this child must be made sensible of her fault. Stand up, Christian, and answer me. Do you not see how ill your conduct has made your kind guardian, Mrs. Gourlay?'

'Mercy me, look at her!' exclaimed Mrs. Lothian suddenly, for Meg had raised herself without help, and was sitting upright on the bed, with a look of positive terror on her face. All eyes were turned to her, and Chris went innocently up to the bed, her wondering gaze fixed upon the old woman.

'Are you sick then, Auntie Meg?' she asked.

But Meg shrank away from her with a scream of horror which startled every one in the room. The sudden fright had brought back the power of speech, but her mind seemed wandering, and she gasped out wild and terrible words. She seemed to fancy that Chris was dead and had come back to haunt her, and screamed out that the bairn's head was broken in, there was blood upon it, and with gasps and shuddering cries she besought the women to take her away. All gathered round her horror-struck, and not knowing what to do, Janet and Mrs. Lothian whispered to each other, but kept at a distance from the bed. The only one who seemed to retain any presence of mind was little Chris herself.

'Auntie Meg,' she said, breaking in upon the hoarse cries of the old woman with her sweet childish voice, 'dinna be feared o' me, I'm livin'. Ye didna break my heid, ye ken, ye couldna reach the poker. D'ye no mind?'

'The poker, eh! Gude guide us! She thinks she's felled the bairn,' cried Janet.

'The innocent lamb!' ejaculated Mrs. Lothian.

'I've seen her this way whiles,' explained Chris to the company, 'but no sae bad, ye ken. She thinks whiles she's done a thing when she just meaned to do it. It was this way o' Saturday night, when she ay threeped she had washed hersel', an' she hadna washed. An' the day she was meanin' to break my head wi' the poker, but she didna win through wi't, ye ken.'

Lilias put both her arms round Chris, and clasped her tight.

'You hear,' she said to Mr. Spence, 'that *wicked* woman would have killed her. How she must have deceived you!'

'I was deceived, indeed,' said Mr. Spence, who looked deeply distressed. 'I must speak a word to this poor creature while yet there is time. Mrs. Gourlay, do you know what you are saying?

Endeavour to compose yourself. Did you really try to murder this little child?'

But Meg only gave him a vacant look, and made no answer except by a sound that was almost like a laugh.

'This is terrible,' said Mr. Spence. 'Can nothing be done to recall her senses? With this fearful crime on her conscience——'

'Oh, sir,' interrupted Janet, 'its maybe no sic awfu' bad! The crater was fou—she didna ken what she was doin'. She was the waur of a dram, whiles, we all kent that——'

'She ne'er got it frae me,' said Mrs. Lothian, 'but she was that cunnin'!'

'A drunkard!' groaned Mr. Spence, putting his hand to his forehead, 'and an attempted murderess!'

'She's a' that, sir,' observed Mrs. Lothian, 'an' a thief, forbye. See, Meg, whaur got ye this?' and she held up the handkerchief before the sick woman's eyes. Meg began to moan so pitifully that the hearts of the bystanders were filled with compassion. The minister raised his hand to motion Mrs. Lothian away; and Mr. Beverley made a step forward.

'Surely,' he said, 'this is needless cruelty. The poor creature is ill and excited, do not let us all torment her. Let us leave her in peace—we are all doing her a great deal of harm.'

'Hush!' said Lilias. 'She is trying to speak. Let her say what she wants to say.'

Meg had all this time kept her eyes fixed on Chris as if she had no power to turn them away; she now made a feeble motion as if she wished to be rid of the sight.

'Gang awa',' she whispered. 'Oh, gang awa'—tak' her awa'—I meaned her nae ill—I wish her nae ill. I'm no wantin' her duds—tak' them a' awa'!'

'Chris,' said Lilias suddenly, 'ask her where she put your ring?'

All looked at Miss Forrester with surprise, and perhaps a little reproach in their faces, but she stood her ground.

'It is better so,' she said earnestly; 'indeed, it is. The poor creature has stolen the child's things—I know she has, and I believe she would confess everything if she only could. It may give her ease of mind. Ask her, Chris.'

Chris did as she was told, a little reluctantly.

'Could you let me hae my ring, Auntie Meg?' she said, with her eyes on the ground.

There was no answer from Meg, nor any sign of intelligence. Janet and Mrs. Lothian, full of breathless interest, pressed closer to the bed, and Janet gave Chris an encouraging nudge.

'Speir at her again, Chrissie,' she whispered. 'Speak louder, maybe she disna hear.'

'Where—is—my—ring, Auntie Meg?' Chris demanded, raising her voice as directed. It had a strange uncanny sound in the still-

ness of the cottage, which frightened the child; she turned and hid her face in Miss Forrester's lap.

'Whaur's her ring?' echoed Janet and Mrs. Lothian in a breath.

The old sharp cunning look came over Meg's face.

'Aha, lasses!' she said, with a sort of chuckle, 'seek for it then!'

Then, as her eye wandered round the cottage, and she became aware of the many unfriendly faces, and the minister's stern regard, she fell back upon her pillow with a piteous moan. 'Seek i' the wa',' she sighed out. 'Seek i' the wa'. Gude sake, tak' them a' awa' an' mak' me quit o' ye!'

'Oh, poor thing!' cried Miss Forrester, putting Chris out of her arms and rising hastily. 'I think we are too cruel to her. Mr. Spence, tell us what is right. Shall we leave her and go away?'

'Seek i' the wa',' repeated Meg sharply and impatiently. She had raised herself again and seemed to be trying to lift her hand to point, though it refused to obey her.

'Whaur 'll we seek, Meg?' asked Janet, bending over her. 'Let's see whaur the things is, like a woman. We'll no be ill at ye.'

'Seek ahint the clock,' said Chris composedly. 'That's where the rat came out.'

All looked at her in surprise, and Mr. Spence said, 'Go then, child, and search for yourself.'

Chris went, after a doubtful glance at Meg, who lay still, with her eyes fixed on the corner where the clock stood. It was difficult to open the clock-case as the key was gone, and Chris, after one or two vain attempts, turned to Mr. Beverley and asked whether 'he had a knife about him?'

The latter had until now been standing near the door, waiting impatiently until Miss Forrester should be ready to go away with him, and evidently disapproving of the whole business. But he produced the knife at Chris's request, and carefully opened the door of the clock-case for her and looked in. Without a word he next applied his knife to the deal board inside, which he removed with much care.

'Yes,' he said deliberately, turning to the assembled company, 'there does seem to be a large hole here filled with a variety of things. Shall we proceed with this investigation or not?'

'Go on,' said Lilias Forrester; 'she wishes it.'

'It is very interesting to us,' observed Mr. Beverley, with a quick glance at Meg, 'and if equally agreeable to our hostess, of course it's all right. Here is the handle of an umbrella, and this seems to be a portion of a gentleman's best hat.'

Mrs. Lothian received the articles from his hand and laid them on the table, and Miss Forrester came closer to the hiding-place and looked in.

'*Please* do not be flippant,' she said, in an earnest whisper. 'Remember the poor thing's illness, and how serious it all is.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Beverley, pausing in the act of bringing out some new treasure. 'Would you rather somebody else did this?'

'No, no; go on, please,' said Lilias; 'only do not make a jest of everything.'

Thus exhorted, Mr. Beverley silently drew forth from the hiding-hole a pair of spectacles, a small earthenware cream jug, one or two linen towels, a large kitchen spoon, part of the broken clasp of a book, and a battered brass candlestick.

There was a chorus of exclamations from the women as these things were produced. Each recognised something which had been missed by themselves or their neighbours months or years ago, and whose loss had been almost forgotten.

'Here my muckle spoon,' said Janet. 'I ay blamed Minnie for lossin't. Puir bairn, it wasna her blame. An' see, Mrs. Lowdan, d'ye no mind Maggie McQueen's wee juggie, an' what a stir she made aboot it?"

'I mind fine,' said Mrs. Lothian, who rather wished that she too could lay claim to some of the articles. 'An' wha's aucht the caunle?'

'These glasses,' said Mr. Spence, examining the spectacles, '*very* closely resemble a pair which I dropped on one occasion. I would not speak positively, but this woman has such an extraordinary faculty for secreting the property of others——'

'Mair like a pyet nor a body,' observed Mrs. Lothian energetically. 'Deed, sir, you may be positeeve they're your glesses,' and she thrust them into his hand, forgetting respect in her excitement.

'But I see nothing belonging to Chris in all this,' said Lilias Forrester. 'Is that all that is in the hole?'

'I think so,' said Mr. Beverley, as he felt down to the bottom. 'No, stay; here is another article of value. Stay a moment, it is firmly wedged in—it is heavy rather for its size,' and he lifted out a large tin tea-pot, very old and battered.

There was a deep groan from Meg when the tea-pot came to light, but no one heeded her now. The lid was wrenched off by eager hands. There were papers on the top, and underneath a calico bag containing coin.

'That is my letter,' said Chris quietly, as she picked it up, soiled, frayed, and crumpled as it was. She put it into Arthur Beverley's hand, saying, 'Gran said you was to read it.'

He looked at the address and changed colour. He drew it from its envelope, and looked rapidly through it, folded it up, and put it in his pocket. Chris looked at him expectant, but Lilias Forrester came to his aid.

'I understand,' she said, speaking so low as to be heard by him alone. 'You cannot read it now before all these people—but why keep it?'

'The letter is mine,' Mr. Beverley said, in a low strange voice. 'It is addressed to me. See'—and he showed her the envelope—'it is from—my dead wife.'

'And she—is she your child?' Lilias asked, pointing to Chris. 'Why did you never tell me?'

'Until this moment I never knew that I had a child,' he answered, speaking very earnestly. 'Will you not believe me?'

'What have you found, Chris?' said Miss Forrester, turning from him. 'What is that in your hand?'

The others had meanwhile been occupied with the bag of coins, which contained only silver—shillings and half-crowns; but at the bottom of the tea-pot was Peter's little old mole-skin purse, which Chris was opening slowly and with trembling hands, while they all watched her. And first she pulled out a sovereign.

'This is my ain!' she cried joyfully, 'my yellow shillin';' and she ran to show it to Mr. Beverley. 'You'll mind it—you gied it to me,' she said. 'But I lost it that very same night, and Gran never saw it.'

Mr. Beverley drew back a little, and looked at her strangely, Chris thought.

'How can you be sure it is the one I gave you?' he said.

Chris turned away a little hurt, but Janet held out the purse to her once more.

'Seek again and ye'll get your ring, Chrissie,' she said encouragingly. 'That's your ain, ony way, as I can testifee. She had it round her neck, sir, wi' a wee bit black string—an' here's the string!' and she triumphantly held up a knotted piece of black boot-lace, which she had disengaged from the ring. Chris took the ring timidly, as if conscious that every one was looking at her. Then she went and gave it into Miss Forrester's hand.

'Chris,' said the latter, detaining the child while she bent her head to examine it, 'tell us, how came you to wear this ring? Where did it come from?'

'It was my ain mither's ring,' Chris answered.

Lilias looked at Mr. Beverley, and handed the ring to him. After a minute or two he broke the silence.

'She speaks only the truth,' he said, 'and I may as well acknowledge now before you all, that this child must be my daughter. Her mother was my wife. I will explain,' he went on, as he glanced from Lilias's averted face to the astonishment he saw expressed in Mr. Spence's. 'When I was in this country nine years ago, I married Christian Adamson, the daughter of Peter Adamson, whom you all knew. He was then gamekeeper at Glen Finnary, in Ross-shire. I was under age, and I married her without her father's knowledge or consent, but, according to Scotch law, it was a perfectly legal marriage. Soon after, I was under orders for India, and intended taking my wife with me. But she had fallen into delicate health, and was so

nervous about the voyage that I gave up the plan. I took lodgings for her with some friends of her own near Edinburgh. After some months I ceased to hear from her, and the friends she was with wrote to me that she had left them, and intended returning to her father. They said she was not well, and I understood that the illness affected her mind. As soon as I could get leave I went to Glen Finnary to look after her. I was shown her grave there—that was all.'

There was a silence for some moments, then Mr. Spence spoke.

'Sir, this acknowledgment has taken us much by surprise. We were far from being aware that you were—in fact, a widower.'

He adjusted his spectacles, and looked attentively at Mr. Beverley, as if trying to reconcile his appearance with this description.

'I would but ask you this question. Are you convinced that this child is yours? and if so, are you prepared to discharge the duties of a parent towards her?'

Mr. Beverley looked at Chris as she stood there, ragged, barefooted, and dirty, and answered ungraciously enough: 'I suppose I shall have to.'

At which unfatherly speech Lilias lifted the child upon her lap.

'Tell them,' she said, in a low voice, 'how you know you are her father.'

'I knew nothing at the time,' he said. 'The people at Glen Finnary told me how she—my wife—had wandered home to her father's house one winter's night in the snow, and had died from exhaustion and exposure. They said she had a baby in her arms—I took little heed of that—I never supposed it had lived. They told me Peter was in great anger and distress, and left the next morning without saying anything to any one. I never could trace him. Last winter, out hunting, I came to his cottage one day by accident, but he was out. I thought I had found him then, but when I went back he had disappeared again, and the cottage was empty. I believed he had done it on purpose. I had to go to England, and could make no further inquiries at that time.'

'That,' observed Mr. Spence mildly, 'seems somewhat negligent.'

'You forget, sir,' answered Mr. Beverley, 'that as I did not know the child belonged to me, I did not suppose that there was any real necessity for me to see Peter.'

'We can all bear witness to the fact,' said the minister, looking round, 'that Peter Adamson came to this district eight years ago, bringing with him a young infant. That infant'—he pointed to Chris—'you now see before you. I suppose there can be little doubt that she is your daughter, but——'

'There is *no* doubt,' said Mr. Beverley, drawing out of his pocket the letter which Chris had given him. 'This is addressed to me in my wife's handwriting, and contains certificates of my daughter's birth and baptism, signed by the clergyman who attended the hospital from which they are dated.'

'Baptism!' exclaimed Mr. Spence. 'What name did she receive?'

Mr. Beverley looked at him in surprise.

'Christian, of course,' he said; 'why, you all know that.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Mr. Spence, 'but it is not "of course" at all. I had constantly urged upon Peter to have her baptised, supposing the rite never to have been administered. Nor do I believe the godless old man was aware that such was the case.'

'He could not read writing,' said Lilias, 'as Chris has explained to me. But you see, Chris, you *have* a right to your name.' She rose, and turned to Mr. Spence, 'I will take Chris home with me at once,' she said. 'Mr. Beverley is staying with us, and of course it would be impossible now to leave her here.'

'You are very good, madam,' said the minister warmly. 'After the painful disclosures of to-day I could hardly have expected such kindness from you; but I rejoice that you see the duty of Mr. Beverley towards his child in so clear a light.'

Miss Forrester coloured very deeply, and for a moment looked angry. Then she drew herself up, and answered in a clear voice, 'There is nothing painful to me in what we have just discovered. I am going to be married to Mr. Beverley next week, as perhaps you may have heard. I have long known of his marriage to Christian Adamson, and I am glad that his child is living and not dead. He will do his duty by her, and I will try to do mine too. Come, Chris.'

She led the child up to the bed, and desired her to bid good-bye to Meg. The old woman did not seem to heed or notice anything. Lilias touched her hand softly, and spoke to her, but as Meg gave no sign, she would not linger, but left the cottage after a hasty good-night to the others.

'Lilias,' said Arthur Beverley, when they were outside, 'your goodness—your generosity make me ashamed. Do you really mean it? Are you prepared to take the burden of this poor child upon you?'

'Do not talk of her like that—you have no right to think her a burden. She is a good brave child, and I am proud of her—and so will you be, when she wears clean clothes, and can talk English. You will soon learn, Chris, will you not? But see, Arthur, how dark and late it is. We must make haste and get home.'

Little Chris had not spoken, and could hardly think, she felt so dazed; she needed all her strength to keep up with Miss Forrester's swift steps. Arthur Beverley watched her as she toiled bravely along.

'You are very tired,' he said, as she tripped over a stone and nearly fell, and Chris could not contradict him. So it came to pass that Chris was carried home in her father's arms, and put to sleep in a wonderful soft white bed by the lady who was soon to take the place of her own mother to her. And from that time a new life

began for Chris, which was better than the old. By degrees she learnt a different speech and ways, and the old evil times became like a dream to her. But all her life Chris liked to remember the cottage on the moor, and the years she had lived there with her grandfather, and all her life she kept up her friendship with beasts and birds, which she had inherited from him, and which had helped to bring her good fortune.

(*Concluded.*)

The Makers of Modern Italy (Macmillan) is a book much to be recommended to those who wish to understand that difficult subject, contemporary history.

French Life in Letters, by Mrs. Molesworth, is a useful easy school-room book; very amusing, too.

We Four Children, by M. A. Hoyer (Hogg), is a charming collection of stories in a capital setting.

As a full-grown novel, we recommend *Caste and Creed*, by Mr. Frank Penny (White), an excellent tale of the trials of life in India.

Two more short novels deserve praise and repay reading, *An Unwilling Wife* and *Two and Two*.

MARIE AND BEPPO.

BY MARY ASH.

ONE hot glaring morning in July the train from Italy came rolling along the Riviera coast, laden with its usual freight of peasants and weary-eyed tourists. In a third class compartment two French *paysannes* were holding forth pretty energetically, in spite of the stifling atmosphere, on some question of great importance, to judge from the interested faces of their companions who joined in with emphatic '*Si, si's.*' In a further corner, lounging as comfortably as the hard seats would allow, was a young man, who seemed to be of a different stamp from the rest, and a closer inspection of the pale handsome face left no doubt that, though in outward circumstances he was as poor as any of those around him, still he was a gentleman. In spite of his rich southern beauty, the face, or rather the expression, was not pleasant, for a stern hard look was upon it just now, and as the large dark eyes looked moodily out over the blue Mediterranean, there was a sad hopelessness in their depths unusual in one so young. With a weary stretch he stood up as the train drew up slowly to the Mentone station, and with native courtesy began handing down various bundles and umbrellas to his companions who all got out here, and congratulating himself on being probably alone for the rest of his short journey to his destination, Monte Carlo, he settled down again in his corner, when the door re-opened with a fresh jerk just in time for a porter to lift in a little girl with a good-tempered 'Only just done it, piccina,' before the train sleepily plodded on again. Strangely enough the young man's eyes grew a little less hard as he watched the little individual in front of him settling herself comfortably on the hard seat; and truly one might go far to find a prettier sight than little seven-year-old Marie Purchelli, with her sunny hair and dark eyes, a combination of light and shade as pretty as rarely met with. A regular fat little Mother Bunch was the little peasant girl in her baggy, cool, striped dress, that must have descended from some elder sister, for it reached down almost to the little feet, laced up in heavy clogs, and very bright did the red handkerchief look that tried in vain to keep the straggling curls in place.

At last the little maiden seemed to have settled herself and her

clothes to her own satisfaction, and folding her tiny brown hands one over the other, proceeded gravely to investigate the signor opposite. Contrary to the general rule, she began from the bottom upwards, discovered a big hole in one boot, and looked down complacently at her own stout shoes; then the walking-stick came under consideration, and the button mouth pursed up in the vain effort to make out what was carved on the knob, and then the brown eyes took a swift upward flight to the other pair of eyes that were watching the investigations with a gleam of interest in their dark depths. Long and earnestly did the child look, till, to the young man's intense dismay, the rosy mouth puckered and the little cheeks grew redder and redder, while two big tears began to roll ominously down. In a moment he had started to his feet, and before she knew what was happening, little Marie found herself on his knee, and the tears vanished away from astonishment at being treated so unceremoniously.

'Please, Signor, put me down,' she found voice to say, as the firm hand prevented her first endeavours to get away.

'Tell me first why you cried just now?' said the Signor in Italian; and after some coaxing out came the answer shyly.

'Because, Signor, your eyes looked just like my Beppo when the Padre has beaten him; and my Beppo is gone, and—and I shall *never* see him again!'

'Poverina! Is Beppo dead, then?'

'Ah, no, Signor; I sold him yesterday!'

'*You* sold him, you small thing? You mean the Padre did?'

'No, Signor,' and little Marie settled herself down to explain matters, for somehow this miserable-looking man had a very soft corner for children, and little Marie unconsciously had found it out, and sat looking confidingly up at him, letting him hold one of her brown paws in his large white hand, and gradually the hard black look gave place to a tender softened expression as the little tale was unfolded. How the Madre was very, very ill, and the Padre was away earning money, as a carpenter, at Rome; how she, Marie, had overheard the Curé tell to Rosina, yesterday morning, that the Madre would never get any better, and that the doctor could do nothing. How she had cried and cried till there were no more tears to come, and how she had asked the good God to make the Madre better, and how He had sent Beppo up to her as she sat on the church doorstep to tell her what to do, and how her own Beppo had licked her face and slept with her all night, while Rosina was with the Madre, and how early this morning she had taken him to the Padrone where Carlo worked, and he had given her three whole francs for him, and how she had cried, and how Beppo had cried, and how they had to tie him up to prevent his following her home.

'And what was it Beppo told you to do, Cara mia?'

'Why, he reminded me of my English doctor, and told me to come

to Nice, Signor, of course,' said Marie, looking up in surprise; and then another thought struck her. 'May I call you San Giacomo, Signor?'

'You will be the first to ever Saint me, if you do, piccina; why do you want to?'

'Because you are just like the Holy San Giacomo over my bed, Signor, only your hair is long and black, and his is yellow.'

'Well, Carissima, call me Paolo instead; I am not good enough for the other yet. Now go on and tell me what you are going to do at Nice. I suppose some one will meet you there?'

'Why, no, Signor—Paolo; no one knows at home I am here, else Rosina would have stopped me; and I must fetch my good English doctor to cure the Madre. The good God reminded me.'

'But, Marie,' said Paolo gravely, 'it was very naughty to run away by yourself like this; think how frightened they will be when they miss you? What is the name of the doctor, and where does he live at Nice?'

'I don't know, Signor Paolo,' said Marie, looking up calmly; 'his name is very difficult. See, he wrote it on a card for me to know whom to thank the good God for when I say my prayers, because he made my Beppo well when he was, oh, so ill!' And Marie tugged at a minute pocket till out came a very grubby visiting card with 'F. Stonecroft, M.D.,' printed on it. 'There, Signor, I pray for F. Stony crofte, M.D., every night. Do all English doctors put their best names after their other ones? Isn't it a lot to have, F. M. D.? I pretend they are François Matthieu Devan. I was a long time finding out the last, for I wanted him to have three Saints' names, and I found St. Devan in an old book of the Madre's.'

'But, listen, Marie,' said Paolo, stopping the little chatterer, 'how do you know he is at Nice, and how will you find him?'

'Quite easily, Signor. Have I not his card? and he told me he lived in Nice, and would come and see me and Beppo some day; but he never has. I shall ask a gendarme where he lives, and then I will go up to him in his big house and say, "I am little Marie you cured Beppo for, and will you be so good as to come straight back with me and cure the Madre." You see, Signor, I thought of everything.'

'Have you ever been to Nice?' asked Paolo, after a moment's thought.

'No, Signor, but Rosina has, and she says it is more beautiful even than Menton.'

'Well, Carissima, I fear your people will be very frightened. Tell me where you live, and I will send them a telegram from Monte Carlo.'

'Is a telegram a long bit of blue paper with writing on it, Signor? because I live at Castellar, high up the mountain, and my Doctor had one brought up to him when he was there, and he had to pay such a lot of money.'

'Well, then, that's no good; but how did you get down if you live so high up?'

'My friend Filippo let me ride down with the baskets on his donkey.'

'Now, Marie, go and sit quietly there for a bit—I want to think,' and Paolo put her on the seat opposite, giving her his stick to examine.

His thoughts were somewhat after this manner. If I give up going to try my luck at the tables once more, I shall throw away my last chance possibly of getting hold of some money. Seeing I have only fifty centimes and the stick, which may fetch something, I shall be in a pretty scrape if I can't get some by fair means or foul. If I trot Marie about Nice, hunting up her doctor, who is pretty sure not to be there, I shall probably spend my last sou before night with no result to show for it. Ah, well, what's the good of bothering! I'll let the child decide. Something may turn up before night.

'Carissima,' he said aloud, 'would you like *me* to help you find the doctor instead of a gendarme?'

'That would be beautiful, Signor; but you——'

'All right then. How do you like my stick?'

'But, Signor, I should not like to walk about with a stick all over little diavolos—and they are *so* ugly, and——' Just then the train stopped at Monte Carlo, and Paolo and Marie amused themselves watching the crowd of people who got out, and how they, one and all, soon reappeared outside the station, toiling up under the blazing sun the white marble steps that lead to the loveliest gardens and the most notorious gambling Casino of Europe.

'Why does our Curé say it is a naughty place, Signor?' suddenly asked Marie, and Paolo not finding it quite convenient to answer the question, drew her away to the other side as they moved on again, and started her chattering away about Beppo, and Carlo and Rosina, while he leaned back watching the soft blue waves lapping the grey rocks below as the train rolled on round the coast, now travelling through some mountain; now passing through lovely bays and tiny coves, where the orange and lemon trees dipped down to the smiling water's edge. And all through little Marie's chattering he was going back in memory to that far-away time when he, too, had been an innocent child, and he shuddered with a strange disgust as he thought of the difference now between himself and the peasant child before him.

By the time Nice was reached, Paolo felt himself well up in the Purchelli family, from the Bambino who had just cut its first tooth and was very cross, to the old grandfather who not so very long ago used the stick to his small grandchild for hiding his spectacles.

'Where is your ticket, Marie?' he asked at the Nice Riquier station; 'we give it up here.'

For a moment Marie sat blankly staring, trying hard to remember

where she had put it for safety. Then with a sigh of relief she put up her hand and pulled it out of a fold in the handkerchief round her head.

'Wouldn't it have been dreadful if I had lost it, Signor,' she gasped, 'for I have no more money. Will you keep the going-back bit for me, Signor; it might tumble out.'

Signor Paolo felt he was coming out in a new light as he left the station, after sending a telegram to the Menton station-master in chance of Marie's having been traced there. And his handsome face grew young and boyish as he watched Marie's eyes grow large with delight as he walked up to where an open tramcar was waiting for passengers.

'Signor, are we really going in that?' she asked. And Paolo had his full reward as he changed his fifty centimes in the rapturous delight of the little peasant girl.

'How few people there are about,' she remarked, as they drove up the wide Avenue de la Gare, 'and I have not seen a gendarme yet I should have been a long time finding my doctor without you.'

'All the English people have gone back to their homes by now, I expect, and the others are resting indoors till the heat has passed; they are not as energetic as you and I. Jump out here; we will go and look in a directory at this book-shop and see if your doctor is down in it.'

'Why should he be in a book-shop, Signor? Any one will tell you.'

'You small ignoramus,' laughed Paolo, 'in a great town like this they may never have heard his name even.'

Marie looked very unbelieving, but followed obediently into the shop, and rather turned up her snub nose at Paolo's undisguised relief and delight when he found sure enough F. Stonecroft, M.D., 11, Rue St. Honoré, amongst the medical men.

'Now, Marie, shall we have dinner first, or go and find the doctor?'

'How funny, Signor, I forgot all about dinner, and I haven't got enough money; I have only fifty centimes, and that I must keep to pay the doctor with.'

'Never mind, Marie, my ugly stick will give us both dinner and another ride, too, very likely,' and laughing at the child's face of puzzledom, Paolo disappeared into a dingy little shop, to reappear triumphantly, minus the stick certainly, but with a gold coin and several francs clinking in his hand.

'There, Carissima, see how rich we are now; shall we go and hunt up some dinner?'

And what a treat it was to country-bred Marie, that grand dinner in a real restaurant, with a tall gentleman to wait on them, and how polite he was to Signor Paolo, who was growing more and more of a hero to Marie's eyes, and never did veal cutlets and beans taste so delicious. The waiter certainly wanted them to have some big

strawberries, but as Paolo said, only rich people could afford those, so off they went in a tram again, and Marie's heart began to quake when they got out and walked up the Rue St. Honoré, and a first suspicion of a doubt arose as to whether the doctor would be quite so sure to remember all about Beppo. Paolo, too, felt unpleasantly conscious of the hole in his boots and his shabby clothes, and he had more than half an idea of sending Marie in alone, and waiting himself outside, but the tight grasp of a hot little hand and the consoling thought that the Doctor would be sure to have gone away, made him resolve to go through with it to the end, now he was so far, and with a bright smile he ran up the steps and rang the bell, saying, 'Coraggio, little one, it will soon be over.'

The first glance round the hall when the door was opened made Paolo think his first conjecture was right, for boxes, packing cases, and bundles of curtains and carpets tied up in sheets lay about, and signs of packing were everywhere; still, on asking for Monsieur le Docteur, the maid said he was in, but as he was leaving by the evening train, he was too busy to see any one.

One glance down at Marie's disappointed face and Paolo said, 'Will you give this card to him, please, and say the little girl he gave it to has come all the way from Mentone to see him.' With a curious look at the strange-looking pair, she went off with it, and Paolo said, 'Can your Doctor speak French or Italian, Marie, for my English is not over good?'

'Ah, yes, Signor, he talks beautiful Italian, as you do, not as I do quite.'

'That's a comfort and——' But a hearty voice broke the sentence off.

'Well, my little friend, I am glad I haven't just missed seeing you. How's Beppo and the kitten?' and a tall, stout, good-tempered looking gentleman came out of a door close to Marie, making her start back with a cry of surprise.

'Come in here,' continued the Doctor, leading them into an inner room; 'have you come to spend a day at Nice with your brother? But no, that is not Carlo,' taking in at a glance the refined haughty look of the young Italian as he stood there grave and silent, his face settling down into stern gloomy lines as he noticed all the signs of wealth and luxury about the doctor and his study.

'No, Monsieur le Docteur,' cried Marie eagerly, 'he is Signor Paolo, and he has taken care of me all day and given me dinner, and he found you out in a big book; and he is just like San Giacomo, but he says he isn't good enough, and he is, isn't he, Monsieur? and he knows all about Beppo, and I sold my Beppo to come for you, and the Madre will never, *never* get any better if you do not come back with me and make her well like Beppo; and do please come quick, or the Madre will—will——' and what with the excitement and the heat and the long day's journey, poor little seven-year-old Marie fairly

broke down, and clinging to Paolo, sobbed as if her heart would break.

'Tut, tut, poor little woman,' muttered the doctor, blowing his nose, and noticing with inward interest how tenderly the young fellow soothed and quieted the child, he wondered more and more how the two had come together; then aloud he said, 'Would she like anything to eat, do you think, Signor?'

'A little milk would do her no harm, thank you. Shall I tell the doctor all about it for you, Marie?' asked Paolo in a whisper, as Dr. Stonecroft rang the bell for some milk, and on receiving an assenting nod, he told the little story, simply mentioning the fact that he had travelled with Marie, and thought she was too young to come alone to Nice on such a wild-goose chase. The Doctor listened carefully to the account, saying nothing to the end, though his eyes sparkled and glowed once or twice, as Paolo told in simple earnest words of little Marie's implicit faith that she would find her good English doctor, and that he would cure the Madre as he did Beppo. At the end he got up and took the child on his broad knee, saying, 'Well done, little Marie; but it was rather unkind to the poor mother and sister to leave no word behind. Still, one could not expect such a small head to think of everything, could one? and I dare say they have sent down to Mentone by now and got Signor Paolo's message. After your coming all this way to fetch me, I can do no more than go back with you, but you must not feel sure of my curing the Madre as I did Beppo—that must be left in the good God's hands. Now I am going to send you upstairs to sleep on my bed for an hour, and then we will all go home together.'

With a big sigh of relief Marie looked up at Paolo as much as to say, 'You see I *was* right.' Then a fear seized her: 'You won't go away while I am upstairs, will you, Signor Paolo?'

'Well, Carina, you will not want me now you have the Doctor to see after you,' said Paolo, rather bitterly.

'Tut, tut, Signor Paolo,' struck in the Doctor; 'you must forgive me, as I have only been introduced to you under that name—I hope, at any rate, you will stay and have a pipe with me while our little friend rests; I should like to have a talk with you.'

Paolo hesitated a moment, his pride always up in arms at the slightest suspicion of condescension; but really there seemed nothing to take offence at in this hearty bluff Englishman. So he sat down again as Marie left the room with the maid, and after chatting a little about the day's events, the ice of reserve broke under the Doctor's kindly questioning, and Paolo found himself confiding his history to a perfect stranger in a way he would never have dreamt of to a well-known friend. But there was a wonderful kindness and delicacy about Dr. Stonecroft that put him at once in sympathy with all he came in contact with, and few ever regretted reposing confidence in him. He was of a keen observing nature, and had seen at

once that Paolo's was no common character, that he was of high mental capabilities, and was in danger of growing a soured, embittered man from some great trouble, probably poverty, and so in his kind, honest way he set himself to the task of drawing out his unexpected visitor little by little, till he had gathered a pretty fair idea how matters really were.

The only son of a noble family, Paolo de Vichie had inherited a full share of the family pride, and it was not without an effort he told in brief, curt words how the lands one by one had gradually been sold, how money had grown scarcer and scarcer, till his father, the Count, had died, leaving him, a child of six, and an accumulation of debts for the widow. Here Paolo's voice broke a little as he spoke of the fight for life his mother had had since then, how for the honour of the name every available acre of land had been converted into money, till the last debt was paid off, and mother and son faced life under its basest, meanest aspect, in an old ruined chateau on the outskirts of the De Vichie property. There they and an old serving man, who would not desert them in their poverty, had existed till Paolo was one and twenty, all the small income being devoted to educating the last of the De Vichie's in a manner befitting his rank.

Here the Doctor interrupted him by asking if there were no relations to come forward to help his mother, but by the angry flush that mounted to Paolo's face, he found he was treading on delicate ground, as the young man said proudly, 'There were family reasons why no help could be accepted from the few relations they had left.'

The Doctor gathered from many chance expressions that the mother was even prouder than her son, and would not hear of his accepting any work that, according to her ideas, was unbefitting a nobleman's son.

Evidently mother and son would rather starve than lower the family honour. When asked how things had begun to go wrong, Paolo frankly owned that it was the curse of gambling, and the warm-hearted Englishman was troubled when he said that he meant to try his luck at the tables with what money he had left as he went home.

They both sat silent for a few moments, and then Paolo looked up suddenly, 'I ought to tell you, Monsieur, I have had an offer as foreign correspondent from an English firm this last week, through the influence of our relations perhaps,' with a half sneer; 'but I need not tell you that I could not degrade my mother by accepting it.' But the Doctor set to work in good earnest to preach to this wilfully poor young man of the wickedness and foolishness of thinking any honest work degrading.

'You mistake me, Monsieur,' said Paolo proudly; 'I do not refuse to work. I dig in our garden, I prepare our vegetables, I do not even refuse menial duties, for I help Antonio in the house, as we

have no female servant; but see the difference, I am my own master, I choose to do the work of a servant sooner than beg; but to be the creature of some vulgar English shopkeeper—I beg your pardon a thousand times,' breaking off with a graceful bow; 'but I have seen such men making the "Grand Tour," as he calls it—to be at a merchant's beck and call, to receive his money, doled out every quarter greasy with tallow or beer—bah? I could not stand it, Monsieur.'

'And because you are too selfish to stand it, Signor Paolo, your mother, who, according to your own account, has pretty well starved herself to bring you up properly, is to creep on into old age with no comforts, and barely food enough to keep body and soul together. Your faithful servant, Antonio, is to go on spending his life in your service, and you never even think of repaying the debt, because the means of doing so are repugnant to you.'

A wild passion filled Paolo at the straightforward words, and he stormed out, 'Do you think, Monsieur, I have not tried every way I know of to bring in money? Haven't I spent long nights writing pamphlets and poems that no one would buy? Haven't I been willing to teach noblemen's sons, but who would have me? Haven't I risked every penny I could lay hands on at Monte Carlo; but has fortune smiled on me once through my whole life?'

'Well,' said the Doctor bluntly, standing up, 'if that is your Italian sense of honour and self-respect, to steal another man's money from him at a gaming-table instead of accepting due wages for honest work, I have no patience with you.'

The Doctor's words were harsh and rude, but he knew the kind of man he had to deal with; and though Paolo flushed angrily, he kept silence, walking restlessly up and down. At length he turned frankly to the Doctor, saying, 'So that is your opinion, is it, that I ought to accept your countryman's offer, and write at his dictation about his tallows and grease—ugh? Well, I will think about it; but it would be a worse wrench for my mother even than for me. You have no idea how proud we are. It has done me good, anyway, talking to you, and I shall go straight home to-night instead of stopping en route.'

The Doctor said nothing, but contented himself with a tremendous hand-shake, and drawing a card from his pocket, wrote on it his English address and handed it to Paolo, saying, 'Well, if you do decide to come to England, mind you look me up, and don't hesitate to write, and ask me anything you may want to know or I can help you in. I know my wife will welcome little Marie's champion. By the bye, what firm is it that wrote to you?'

'Bradly and Sons, I think,' said Paolo.

'Ah, well, then you *are* in luck's way for once. They are nice people, very. I attended the eldest daughter once, and I can tell you they are very far from being vulgar, and as they deal in fruit,

such as oranges, lemons, and your own olive oil, which of course is not in the *least greasy*—you will not have to write about your dreaded beer and tallow. Now I must wake up our little friend, and we must start off, for I should like to get back to-night if possible. I ought to be in England now, but a patient detained me, who has just died, poor thing, and I must be off to-morrow.'

As they went to the station, after Marie had had her first experience of an English cup of tea, the good Doctor was turning a serious problem over in his head. *He* wanted to go first class, not being much accustomed to the joltings of the third or second, but how was he to inveigle this young Italian into accepting a ticket. The difficulties seemed too great, and the poor man was almost trying to reconcile himself to the prospect of a whole hour on a hard bench, when it occurred to him that little Marie might manage it. So telling them to wait for him, he darted off to the office, got three first class tickets, and bolted back to be met by Paolo and Marie intent on the same errand.

'I have got the tickets, my dear fellow,' said the Englishman, button-holing Paolo in the flurry of the moment, 'it's all right. Come along, we shall lose the train,' and he bundled them off and into a carriage before Paolo had time to expostulate.

'My dear fellow, please don't,' Dr. Stonecroft implored, as Paolo proudly put his hand in his pocket. 'I can't travel alone, you know, and I have only taken yours to Menton, as I didn't know where you lived, and I really *am* old enough to be your father, and why shouldn't I have the pleasure,' and the Doctor's pleasant face looked so distressed and worried, Paolo pocketed his feelings and lay back among the cushions, watching little Marie as she sat chattering away, hugging a big bag of sweeties, and now and then sliding a little hand into his. Very miserable was the poor little woman when she realised her Signor Paolo was actually going on. And he himself felt a keen regret when he lost sight of the little figure in the striped gown that had trotted so happily by his side all day. Not a small commotion did the arrival of the English Doctor and Marie in a carriage and pair cause in the little Castellar village, and what with the scoldings and rejoicings and wonderings, Marie was quite a heroine. She had not been missed till about twelve o'clock, when she had been traced to the station, where Paolo's message had reassured them as to her safety at least.

Whether it was Marie's good Doctor, or whether the illness had run its course, is unknown; but certain it is that the Madre got quickly well and strong again. A little present that was left under the pillow may have helped to make the cure lasting; but Marie never ceased to boast of her wonderful friend who made everybody well, and when Beppo arrived at his old house a few moments after the Doctor's departure, with a grand new collar on that must have dropped from the clouds, or travelled all the way in some one's

pocket from Nice, you could not well find a happier little girl than Marie Purchelli.

* * * * *

About a month after, Dr. Stonecroft received a visit in his English home from a certain Signor Paolo, no longer shabby and lean, but well dressed and in nowise looking as if tallow and greese weighed on his spirits; in fact, he said he already liked his employer, and found things very much better than he expected.

By degrees, a small room began to be set apart in the pleasant home for 'mine own dear Porlo,' as Baby Stella called him. And the soft eyes of the Doctor's eldest daughter began to grow bright and sparkling when the holidays came round, and Marie's hero might be expected any day, and now—Signor Paolo is married to a good wife, and the old château in Italy has been repaired and put to rights, and every winter Paolo and his wife spend long happy months there with the old mother, and Antonio grumbles and growls as much as his rheumatism allows, at the gardeners and servants from a little cottage among the lemon-trees.

Not a very long while ago a bright-eyed little woman, called Marie Scarta, with a mischievous baby boy, by name Paolo, came and spent some weeks in the château, and the elder Paolo often says, that he owes his wife, baby girl, and his comfortable home to

MARIE AND BEPPO.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXVIII.

1710–1714.

THE SACHEVERELL RIOT.

THE reign of Queen Anne was a time of great influence on the part of the best Churchmen, in spite of the expulsion of the Non-jurors. The men born in the fresh vigour of the Restoration days were in the front, and their names and works are still precious to us. Thomas Wilson, born in 1663, had always lived a saintly life, and had been greatly esteemed by the Earl of Derby, who still was 'King of the Isle of Man.' By this nobleman he was chosen as Bishop of Sodor and Man, Sodor, be it explained, being really Sudoe, the South isles, as the Norsemen called the Hebrides when the diocese was established.

The appointment was made in 1693, but Wilson would not then accept it. The Earl kept the see vacant for four years, and then was called upon by Government to fill it up; Wilson was then induced to accept it, and his rule of the island was almost a model of primitive Christianity, both in love and in discipline. The little children, and indeed their parents, knelt to him to bless them when they met him, and no fleet of fishing boats went forth without his holding a service to speed them on their way. At the same time, he visited all offences against morals with strict ecclesiastical law, fearless of collisions with State authority; and it is a tradition (though difficult to prove) that such was the veneration for him that just as Marlborough had spared Cambrai for Fénelon's sake, so French cruisers spared the Isle of Man.

At St. Davids, George Bull, a very distinguished writer of sermons and of controversy, became Bishop, but when too old a man to exert himself greatly in his diocese. There were other very remarkable writers at this time, such as Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, who produced the 'Connection of Sacred and Profane History,' as he called it, which was the first popular English book to bridge over the interval between the Old and New Testaments—Joseph Bingham was one of the most learned of scholars in Church antiquities. Dr. Beveridge had formed a guild for devotion and good works, and together with Dr. Horneck and Mr. Smithers brought about more

frequent Celebrations of the Holy Communion, catechisings of children, ministrations to prisoners and the sick.

The admirable Robert Nelson wrote his book on the 'Fasts and Festivals,' which remained for many years the chief aid and authority of Churchmen on the subject. He was the promoter of many schemes for the religious welfare of the nation, and even before Queen Anne's accession, in 1698, five gentlemen had agreed to form a society for instructing the poor, furnishing cheap Bibles and Prayer-books, and trying to minister to the colonists and natives of our foreign possessions. They obtained a charter from the King, and assumed the title of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Thence branched out a committee for mission work in the American plantations, and this became, in 1701, a fresh society as that for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Thus there was a great spirit of work and improvement in the Church at large, and yet there were strange inconsistencies. With many admirable clergy who commanded universal esteem and respect, there was also a much lower grade. Pluralities had never been condemned since the Church had had benefices to offer, and when these were heaped on one ecclesiastic, they necessitated the multiplication of curates, and the old habit of conferring the priesthood on inferior, semi-educated men had not passed away with the Reformation. There were thus a great number of clergy far below the grade of gentlemen, some acting as curates, many as noblemen's or squire's chaplains, when they were tutors to the sons, said Grace, but retired before dessert and wine-drinking, unless, to their temptation and disgrace, they could contribute to the conviviality of the guests, at a time when intoxication was hardly thought a disgrace. A living, generally a very poor one, was the reward to which these chaplains aspired. Then they became the companions of the farmers, and married into their families, or perhaps wedded the gentlewoman's 'woman,' sometimes ladies' maid, sometimes companion, sometimes governess, a person of much the same grade as themselves, often a clergyman's daughter. The remote country clergy were often very unpolished men, in manners and habits much the same as the farmers, and often equally intemperate. There was, however, a far superior class in the priesthood—University men, excellent scholars in Divinity, and eloquent preachers, generally strong upholders of Church doctrine—and these did good work in their own spheres. Within London and Westminster there were daily prayers in most of the churches; in all the cathedrals, and in most parish churches, weekly Celebrations, in many, prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays. There were clerical meetings for discussion of theological questions, catechisings, and general activity.

Parliament voted that the duty of one shilling per chaldron on coals, which had been applied to the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, should be continued for three years to build fifty churches in London.

These, in their own peculiar Palladian style, are known as Queen Anne's churches. There was a strong inclination to what we now call ritualism, choral services, and many persons not merely kneeling at the altar, but striking their breasts and almost prostrating themselves.

The High Church priesthood predominated in the Lower House of Convocation, but the larger and more influential Bishoprics had been filled up in the preceding reign, and the Whigs held Queen Anne's hand, so as to make her appoint after their plan of watering down doctrine and discipline, partly on account of their sympathies with the Nonconformists, and partly because the old orthodox party were attached to the principle of passive obedience, and were chiefly Tories, if not Jacobites. Naturally, High Churchmen were much displeased that, by the Act of Union, not only was Presbyterianism made the establishment in Scotland, but Episcopacy was legally proscribed; though Queen Anne did her best for the Churchmen. In 1709, there were thirteen Episcopal congregations in Edinburgh. Yet when one priest, Mr. Greenshields, who had taken the oaths to Government, and prayed in church for the Queen and Princess Sophia, opened a chapel for English residents at Edinburgh and used the English service, he was prohibited by the Presbytery, and actually imprisoned in the Tolbooth! However, this act of persecution so shocked the United Parliament, that an Act was passed to prevent the disturbing of those of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland, in their use of the Liturgy, and to permit them to assemble for Divine worship under an Episcopally ordained clergyman, anywhere except in a parish Kirk; and as long as the Queen lived, the Church in Scotland was thus in a state of comparative relief.

In England, the good Churchman could not but regard as a great grievance what was called the Act of Occasional Conformity, which enabled Dissenters to elude the Test Acts by communicating just often enough to prevent being disqualified for office. The clergymen, who had to administer to them, felt the profaneness extremely painful, and made a protest in the Lower House of Convocation. They also complained that the Bishops in the Upper House were obstructive to the Church movement and lax towards schism. The dispute was renewed year after year when Convocation met, and many latitudinarian books and pamphlets were afloat.

Benjamin Hoadley, Fellow of St. Catherine's Hall, was considered as the clerical champion of the Whigs. A sermon which he preached before the Lord Mayor against passive obedience was complained of in the House of Lords by the Queen's own tutor, Henry Compton, Bishop of London, and it was moved that the Church was in danger; but this motion was lost by 31 to 61 peers.

The Lower House of Convocation passed this same resolution; but the Whig Ministry made the Queen rebuke and prorogue it. At the next meeting the same resolution was passed by Archbishop

Tenison; but Queen Anne, never willing to depress the Church, asserted herself enough to appoint two Tory High Church Bishops. One of these, Blackhall, had a sharp controversy with Hoadley on the Divine right of Kings, and on the 5th of November, 1709, on the thanksgiving day for the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, Dr. Henry Sacheverell preached a sermon before the Lord Mayor on the text, 'In perils among false brethren,' and described those who conducted public affairs as the false brethren, who admitted into the midst of the Church as her sons, those who were really her worst enemies—comparing the 'Occasional Conformity Bill,' which eluded the Test Act, 'to the Trojan horse, bringing about the ruin of the city that admitted it. Much more of most eloquent denunciation was uttered, and the sermon caused such a sensation that 40,000 copies were sold in the course of a few days.

For this, and another similar sermon, preached at the Derby assizes, Dr. Sacheverell was impeached before the House of Lords. Some of the Ministry would have been satisfied by having the sermons burnt by the common hangman; but Godolphin, who had been in them called Volpone, the name of a traitor in one of Ben Jonson's plays, was resolved on a more formal prosecution. Sacheverell was indicted, 1st, for declaring the means which brought about the Revolution to have been unjustifiable; 2nd, for censuring the toleration granted by law; 3rd, for declaring the Church in danger; 4th, for calling Her Majesty's advisers false brethren.

Lord Cowper, the Lord Chancellor, sat to conduct the trial, but did not interfere except to call up the several speakers. The defence was that his doctrines had always been taught; that the Church condemned the sin of schism; that she was endangered by infidel and blasphemous publications, and that the Doctor was perfectly loyal to Queen Anne. The trial lasted five days, during which the populace showed the most vehement interest. The Union was disliked; the war and its burthens were unpopular, and therefore so were the Whig Ministry, and the danger of the Church was associated with the troubles of the Civil War. All this assisted to cause a tremendous outburst in favour of Dr. Sacheverell. After the first day's trial, when he was carried back to the Temple in his sedan chair, he was escorted in triumph by a huge multitude wearing oak leaves, huzzaing for the Church and Dr. Sacheverell, and molesting all without the badge. The next day, all the rabble, after attending him in the same way to Westminster Hall, proceeded to sack the various dissenting meeting houses, and burn their benches and pulpits in bonfires in the squares. They even were about to attack the house of Bishop Burnet, as a Scotchman and a Whig; but the respectable people rallied to the defence, and the Guards were called out.

It was reported that the Bank of England was to be attacked, and Lord Sunderland ordered a detachment of Guards to the defence. The commander, Captain Horsey, asked whether he was to preach or

to fight; Sunderland replied that he must be guided by discretion, and, if possible, use no violence. None was needed, the rioters ran away at sight of the soldiery, and no harm was done to life or limb. Indeed, the mob believed that though the Queen had been obliged to permit the trial, it was against her will, and as she went to witness it in Westminster Hall, they surrounded her chair with cries of, 'Bless your Majesty and the Church. We hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell.'

Finally, the House of Peers voted him guilty, by a majority of sixty-nine against fifty-two. Seven Bishops voted against him, two for him. And the sentence was the burning of the sermon, and his suspension from preaching for three years; but the addition that he should not be eligible for preferment during that interval was lost, and the upshot of the trial was treated as a triumph. He was carried away in a chair on the shoulders of his supporters, amid a mob cheering enthusiastically; he was followed in the same way when he went about to return thanks to his supporters; bonfires were lighted in his honour; presents of money flowed in; the Queen herself presented him to the rich living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and the parish of Salatin in Shropshire was likewise conferred upon him. His journey to take possession was like a royal progress; he was feasted by the Tory gentlemen, the bells were rung, and the streets garlanded as he passed; he gave receptions and had audiences; medals were struck with his head, and on the reverse a mitre for the Tories, the Pope's head for the Whigs. He was a handsome, well-mannered man of considerable fluency, though without much depth or real ability, but for the time the trial and the sympathy it excited, produced an enormous effect. The Church was more popular than it had ever been since the Reformation; and Anne saw her way to freedom from the thraldom in which she was kept by the Whig Cabinet.

The activity of the English Church told upon that of Ireland, though it was too much the custom to send thither as Lord Lieutenants persons who needed reward, but were inconvenient at home. There was a struggle in the Irish Parliament against the Test Act, for the staunchest Protestants were the northern Presbyterians; yet, on the other hand, the repeal might admit Romanists.

The Earl of Wharton, one of the cleverest and most profligate of the unprincipled statesmen of the day, was Lord Lieutenant, sent, indeed, by the Whigs to bring about the repeal. Only one clergyman was in favour of it—a disreputable dependant of his own, whom he nominated as Bishop of Cork; but the Queen, on the representation of both the Archbishops, refused the appointment. Peter Brown, whom she chose instead, was so eloquent both in reading and preaching, that after a sermon before the Queen, she exclaimed, 'Never man spake like this man!'

Several churches were built, and there was a grant made for printing the Bible, Prayer-book, and an Exposition of the Church

Catechism in Irish. 6000 copies seem to have been distributed, but the effect was not very visible.

The most remarkable character then in the Irish hierarchy was certainly Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, a man who, as we have already shown, never should have been a clergyman, and whose genius and wit were marred by a terrible coarseness, which prevented his ability from being all the gain it ought to have been, even though he espoused the right side. His life was a very strange one; living alone, while Stella, as he called Esther Johnson, who was certainly his wife, dwelt in another abode under his own name, and received numerous letters from him whenever he was absent from Dublin. He was by far the cleverest writer then living, so far as satire went, and his bitter pictures of society reveal a great amount of evil, scarcely reckoned as evil. Apparently England was divided between the staunch remnants of the stern Puritan morality, which kept Sunday strictly, delighted in long sermons, and eschewed all public amusements; the orthodox Loyalist, with a scholarly, refined taste, an ardent love of the Church, and often saintliness of life; and, on the other hand, the fashionable, effeminate fop, aping French manners and French dissipation, going about in a sedan chair, and indulging in a fatal licentiousness, but with a kind of lacquer that was wanting to the gross habits of the drinking, swearing, uncultivated country squire, whose best employment was hunting, as his wife's was cookery.

Of course each class was recruited from the rest. Religious convictions might throw a person into the conscientious and devout ranks, whether Church or Puritan. A spendthrift might, according to opportunity or inclination, become a fashionable beau or a coarse rustic; but few in any degree, except perhaps the orthodox, seem to have had much notion of duties towards the poor. Hunting was practised regardless of mischief to crops; the Queen went out at Windsor in a sort of high-wheeled gig, driven across country at speed; gentlemen rode wherever they chose, and rewarded farmers who remonstrated with a horse-whipping. Blows, indeed, were profuse, not only to schoolboys, but girls. Refractory grown-up daughters were beaten, and a housewife of the most exalted rank thought boxing her maid's ears only proper discipline.

The vice of drunkenness seems to have grown upon the nation. It is said that the wars with France had led to light wines being less used by the gentry in preference to the heavier wines of Spain and Portugal, which became universal; and at any rate, intoxication was scarcely looked on as disgraceful. Gentlemen thought it unmanly not to swallow a bottleful or more at a sitting, and that more than half the guests, at a hunting or election dinner, or even an ordinary party, should be under the table at the end, was thought only natural. That menservants and messengers should be tipsy was considered inevitable, and public opinion was such, that religious

people seem to have looked on the propensity in others as one of the hopeless infirmities to be tolerated. The terrible gout, the fatality from small-pox, and the mortality of infants, probably arose from injured constitutions. Hardly a mother reared half the children to whom she gave birth, though of course many of these deaths were owing to utter ignorance of all sanitary conditions, and to the extra ordinary notions of medicine, which made bleeding an almost universal remedy. The ladies were at least exempt from the vice of drinking, but they shared with the gentlemen in that of gambling, which, from the Queen downwards, was carried to a frightful extent, ombre being one of the most fashionable games.

The gentlemen met at their coffee houses, the ladies had their chocolate or their tea—tay, as they called it—more correctly than as we know it. Their dress, like that of their bewigged lords, showed how low taste had sunk, with morals and all else. The huge hoop and towering powdered head-gear had begun to prevail, and continued to increase till the violent reaction towards simplicity at the close of the century.

Addison and Steele were doing their best in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* to improve the public tone by their praise of the noblest models they knew, and by their satire of the popular follies and extravagances. Their papers were read with the greatest eagerness. Thin sheets of rough paper, stitched together, and coming out twice a week; they were utterly unattractive in externals, but they had an enormous circulation, and the coaches that brought parcels of them were besieged by eager readers.

The papers were most of them ephemeral, but the beautiful study of the old country knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, has become a classic. It is said that the character was partly taken from an old Wiltshire squire, Mr. Duke, and that the widow was Mrs. Catharine Bovey of Flaxley Abbey, who lived an exemplary life, and catechised the village children on Sundays, before Sunday-schools existed.

Alexander Pope, the Roman Catholic linen draper's deformed son, whose talents raised him to be one of the foremost of the writers of the so-called Augustan age, was in his prime under Queen Anne. In epigrammatic couplets, ringing in perfect metre, he is unrivalled. He gave the *Spectator* his really beautiful poem of the Messiah, where he adopted the prophecies of Isaiah so as to sound like the Sibylline verses, as amplified by Virgil. The sound is very grand.

> 'The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
> Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
> But fixed His Word, His saving power remains,
> Thy realm for ever lasts, Thine own Messiah reigns.'

This was almost the only remarkable contribution to sacred poetry in the generation succeeding that of Herbert, Vaughan, Milton, and Ken, who had not long passed away, but whose Morning and Evening Hymns, abbreviated, were not long in finding their way into the

Prayer-book, as a pendant to the New Version of the Psalms by Nahum Tate and Nathanael Brady, which was published about this time, and was for a long time regarded by old-fashioned people as a dangerous innovation, even down to the days of Hannah More at the close of the century. Their work was smoother but much less literal than that of Sternhold and Hopkins. Some verses sink into doggerel, but others are really beautiful, and were more beloved and linked with sacred associations than the younger generation can believe.

Addison also first brought into notice Andrew Marvell's beautiful paraphrase of the beginning of the 19th Psalm—

'The spacious firmament on high.'

It was long attributed to Addison himself. He also first turned the general attention to Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' which ranked next to the Bible in the minds of the lovers of poetry during the ensuing century.

Pope was translating Homer, as Dryden had not long before translated Milton. He cleverly parodied his own translation of Sarpedon's speech in his 'Rape of the Lock,' a brilliant mock heroic upon a quarrel between Miss Arabella Fermor and Lord Petre, which made a great sensation, and to this day marks the Court habits and manners of the time when—

'Great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Sometimes a Council takes, and sometimes tea.'

THOUGHTS ON SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

BY E. M. SEWELL.

I.

THE following thoughts are taken from notes made many years ago for personal use (Lent, 1859). It is hoped they may be useful as showing how the meaning of texts may be worked out.

Romans xii. 1. *I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.*

A living sacrifice! there is a great deal in that expression. What we usually offer is a dead sacrifice, a passive submission—endurance, resignation, as we call it; though resignation implies something more gentle and loving than we too often feel when we are suffering. But it is the living sacrifice which is required—*that* only will be acceptable; for life implies cheerful energy, consciousness, the exertion of the will. Self-denial, which is living, draws its life from the remembrance of God's mercies, and will almost cease to be self-denial. It should be remembered that suffering, merely as suffering, without an ultimate purpose for good—in whatever form it may be experienced—whether voluntary or involuntary, is no part of the Will of God. There, I think, lies the great fault in the conventual theories of mortification—the greater the pain, the greater the merit! But that cannot be. The sacrifice is to be not dead but living—not the sacrifice of the body, but of the heart—the amount of self-discipline which tends to purify the heart, and which is undertaken for that reason, is acceptable; but the object of purifying the heart is neither to escape hell, nor to gain heaven, but to please Him who died for us. Yet there is another object in self-denial—the bringing ourselves into sympathy with our Saviour's sufferings. Perhaps, however, that belongs to the end of Lent more than the beginning—to Good Friday rather than to Ash Wednesday.

Romans xii. 1. *I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your* reasonable *service.*

I believe many more persons would be tempted to consider the claims of Christianity if they could but believe the assertion that the service it demands is reasonable. It is to me one of the most con-

vincing evidences of the ruin of man's nature, and the truth of the Bible statements, that we do not believe it. We are unreasonable on this one point and this only. We learn to speak and teach as if it were an acknowledged truth that the things of this world belong to reason alone, the things of the next world to faith alone; and so, when men have not faith, they reject religion altogether. The growth of the thoughtful mind is in nothing more remarkable than in the view it learns to take of the province of religion. In youth there may be excitement and eager devotion, but an effort is required to keep ever present the recollection of the unseen world. It is as though religion was constantly obliged to act the aggressive,—to invade the dominions of the world, and fight by the aid of faith for its possession; but as time goes on the positions of the adversaries are reversed. Religion becomes the dominant power; it has fought and conquered, and settled itself in the heart; and now Reason as well as Faith is on its side. In such a state there may be less vivid consciousness of religious feeling, but there is a more steadfast and enduring power. The marvel is, then, that we should ever again be slaves to that which is truly *unreasonable*—that this life's cares, hopes, joys, should have a permanent interest; that it should trouble us to think what will be on the morrow—that we should wish for anything but God's favour, seek for any abiding pleasure but that of doing His Will. The journey is so short—we travel with such inconceivable rapidity! What can *how*, or *when*, or *where* really matter to us. All will be gone before we have time to be conscious of it. The grief of to-day is not the grief of yesterday—it has taken a new form, only the effect upon our hearts is abiding.

After all, the sober determination of Reason is as necessary for our spiritual life as the glow of devotion, or the trustfulness of Faith. 'A reasonable service!' Yes, most reasonable; so reasonable that if we were not in a certain sense insane we should never for a moment require any other argument to induce us to offer the 'living sacrifice.'

Romans xii. 2. *And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.*

The first part of this verse has been the cause of endless discussion, and so it will always be, I imagine, when taken apart from the second. People differ endlessly as to the meaning of the word '*world*.' It is only the principle here given which can afford us the right clue. When we are 'transformed by the renewing of our minds,' then we shall know, as by instinct, what things are worldly, and what are not. Employments, or even amusements, engaged in from duty, cannot be worldly; neither amusements in which we can exercise charity, kindliness, sympathy, self-denial. This rule will include a large portion of those recreations which many look upon

as radically evil because most persons seek in them amusement only, and do not endeavour to find out the duties connected with them.

I believe myself that the danger of worldliness lies in our quiet home lives as much as in gay society. The little vain speeches and actions, the effort to be in the fashion though we cannot afford it, the unwillingness to own ourselves poor, the shrinking from the acknowledgment of low connections, the boastful allusions to our superior advantages, the constant clinging of the heart to earthly interests, and the vagueness and distance of those which are heavenly, constitute to my mind a spirit of worldliness which may manifest itself equally whether we attend prayer meetings or daily services, whether we frequent dinner parties or balls, whether we quote texts or discuss architecture, and which as often as not is to be found in those who do neither, but are forced from circumstances to live quiet and unobtrusive lives with which the spirit of the world has apparently no concern. Day dreams and involuntary emotions, those are two tests by which we may try ourselves. Day dreams are wilful, and therefore may be more directly evil; but involuntary emotions betray the tendency of the heart. There are few, I imagine, who would not see cause to condemn themselves for worldliness if they watched their first feelings when any question of worldly advantage or worldly opinion was brought before them. This may seem a severe doctrine, but it is one of those cases in which, I suppose, we may hope that 'God is not extreme to mark' our shortcomings, that He will pardon what we are conscious of, and lament, and will enable us by degrees so to be 'transformed by the renewing of our minds,' that our first emotions as well as our first principles shall be conformed to His 'good and acceptable and perfect will.'

Romans xii. 3. *For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think.*

I really think the *common sense* of the Bible, if one may be permitted without irreverence to use the words, is one of its most wonderful peculiarities. Certainly, judging by personal experience, common sense is the most rare of human gifts; in fact, it may be called a Divine gift, for in its fulness it involves perfect wisdom and perfect prudence, and exacts neither from oneself nor from others that which is unattainable.

"*Not to think more highly than we ought to think*,"—then we may think highly if there is sufficient cause. Persons are often afraid of praise, they will not give it, and they dare not accept it. This is not the case with the Bible. Perhaps some of the words that most thrill one's heart in the Old Testament are those which God vouchsafes to address to Abraham after the offering of his son: '*By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast*

done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son: that in blessing I will bless thee,' etc.;* and again in the New Testament the promised blessing, '*Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord,*' which is repeated again and again in different forms. What God sees fit to bestow cannot be evil, and to think of ourselves as we are, to see our good points, to be comforted by the witness of a good conscience, cannot in itself be wrong, for truth must always be safe, and there are many who fall short of their duty simply because they have never had the courage to face their advantages. To look at ourselves in God's presence is the safeguard, to see our gifts as His, our virtues as the working of His Spirit. When we do this there is no fear of pride; on the contrary, there is no process more humbling, and Lent might well be spent in taking day by day some advantage, or some naturally good disposition which has been given us, and asking ourselves what use we have made of it. What we *have* and what we *are*, it must be remembered, are two totally distinct things. To think of ourselves as *being* what we *have* is the delusion; the mistake by which we learn to 'think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think.' And it is the same also with the use we have made of our advantages. If we have in any way used them, it is better and safer to acknowledge it. When we do so, standing in spirit before the Cross of Christ, we shall be able to add up the sum of our endeavours truly, and shall then most assuredly cast ourselves upon our knees crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner. Be merciful to me, not only for my evil deeds, but for my good ones, because I am not thankful for the temptations I have escaped, for the peculiar trials in which I have been victorious, and which have tended to strengthen me, because I have been afraid to look at my earnestness, thinking it was my own, instead of gratefully bringing it to Thee and owning that it was Thine.'

As a further illustration, surely it would help us and could not lead to conceit to think of the qualities which we *know* we are able to make use of in worldly matters, and enquire how far we apply them to spiritual things—patience, perseverance, caution, for instance. We should fight much better if we knew what weapons had been given us to use.

Romans xii. 3. *For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you . . . to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.*

Rule, order, sobriety, are the characteristics of God's Revelation. They are the nearest approach that man can make to the unceasing energy which, without impulse and without pause, keeps the universe in movement. And the characteristics of God's government of the world ought also to be those of our own self-government. When we

* Genesis xxii. 16, 17.

judge ourselves rightly, we can deal with ourselves rightly; and when we think of ourselves as we ought to think, we shall be able, according to the measure of faith which has been granted us, to form sober and just rules for our conduct. One of the most important perhaps is to make the measure of our faith the measure also of our endeavour. In other words, not to strive after that which is unattainable, but to make the best and highest use of the gifts already bestowed. If a man with great mathematical talent sets his heart upon being also a great metaphysician he will almost infallibly fail in both objects. If our minds are active it is useless to strain after passive contemplation. Not, of course, that we must not always strive to balance one virtue or characteristic by another, but that we must remember that we shall always have some distinctive trait, or some power of mind which is given us for a special purpose, and must be used thankfully for that purpose, without any repining, because it is not what we think higher, or better, or more useful. Illness may teach endurance; Patience may teach trust; Care may give energy, forethought, prudence; Poverty may teach unworldliness; Wealth may bring out benevolence; or these qualities may be, if one may so say, innate in us. However that may be, we may be thankful for our treasure, and feel assured that it is precisely that which is suited to our place in God's Creation. If we cannot pray like others we may work. If we cannot work we may pray; never really separating the two, but remembering that their union and perfection is to be found in Heaven and not in earth. Discontent with our spiritual gifts is as injurious as discontent with our temporal gifts. So far as we may improve and increase them we must and ought to do so; but there will always be differences of character and feeling which will give to others certain advantages which it is not in our power to attain, though our own gifts and blessings may be an ample compensation for them.

Romans xii. 4. *For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we being many are one Body in Christ.*

There is a safeguard against envy in this consideration which is very important. We are all much more inclined to be envious than we are aware of. It is a vice with such a hateful name, one is slow to acknowledge one has ever felt it; but involuntary feelings show it. How do we feel when another is praised? Are we heartily glad, or is an effort required when we are called upon to join in the praise? This question would not generally refer to persons nearly connected with ourselves. Their praise is ours, and very probably it will be delightful to us; but as regards persons apart, especially those who may stand in any position of rivalry, how is it with regard to them? The feeling of unwillingness to hear others praised should be watched not only to be repented of, but because it is so intensely humbling to know that one cannot rejoice

heartily in a great or good work! What can more clearly prove how contemptible one's natural disposition is? The remedy lies, I think, not in argument, but in reviewing things truly. Envy is a moral obliquity of sight; when we see truly it will cease, and this verse gives us the thought by which we may work out the cure of our defect. All members of the body are essential to the body—in other words, all talents, whether of intellect, or accomplishment, or dexterity, all powers of the mind, all affections of the heart, are essential to the well-being of the community; and as such are all necessary to God's Creation. Each one of us fills a position that no one else can fill. If it were not so we may believe that we should not, as individuals, have been created. The work, therefore, which seems small, is as useful, and our aim in carrying it out may be as high, as that of the most gifted of our fellow-creatures. They could not do without us, and we could not do without them. And we are working, if our motive is right, for God's glory. The least labour for that object has in it an infinite privilege and value, and if the end at which we aim cannot be attained without another's excellencies, we can safely and heartily rejoice in that excellency, because it is, in fact, a furtherance of the cause we have at heart. This ought to be our view of duty, and if it is not, we should be continually reminding ourselves of it, teaching ourselves—by line upon line and precept upon precept—to see the truth of our Christian position, and by that means bringing ourselves to true Christian feeling.

Romans xii. 5. . . . *And every one members one of another.*

This portion of the text requires a separate consideration. I really think that it is the most difficult lesson of all to remember. The reason, of course, is that we are all so imperfect. When one sees persons doing what they ought not it is very difficult to realise that they are members of the Body of Christ; and in so far as they do wrong they are not strictly *members*. If we acknowledge this it may help us, for when we strive to be more charitable than truth, we become—secretly often and involuntarily, but nevertheless really—uncharitable. It seems best to deal with others as with ourselves; to face the reality. Only there is one great difference in the two cases. Our own reality we do see and can see; the reality of others we cannot. But the fact that they are externally members of Christ's Body, and are His by virtue of their Baptism, is evident to all. It is the part of reason therefore to act according to that we know, rather than that which we only suspect. All acts and feelings of kindness, sympathy, forbearance, which could be claimed by the true members of Christ's Body—those who are such in spirit as well as in outward profession—are on this account due to all—because all are *in a certain sense* true members. The outward fact is undeniable. We may *fear* from what we see that many are more or less inwardly untrue, but we cannot be certain. Till we are, we may not venture to act upon

the fear except so far as may be required by Christian precaution. Especially we have no right to set up standards of our own by which to measure the amount of membership—if one may so say. Christ is measuring those whom we perhaps condemn as He measures us, and He may see in them many things which approach much more nearly to His standard than our imaginary one would. One thing we may be sure of, that everything which is good in them is *His*, and as being His is worthy of all honour. Perhaps this thought would help us to have right feelings towards those who differ from us in religious doctrines. All which they hold of truth, they hold from Christ, and for His sake it may and must be honoured; and in so far as they have any truth in them, so far they are true members of His Body,—one with us, working for one end. And for ourselves—we call ourselves true members—but every indulged fault makes us, in the degree in which we indulge it, untrue. If we see this in others they see it in us, and God sees it in all.

Romans xii. 6, 7, 8. *Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation.*

Here again, the gifts bestowed upon us are to be our guide as to the duties we undertake; and the Christian faith we profess is to be the measurement of our fulfilment of them. We are not to expect of ourselves more than God has given us power to do, and we are not to attempt more than He by outward circumstances and our own talents —be they large or small—has plainly shown us He demands from us. It may be difficult to decide what our capacities and the claims upon us really are; but an honest heart will show us sufficiently clearly the gifts bestowed on us, and from them we may discover the duty allotted to us. When we have ascertained this, then our business is to *wait* upon the duty—not to make it wait upon us, but to give ourselves to it so thoroughly as to listen to the slightest call and obey it instantly. It is a great point in life to know how to proportion one's duties—which to put first; and more is done by making one thing our object, and compelling everything else to fit into it, than by attempting to attend to many things—and so completing only a portion of each. Women for the most part have seldom any one prominent worldly duty which *always* has the first claim; but each day may bring its special claim, and it is a good self-discipline to look forward into the day and decide in the morning what this claim shall be. It gives strength and consistency to the conduct; for to work without aim or rule is to work for the most part uselessly; and the consciousness of working uselessly is followed by not working at all.

(*To be continued.*)

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

III.

HOWARD'S LICK.

THE following letter which I wrote to my sister in England in the autumn of the year in which I joined the survey of the Alleghanies can hardly be called a 'Leaf from my Note-Book,' though I found it preserved for transcription between its pages.

'Howard's Lick, Hardy County, Virginia.
'*August* 4, 1839.

'MY DEAR E.,—I received letters from England last week most unexpectedly. They reached me at this very extraordinary place with a very singular name. The post-master at the village to which our letters are directed, knowing that I had ridden up here to a tournament, wrapped my letters in a newspaper and entrusted the package to a gentleman who came up after me. The ways of post-masters are primitive in the Old Dominion (as Virginians love to call their native State), and last month when an English mail came in, on enquiring for my letters, I was informed that I should find the post-master in the harvest-field, where, having received instructions from Washington to keep the mail always under his own roof, he had taken the letters with him. Much wondering how he reconciled his practice with the precept, I rode after him. I found him like the king on the shield of Achilles, directing the labours of his "cradlers" and binders, watching the wide swathes cut by the heavy "cradles," and on my asking if I had had any foreign letters by the last steamer, he seated himself upon a limestone rock, and *taking off his hat*, produced from its lining eight or ten letters. These he sorted on the rock beside him, and handed me the two I was hoping to receive.

'Howard's Lick, so named because deer used to come down here from the hills to lick the salt from its mineral spring, is a collection of little log cabins round the said spring, which is principally sulphur. I rode over here yesterday with a young lady who had asked me to accompany her to a tournament planned to celebrate

(somewhat out of date) the national holiday, the Fourth of July. In Virginia the day is not so generally observed as it is in almost all the other States, nevertheless the young people and the negroes do not like to lose a holiday. It therefore often happens that the hands on a plantation are induced to work hard in the harvest field upon the "Glorious Fourth" with the bribe of a grand holiday to replace it when the wheat-crop is secured. This year, August 4 has been fixed on as the substitute.

'Miss Harriett is the daughter of a gentleman who has shown me great kindness. She is a very beautiful and winning girl, with more freedom of manner than I think you would care to imitate, but such are the ways and customs of this part of the world. Old people in Virginia are content to see young girls flutter their gay wings and lead a life of merriment until the inevitable day arrives when they suffer wedding-rings to be slipped upon their fingers, and they assume the heavy burthen of responsibility that falls in this state of society on the mistress of a plantation.

'The only road that leads to Howard's Lick is almost impassable. It crosses a mountain 1200 feet above sea-level, by an ascent on one side of about four miles. It took us six hours to get across it, and all our party arrived a good deal exhausted. No one goes to a "Tavern," as they call it, in this hospitable country. Every white man of good appearance can ride up to a planter's house, "hitch" his horse to a fence-rail or to the "rack," and find his welcome at the planter's table. There were no less than eight-and-twenty uninvited guests last night besides myself and Miss Harriett, accommodated in the mansion of a hospitable planter, one of her father's friends. All were on their way to the Tournament.

'Howard's Lick is so crowded that I owe it to the personal exertions of Miss Harriett that I have secured a small room in the pine box, which this time is not called the tavern, but the hotel. The building consists principally of an enormous ball-room. I am writing on my washhand stand by the light of a country-made dip-candle. Its wick is as big round as a lead pencil with a sort of mushroom for its crown.

'Round this hotel are built a number of log cabins, put up by planters in the neighbourhood for their own accommodation. A log cabin consists principally of a stone chimney, to which is appended a building something between a stable and a wood-pile.

'The amusements at Howard's Lick, when no tournament is on hand, consist in drinking sulphur-water, lounging, playing games with the young ladies, and *whittling*. I had been told that this last was a propensity in New England; but Blake (who is here) tells me that no Yankee in the six New England States understands the luxury of whittling like these people. A gentleman I met last evening mentioned, as one of the attractions of the Lick, that they had here the best timber for whittling he ever saw. There is the

greatest quantity of white pine shingles lying around, of a softness and tenacity of grain that "invite the knife," and accordingly every man you meet has a knife and a piece of wood in his hand, and appears absorbed in the effort to create something. On arriving at the hotel I found that Blake and some other young men had had chairs carried to a shady place where I joined them; instantly a servant brought me, as a matter of course, a piece of shingle.

'Dress is not thought of in these Hills. It is impossible to carry out Lord Chesterfield's advice and dress a little below the standard of your company. Most of the men's clothes are home-made and even home-spun. Several have coats of admirable grey linen, woven in the mountains. The waistcoat is discarded in ordinary intercourse, and Miss Harriett said yesterday, that if I would follow the customs of the place she would work me, on silk canvas with floss silks, a "most elegant" pair of suspenders.

'The ladies play graces, jack-straws, and in some of the cabins, cards; but I have seen no gambling or disorder of any kind. The primary object of the place seems to be to throw together young ladies and young men. Quoits are pitched, and girls look on, encouraging the players. There is also a game at which the men are very expert. It seems to consist in throwing jack knives.

'The fare is clean and excellent. Mountain mutton, a bread that they call *pone*, composed of Cobbett's corn (they call it Indian meal), and there are plenty of huckleberry dumplings. Their sugar is drawn from maple-trees, of which there are groves in the neighbourhood. Miss Harriett proposed, yesterday, that we should ride up here after the first frost when the sugar camps will be in operation.

'The tournament comes off to-morrow at 5 P.M. The knights are making their preparations and engaging the services of the young ladies. The lists have been carefully cleared of stumps and bits of shingle, and as I write a brass militia-band from Moorfield is coming down the mountain. The members of the band are black, and they are attended by a crowd of negroes bearing torches. These have been given a holiday to share the fun. I must go out and look at them.'

'*August* 5.

'The tournament came off according to programme, but it was by no means the most interesting feature of this very novel place. Possibly I was out of sorts, or, as Miss Harriett was pleased to put it, out of humour. Be that as it may, a little passage-at-arms occurred between us, and fearing I might say something I should regret, if I lingered in her company, I walked down to the spring and drank four glasses of the water. The negro in attendance told me it would make me "strong enough to pull up saplings." To test it I turned into the woods. I got up a young tree, with considerable toil; it had a long and crooked root. I was sorry when I had pulled it up. It

seemed to me a shame wantonly to have destroyed what might have been a monarch of the woods had I let it alone.

'At five o'clock the tournament began after an afternoon of bustle and confusion. There was a great gathering of country people and negroes, more interesting to me than the sham knights and their doings.

'The mountain road had been swarming all day, and there must have been present several hundred persons. The whole affair went off with much spirit. The riding was really beautiful! The affair was not a sham fight, but tilting at the ring. There were eight knights, and at the end of four courses apiece three knights had taken the ring three times. They were all dressed in costumes picturesque, if not historical. Their names were Ivanhoe, the Black Knight, Wacousta, the Knight of the Plain, Tamerack, the Hardy Knight, Cœur de Lion, and Don Juan.

'Gresham, of our party, was Ivanhoe, and after five more courses run by the three best knights was declared victor. His privilege was to crown the Queen of Love and Beauty. Her Maids of Honour were to be chosen by the other three best knights. No one doubted that Miss Harriett would be Queen, but expectation was on tip-toe to know who would be her Maids of Honour. Two were daughters of neighbouring planters, and one a Baltimore lady staying in the neighbourhood. The knights devoted themselves all through the ball that followed to their respective ladies. The brass band was very good, and there seemed to be plenty of cheerfulness and good feeling. About midnight I went off to my bed-chamber, where I am now finishing this letter. The dance is still on foot. Indeed, many of the men, having no place to sleep, intend, after taking their partners home, to have a stag-dance to themselves till it is light enough to cross the mountain. Perhaps I shall go down and have a look at them. . . .

'Affectionately yours.'

SKETCHES OF OLD NORSE LITERATURE.

VIII.

SNORRI STURLASON'S CHRONICLES OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY.

In an ancient forest of Zealand, in the middle of a small lake, there stands a grand old palace or castle, of no great antiquity, for the oldest part of the present structure was built by the architect king, Christian the Fourth, early in the 17th century; but, from its situation and its architectural beauty, a veritable palace of romance. It is built on two or three islands connected by galleries and bridges, so its high walls and towers of weathered red brick seem to rise straight out of the reflecting water in fine contrast to the surrounding forest green. The terraced gardens on the opposite side of the lake, the great courts with their archways and rich decorations, and the galleries and halls within are alike silent and empty, though all in beautiful order, for the place is kept up—not inhabited—which adds to its mysterious charm. The Castle of Frederichsborg is indeed now a sort of splendidly bound and illustrated history of Scandinavia, and chiefly of Denmark. It contains about forty show-rooms, so arranged that as the visitor advances through them, he passes from the low vaulted halls of the ground-floor, in the style of the 10th and 11th centuries, to the pointed Gothic corridors and the magnificent Knights' Hall of the first floor. Above are the cheerful Renaissance apartments of the highest stories. All the periods are illustrated by collections of the furniture, weapons, jewelry, and armour belonging to them, and also by pictures or frescoes of contemporary events.

We begin with the massive round arches and low thick pillars of the vestibule, where are the seated statues of King Gorm, the first Christian King of Denmark, and his well-loved Queen, Thyri. Further on statues of Snorri Sturlason, and his contemporary Saxo Grammaticus, mark a literary epoch; and the arched corridors are decorated with a series of fine bas-reliefs of the history of the Joms Vikings, and a number of most interesting frescoes illustrating the lives of Svend Forkbeard, King Knut, and the Danish wars in England. These are modern, for the Danish artists now often select their subjects from their once almost forgotten ancient history, and

the works are well executed, for they have made great progress in Art. One may regret *en passant* that, though the great sculptor Thorwaldsen was the son of an Icelandic carpenter, he never cared to choose the subjects of his works from the history of his own country, although of all the moderns he surely was the most inspired by the power and beauty of ancient Greece.

But here in Frederichsborg, as elsewhere, in looking at Scandinavian historical Art, one is struck by the fact that, after the brilliant and stirring beginning of their history, there is little in later times of more than local—one might say parochial interest in their national life. Sweden enjoyed the brilliant epoch of Gustaf Vasa and the great Gustaf, but it soon passed, and Queen Christina, Gustaf's cultivated, if eccentric daughter, found her country so dull that she abdicated the throne. Afterwards only the portentous figure of Charles XII. flashed across the political horizon. And in Denmark, which includes Norway, from the times of the Vikings and the Valdimars there seems little to record or to depict except the life of the builder of the castle, the brave cavalier King Christian the Fourth, who fought so well and built so well, and inspired even his Norse subjects with enthusiasm for his name. No wonder that the Northern painters chiefly chose peasant life for the subjects of their pictures, for that life was still real. The sturdy peasants, especially when far from the seat of Government, contrived to keep up a sort of independence by determined revolts whenever the taxes became too oppressive, and never lost the instincts of freemen.

But to return to the first floor of the palace and the first volume of the book, which teem with interest. Saxo Grammaticus and Snorri had much to say, and knew how to say it. Saxo was a Latin author, so does not belong to our subject, unless we except this tribute to Iceland, or Thyle, as he calls it, showing how early was its literary fame. He writes—

'Nor is the industry of the Thyleses to be passed over in silence, who, from the sterility of their soil, being deprived of every luxury of food, exercise a perpetual sobriety,* and turn every moment of their lives to a cultivation of a knowledge of the affairs of other countries, and, compensating their poverty by their ingenuity, consider it their pleasure to become acquainted with the transactions of other nations, and hold it to be not less honourable to record the virtues of others than to exhibit their own, and whose treasures in the records of historical transactions I have carefully consulted, and have composed no small portion of the present work according to their relations, not despising as authorities those whom I know to be so deeply embued with a knowledge of antiquity.'

Snorri Sturlason's 'Lives of the Kings of Norway,' called in its abridged form *Heimskringla*, or the earth's circle, from the first noun

* A most extraordinary compliment—perhaps a mistranslation.

which occurs in the MSS., is a very remarkable book. The words of the translator, Samuel Laing, serve best to describe it.

'From the middle of the 9th century down to Magnus Erlingson, who reigned from 1162 to 1184, he gives a continuous narrative of events and incidents in public and private life, very descriptive and characteristic of the men and manners of those times; he gives, too, every now and then, very natural touches of character, and of the working of the human mind, which are in truth highly dramatic. In rapid narrative of the stirring events of the wild Viking life . . . in touches true to nature, and in the admirable management of his story in which episodes, apparently the most unconnected with his subject, come in by-and-by, at the right moment, as most essential parts of it, Snorri Sturleson stands as far above Ville Hardouin, Joinville, or Froissart,* as they stand above the monkish chroniclers who preceded them . . . his "Harald Harfager," his "Olaf Tryggveson," his "Olaf the Saint," are in reality great historical dramas, in which those wild, energetic personages, their adherents and their opponents, are presented working, acting, and speaking before you.'

Carlyle says: 'Snorri Sturleson's history of the Norse Kings is built out of these old Sagas, and has in it a great deal of poetic fire, not a little faithful sagacity applied in sifting and adjusting them, and, in a word, deserves, were it once well-edited, furnished with accurate maps, etc., to be reckoned among the great history books of the world.' And further, of the character of the history: 'I have often thought how essentially Homeric it was; indeed, what is Homer himself but the rhapsody of five centuries of Greek Skalds and wandering ballad singers, done (i.e. stitched together) by somebody more musical than Snorri was. Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf the Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form; offering me the truth of them as if seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorri) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of nature, seen as they veritably are.'

The 'Lives of the Kings' contains first the 'Ynglinga Saga,' or history of the Yngling race of Kings, which is probably the original collection by Ari of the more or less fabulous beginnings of history, from Odin, down to King Halfdan the Black. Halfdan was an undoubtedly historical personage of the 9th century, and the father of Harald Fair-hair. The marvellous element of the story is now reduced to such wonders as might still be believed in the 12th century. The lives of Harald Fair-hair and his immediate descendants follow, and then comes the great Saga of Olaf Tryggveson. Then the companion life of Olaf the Saint, followed by those of Magnus his son, Harald Hardrada, Magnus Barefoot, Signed the Crusader and his

* Froissart, however, dealing with the rich life of Europe when Northern chivalry met Southern civilisation, had a wider range of subjects than Snorri, however inferior in discernment and literary power.

brothers, and another generation of several obscure kings, bringing the chronicle down to A.D. 1178, the birth of Snorri.

Snorri says himself he got his facts for the earlier portions chiefly from Ari, but he had many Sagas to work from, moulding all he touched into his own admirable style. His facts and dates are more to be relied upon as regards affairs in Norway than abroad; in the later lives he often quotes as authorities, eye-witnesses of the events described, suggesting the idea that he might have spoken to them or their children. The speeches throughout, as in the case of Thucydides, are probably his own; and one may observe in a discussion that he takes no side in general, but sets forth rival views with impartial eloquence. His histories have a biographical character, and deal chiefly with the great; the common people, though not spoken of with the contempt of Froissart, are somewhat set aside, as of a civil war he writes: 'They committed many crimes against each other, and many men were slain in their mutual persecution; but here what was committed by the chiefs only is written down.'

It seems strange that so fine an historical work should have been practically forgotten for centuries. It was first introduced to the learned world in the Latin of the antiquarian Peringskeold, and ill that garb is said to become it. A wild priest, called Peter Clausen, translated the *Heimskringla* into Norse in 1633, and from that time it has been a favourite volume in the farmhouses of Norway, and did much toward keeping alive the national spirit. In this form some forty years ago, it so delighted the Scotsman, Mr. Laing, that he translated it from the Norse, aided by the original Icelandic, of which latter language he did not profess to have much knowledge. Still, considering his difficulties, he gives a wonderfully good translation, and into good English though no doubt, with our modern aids, it might be revised with advantage. Vigfusson regrets that the translation is from one of the 'Heimskringla' editions, for they are slightly varying compendiums or abridgments of Snorri's original work which, in many cases, has suffered much in style, and also from often injudicious cuts made on no fixed plan, but according to the taste of different copyists. In *Heimskringla*, Olaf the Saint's Saga alone is unabridged and complete. None have suffered so much as that of Olaf Tryggveson, of which the original version, preserved in old vellums in Iceland, has long been the favourite Saga of the Icelanders, to whom his memory was especially dear.

Enough has been said to show that when Snorri differs in fact or date from the careful 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicles,' Snorri will probably be wrong. But on the whole it may be questioned if we can have a more essentially true view of any historic period than is given by an author of insight and genius who lived in times not far removed from that period, although he may fill in the outlines and dramatise the story in his own way or from lost traditions. There is a

certain relief, too, in reading of those simple times when actions were not, as now, obscured by a mist of words. 'A Saga is only half told if but one person tells it,' says an Icelandic proverb; but how if a hundred tell it, and all differently? History is now enacted amid such a clamour of voices, rumours, contradictions, lies, and replies made by the Press simultaneously all over the world, that the very trumpet notes of fame are drowned in the screeches of a thousand penny whistles, and one cannot but wonder what will be left to posterity of the history of our own times. Snorri's Chronicle suffered little from these drawbacks, though in it also we must sometimes recognise that 'fame is half disfame and counter-changed with darkness.' In the great Saga of Olaf Tryggveson, and also in the Heimskringla abridgment, Vigfusson considers the life is drawn from two sources; one, the chief and best from oral tradition and Ari; the second, ecclesiastical and tinged with foreign mediævalism, derived probably from Sæmund's Latin Chronicle, to which latter he sets down some 'stories of the cruelties practised by Olaf on heathens in his desire to spread the faith.' He adds that the 'clear difference of these classes of narratives admits of their separation and the neglect of distinguishing them has set a brand on the King's name, which it is a duty to help to efface.' One cruel story is certainly told on Sæmund's authority, and others are echoes of ancient horrors adapted out of the heathen Sagas.

Two or three short specimens may give an idea of the style of Olaf's Saga. The first is not in *Heimskringla*, but is a pretty description probably of ecclesiastical origin.

Olaf the young sea-king had just been converted by a hermit in the Scilly Islands. Then follows—

'An Abbot ruled a cloister in one of the islands that was marvellously fair. Olaf held in his ship with all his following towards the cloister, and the man of God knew before from the spirit of prophecy of the coming of the King. He called together all the brethren over whom he bore rule and bade them put on their richest attire—"for we must form a procession to the shore, and receive as most worthily the ship's company that must now come here." And when the Abbot was ready and all were attired, he walked to the strand with all the brethren and many clerks and servants of Holy Church over whom he ruled. It was early in the morning. Olaf had reached the land with all his men. They saw far before them such brightness that they hardly knew at first what it could be. For far and wide the morning sunshine glittered on the splendid robes with which the Abbot was decorated and his clergy. When they met, the Abbot led him to his cloister, and after they had sung the service, each greeted the other with joy. Olaf the King kneeled before him with all humility. The Abbot raised him and kissed him . . . and there he received baptism with all his followers.'

Here is an extract from the unabridged narrative of the passing

of Olaf's fleet before his last battle. His enemies, King Svein of Denmark, King Olaf of Sweden, and the Norse Earl Eric, are watching the ships go by, in high expectation of Olaf's celebrated ship *Ormrin Langa*, or the Long Serpent. Many ships have passed, and Earl Eric recognises the power of King Olaf Tryggveson so much more clearly than the other two chiefs, that they reproach him with fearing to give battle with their splendid joint fleet, and shrinking from avenging his father, slain by Olaf. He replies with indignation, while ordering the men to their ships: 'And this I witness, that though you Danes and Swedes challenge my courage, you will neither of you be any the less fearful before the sun goes to Eger to-night than me and my men.' And as they went down they saw four great ships sail by, and one was a gold-decorated Dragon. Then said many that the Earl had spoken truly—'and here comes *Ormrin Langa*, and she is a terribly big ship and fair—so that no long ship has been made her equal in Norway for size and beauty; and it is easy to see the King is great minded, who has had the munificence to construct anything so costly.' Then Svein stood up and said: 'High shall *Ormrin* carry me this evening.' Said Eric: 'Though King Olaf had no more ships than we see now, King Svein and all the Danish army could never win it from him.'

'But this ship, thought to be *Ormrin Langa*, was the *Crane*, afterwards *Ormrin Skammr* (the short serpent). The people now all rushed to the ships and took off the tents; the chiefs arranged the army for the battle, and it is said they cast lots which should attack *Ormrin Langa*. King Svein drew the first attack; Olaf the Swede the second; and Earl Eric the last if need was; and each chief was to have for his own those ships that he himself had won and cleared.

'As the chiefs spoke with each other they saw where three great ships passed, and last a fourth with a large Dragon head at the bows, which was adorned so that it looked as if wrought all of gold, and when the sun shone out it glittered far over the sea. Men marvelled much at its length, there was such a space after their seeing the stem before the stern appeared. Now all knew, and none spoke against it that this was *Ormrin Langa*. And with that sight were many men silent, and fear and dread came into many hearts, which was not to be wondered at, for that great ship was to be the death of a multitude of men.

'Then said Earl Eric: "Right and seemly it is that the splendid ship should belong to such a king as Olaf Tryggveson, for truly is it said of him that he is as far beyond other kings as *Ormrin Langa* beyond other ships?"'

The fate of the coveted ship, which was damaged in the battle, is omitted in *Heimskringla*, but is probably true, and adds to the pathos of the human tragedy.

'Earl Erick Hakonson took possession of *Ormrin Langa* after the battle, and of a large share of booty. The Earl manned the Dragon

ship with an able crew of first-rate men, and steered her himself. But although she was strongly manned with active lads, they just brought her so to say as awkwardly as possible from the east to the Bay; but she went heeling over and would not answer her helm at all. Then Earl Eric caused *Ormrin Langa* to be broken up—some men say that he had her burned.'

The 'King's Lives,' in the unabridged Icelandic version of the *Flateyar Bók*—as one of the finest old vellums of Iceland is called—are certainly most fascinating reading, but to describe them further would belong rather to the domain of history than of literature.

But two or three points may just be mentioned that especially strike us. One is that the Viking age in the North can hardly with justice be called a rude age; the ships of the period, for instance, required considerable advance in many arts for their construction. False ideas of them have been conveyed by such pictures of them as are found in the Bayeux tapestry and old illuminations, when, like the architecture, they are diminished into decorative symbols. Drawn to measure, as we see them in the frescoes of the Danish palace, they are of noble size, and as shown by the funeral ship found in a bog some years ago, and now in the Christiana Museum, their lines and proportions are beautiful, and quite unlike the high clumsy hulls of a later period in the south. Sails of coloured silk and gilded figure heads adorned them, and dainty metal work and wood carving ornamented the various equipments.

The Museums of the three Northern nations confirm what the Sagas say of the wealth of gold and silver jewelry, and of the beauty of the weapon-hilts enlaid with precious metals, and of the fine enamel work on cups and salvers executed in the North. A mono graph on the double edged Viking swords, of which many hundreds are preserved, has this year been issued by a Frenchman, M. Lorange, late Curator of the Bergen Museum, in which he suggests that they were mostly made in the Lower Rhine lands, or Normandy. We do not think he proves his case, though he draws attention to one curious circumstance, that on removal of the rust, one in every five or six Viking swords found in Norway is marked with the name *Ulfberht*, a name, Norse indeed in the first syllable, but rather German in the second. But may this not have been the name of some famous maker, possibly of foreign extraction, after whom, like the Andrew Ferrara swords of Scotland, all swords of a certain sort were named? For allowing that many weapons and much jewelry were brought from abroad, it seems likely that the Norsemen soon produced and decorated their own weapons; for they had silver mines, and from the earliest times were great workers in metal. To this day one may see the Icelandic farmer taking up delicate silversmith work as his indoor occupation, as if he were a working jeweller.

Another point in which the Northmen showed great advance in civilisation is their elaborate code of laws, which gave, be it observed,

more equal justice to women than any code which preceded it, or indeed which came after it, until the legislation of the present day.

It may also be observed that though the people were divided into free and unfree, the latter were only those who had no land nor share in the Government, but were house-men, or followers of some chief. Personal liberty belonged to all but the thralls, who were generally redeemable foreign captives. The ships, like the southern galleys, when it was necessary were rowed by their crews, but while the galleys were worked by slaves, the northern crews consisted of men whose pride it was to do their utmost for the expeditions in which they shared all profit according to their degree. They could submit to discipline while losing nothing of the dignity of the freeman. The Captain even would take an oar the better to speed the ship, or perhaps to warm himself; it was the glory as well as the work of the King to steer his own Dragon ship. The King, indeed, was expected to be the man who *could* best, who excelled in many things, and if he were not a real leader of men his reign was likely to be short. No work was too rough or undignified for the highest in the land, and that was the secret of their strength.

In conclusion, those who in increasing numbers now visit Norway could not do better than read Snorri's Chronicles, for they greatly increase the interest of the country. The so-called *in-skerry* passage between the mainland and the islands, with its deep narrow channels, where ships can be safely steered between rocks which they almost touch on either hand, has been the 'people's way' since the earliest days, and abounds in interesting associations. The picturesque harbours are little changed since our Northern ancestors sailed from them to win their southern home and the bays of the Baltic, studded with hundreds of islands where the Viking ships used to lurk, are far more interesting to those who know something of the adventurous lives of their former inhabitants. A milder race happily possesses those islands now; very likely a boat may dart out from some hidden creek, but it is probably manned by a little girl who catches the household parcel flung down to her by the passing steamer.

It is a pity that the original edition of Laing's 'Chronicles of the Kings of Norway' (Longman) has long been out of print, though, no doubt, it may be found in good standard libraries. The new edition issued the other day, which we intended warmly to recommend to our readers, turns out to be only a small numbered edition, and most of the copies are ordered for America; so the book is hardly within reach of the general public. But parts of it have been used as material for various books—never, perhaps, to greater advantage than in Longfellow's 'Tales of a Village Inn'—which contains an outline of the Life of Olaf Tryggveson in verses, full of vigour and charm. He has been, indeed, the inspiration of many Northern poets. We translate a fine Norwegian song by a living author, Bjornstjerne

Bjornson, which alludes to part of King Olaf's fleet under Erling Skjalgason having sailed away in ignorance of the coming battle of Svold, and thus caused the defeat which was so lamented through all the Northern lands.

'FALL OF KING OLAF.'

A Northern Song.

Sails the fleet by the northern lands—
High on the poop at the day-break stands
Erlingur Skjalgason of Sola,
Scanning over seas to Denmark—
'Comes he never, Olafur Tryggveson?'

War-ships fifty shorten sail,
Sun-burnt crowds each other hail,
Gazing towards Denmark they thunder—
'Where lingers Ormrin Langa?
Comes he never, Olafur Tryggveson?'

Once again does the morning shine,
Never a mast on the far sea-line;
Sounds as the tempest storming—
'Where lingers Ormrin Langa?
Comes he never, Olafur Tryggveson?'

Silence follows the clamorous call,
Only the waves on the ships' sides fall,
As though the deep were sighing—
'Taken is Ormrin Langa,
Fallen is Olafur Tryggveson.'

Every hundred years anew,
Over the cold waves moonlit blue,
Sighs where the Northmen are sailing—
'Taken is Ormrin Langa,
Fallen is Olafur Tryggveson.'

ERRATUM.

Page 151, first line, last paragraph, insert 'of' after 'paraphrase before '*Völu Spà*.'

MISS ALCOTT.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO NEW YORK.

My dear Miss Charlton,—Your question as to the position held in England by the writings of your lamented countrywoman, Miss Alcott, is none the less tempting to reply to because I am totally unfitted for the task. I know so little, and I should like to say so much. Of course I am perfectly aware that an entire ignorance of one's subject by no means disqualifies one for handling it freely, even in print; but, in the latter case, the critic can always shelter himself behind his editor or his *nom de plume*, whereas in writing to you I am, I suppose, 'necessarily held responsible for all the opinions expressed.' So I had better confess at the outset that I am, I am sorry to say, less well informed than you flatteringly think, of the currents of English opinion in matters literary.

I cannot vouch for the exact rank which Miss Alcott has taken amongst us, as an author; but I can, and I think I *must*, 'say a little say' about the feelings of warm affection and gratitude in which I *know* her name is enshrined in the hearts of many past and present English girls—girls who will be better and happier all their lives for the kindly words of cheerful, tender wisdom, of comfortable, unsentimental sympathy which used to be welcomed with so much delight from our friend over the water. The newspapers and magazines have given us outlines of her career, and many of us have read with interest the letters and journal-extracts which have been given to the world; but all the time we felt that we scarcely needed further information. We had lived in close friendship for many years with a pleasant cheery companion, who had told us much in quiet confidence of the goodness, single-mindedness, and courageous healthy nature of her who was the 'author of their being.' Sweet Meg, brave old Jo, charming, gentlemanly Laurie, Mrs. March, most tender and sensible of mothers, dear old-fashioned Polly, dandy Tom, true-hearted at the core, and many, many more, gather about us with their unvarying testimony to the pure, unworldly and wholesome character of her whose legacy to us they are.

It is a well-known fact that we are all apt to form entirely erroneous estimates of our own minds and capacities. For instance, you, dear Miss Charlton (forgive the personality), are probably disposed to rest your claims to the gratitude of society upon certain

botanical or geological researches, instead of upon what your friends unanimously declare to be your true gift, viz., the ability to shine as a brilliant and witty conversationalist. Whereas I, to the sorrow of my acquaintances, cannot be cured of a complacent propensity for letter-writing, although every trustworthy indication points to the making of flannel petticoats as my true *raison d'être*. But let us console ourselves. Richelieu thought he could write Plays. And I should not have alluded to this subject, did I not feel (with all due respect) convinced that Miss Alcott was under this common misapprehension when she considered herself a moody, discontented, misanthropical personage, whose mission it was to write such a book as 'Moods.'

I hope I am not overstepping the bounds of reverent decorum when I say that we English 'girls' feel that the author of 'Little Women,' 'Good Wives,' and the 'Old-fashioned Girl,' was the true Miss Alcott, whose motto, 'Look well after the cheerfulnesses of life, and leave the dismals to take care of themselves,' is far more essentially characteristic than she herself supposed. The dabbling in gloomy sensationalism was, I venture to think, merely the 'uncertain warbling' of the imitative period before she 'caught the measure' which was so truly hers, and began to speak in her own unimitative and inimitable way to the enthralled and enchanted girls of all English-reading lands.

I am not going to deny that we, insular British maidens, made the first acquaintance of these books with a little difficulty. American literature was comparatively new to us, and there was a certain cautious putting of one mental foot before another as we entered the almost-untrodden region of American girl-life. There was, I remember, a little restless discomfort to be overcome in regard to phrases and idioms which struck unfamiliarly upon our ears. For the raciness and freedom of Transatlantic language, which often exercises a fascination over older readers, is seldom, I think, palatable to our young minds, which are rather puzzled and disturbed by it, and apt to despair of ever making friends among contemporaries of a tongue so like yet unlike our own. (You, dear Miss Charlton, could probably record a similar difficulty in your first acquaintance with English stories—heavy, stilted, conventional—eh?) All the greater, therefore, must the magic have been which captivated us so completely, and brought us by imperceptible degrees into such perfect sympathy with the grand aspirations, homely duties, mistakes, troubles, and 'good times' of these little women of the New World.

Who of us did not suffer in spirit with Polly, when our white muslin was so entirely eclipsed (as we dismally fancied) by Fan's pink silk and little Maud's cherry-colour splendours? Or with Meg, when our brilliant friends glanced with compassionate wonder at our many-times-pressed-and-mended white tarlatan, which had seemed

so magnificent a 'ball-dress' before we left home? But who did not also feel all the world set straight again (ah! that marvellous way it has of righting itself when we are young!) by the few tender words of true sterling sense from dear old Grandma or Marmee. Then, coming to more grown-up days, how sincerely we sympathised with poor Polly's longing for one little spark of 'fun' to illumine the drudgery that *would* grow so hopelessly tedious, although undertaken voluntarily, and carried through bravely for her brother's sake. Miss Alcott does not fall into the mistake, so common in books of this class, of making unselfish doings turn out to be no sacrifices at all. But she does what is infinitely more practical and helpful in showing how the inevitable re-action, when the first exaltation is over, may be met. Not by trying to live in a gloomy cloud of self-abnegation, longing for pleasures out of reach, but by helping some old Miss Mills with her homely charities amongst lives more dreary than our own, and by a hearty participation in the enthusiastic hopes, dreams, and impossible yet elevating ambitions going on around us—cultivating a warm interest in Rebecca's modelling, Kate's novel, and Anna's chance of a tour in Europe—finding opportunities for 'the one joy of doing kindnesses.' It is the spirit of those lines of Keble's—

> 'So when the tones of rapture gay
> On the lorn ear die quite away,
> The lonely world seems lifted nearer Heaven;
> Seen daily, yet unmarked before,
> Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er
> With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forgiven,'

and the following verses; but it is superfluous to quote the 'Christian Year' to you!

Work for, and interest in, others is also the remedy proposed for Jo when she is left the last of the brood in the old nest, so full of memories of the bright times that are gone, and when she makes the awful reflection, 'Almost twenty-five and nothing to show for it!' Dear old Jo! how we rejoiced over that first youthful literary success announced from behind her newspaper—how we sympathised in her fierce wrath against the villain John, who *would* come and break up the family, and make Meg 'of no use any more;'—and how affectionately we watched her through her harum-scarum troubles, not always willing to imitate, certainly, but much more indulgently disposed than prim Miss Amy would approve. Provoking little Amy! putting on her best white frock and sitting down to draw in her arbour in the hope that some passer-by might inquire who the young artist was—she somehow contrives to win us to interest and esteem in the end, with her aspirations towards High Art, which chime in with so many little dreams of our own. And gentle little Beth! how many dull duties have been sweetened by the remembrance of her dish-cloths and broom; and the industrious little fingers, so dutifully kept away

from the beloved piano, until the irksome household tasks were finished. As for Mrs. March, one hardly likes to speak of her, since we have been told that 'Marmee is true every bit, only not half good enough;' but one little lecture of hers I must quote, delivered to her two elder girls on Meg's return from Vanity Fair. Do you remember it? I think it one of the best homilies, both for pith and brevity, ever offered to young womankind—

'I want my daughters to be beautiful, accomplished, and good; to be admired, loved, and respected; to have a happy youth, to be well and wisely married, and to lead useful pleasant lives, with as little care and sorrow to try them as God sees fit to send. . . . My dear girls, I *am* ambitious for you, but not to have you make a dash in the world—marry rich men merely because they are rich, or have splendid houses which are not homes, because love is wanting. Money is a needful and precious thing, and, when well used, a noble thing; but I never want you to think it the first or only prize to strive for. I'd rather see you poor men's wives if you were happy, beloved, and contented, than queens on thrones without self-respect and peace.' 'Poor girls don't stand any chance, Belle says, unless they put themselves forward,' sighed Meg. 'Then we'll be old maids,' said Jo stoutly. 'Right, Jo. Better be happy old maids than unhappy wives, or unmaidenly girls, running about to find husbands,' said Mrs. March decidedly.

And following up this high-minded teaching, there is Polly's sturdy conscientiousness and modest dignity and truth under circumstances which, in their essence, are not peculiar to one side of the Atlantic. How many miseries might be averted if more girls were old-fashioned enough to say, 'If I don't love him I ought not to marry him,' even when—as in her case—the renunciation of a brilliant prospect means self-abandonment to an indefinite period of loneliness and drudgery. In what a pleasant light, too, does dear Polly appear in the capacity of sister! How unlike those young ladies who consider brothers the only specimens of the male kind to whom it is not worth while to be civil and amiable. No wonder Polly's brothers 'loved her dearly, and weren't ashamed to show it.' And how infinitely more amusing as well as more sensible, boy-and-girl life would become if there were more simple-hearted, straightforward friendships, unsullied by silly self-consciousness, such as that between Laurie and Jo; if precocious flirtations could always be as heartily despised and as happily dispensed with.

I have spoken of being won over, and, indeed, I think that in this consists one of Miss Alcott's most remarkable powers. She possessed, in a large degree, the quality which she herself calls 'wheedling.' As one instance, I must own to having been at first strongly prejudiced against Professor Bhaer, partly, no doubt, out of partizanship for our favourite Laurie, and partly also, probably, on account of Jo's own behaviour during the courtship, which seems so strikingly at variance

(if I may venture to say so) with what one expects in a daughter of Mrs. March. [I believe, indeed, that any love affair at all, in connection with Jo, was forced upon Miss Alcott by external pressure, and not naturally evolved from her 'inner consciousness.' Hence its unsatisfactoriness.] But, strive as I might, I could not hold out against the honest, brave simplicity of the man, so admirably shown in the scene where he stands forth as the champion of Truth against the 'oppositions of science falsely so-called,' where 'he didn't know when he was beaten, and stood to his colours like a man.' His outspoken censure, also, of low sensational publications might be taken to heart by some writers in this country. 'They haf no right to put poison in the sugar-plum, and let the small ones eat it. No, they should think a little, and sweep mud in the street before they do this thing.'

I am afraid that by this time, my dear Miss Charlton, you must be heartily wishing that I had confined myself to the petticoat manufacture already alluded to; but, nevertheless, I cannot find it in my heart to wind up this long rigmarole without a word or two about the babies. Miss Alcott is as much at her ease in the nursery as in the parlour, the garret, or the amateur theatre, and Meg's dear little pair are among the most delightfully real and irresistibly charming babies I have ever met with in literature. Nothing is exaggerated or overstrained about them. No absurd, grown-up sentiments are put into their little mouths, but they are allowed to grow and flourish like the very daisies themselves—perfectly fresh, innocent, and natural. Nor does the character of Mrs. Jo's funny little Ted seem to suffer from the extraordinary hubbub in which he so calmly carries on his existence.

And now one fleeting glance at an inanimate Alcottian creation, a great favourite of mine—that dear old sofa of the Marches! 'A regular patriarch of a sofa, long, broad, well-cushioned, and low. A trifle shabby, as well it might be, for the girls had slept and sprawled on it as babies, fished over the back, ridden on the arms, and had menageries under it as children, and rested tired heads, dreamed dreams, and listened to tender talk on it as young women. They all loved it, for it was a family refuge.' Furniture is not, as a rule, suggestive of poetry, but I think this homely old sofa might be placed in some modest corner of the same House Beautiful which contains Longfellow's 'Clock on the Stairs.'

I think you will understand how infinitely far I am from wishing to utter a syllable that could seem like detraction, if I venture to say one little word of regret that the observances of religion are not more definitely acknowledged in these books. Of course, I do not mean *cant* (of which some American as well as English stories for the young are so painfully full), and, indeed, there is every token of a deeply religious and earnest spirit in the whole tone of Miss Alcott's writings. But still there *is* a want which most of us must have felt,

and I should not be faithfully recording my impressions if I did not allude to it.

And now, 'in conclusion,' I should like to express what I believe to be the feeling of thousands of girls amongst us, namely, a most affectionate and deep sense of gratitude for the boon which maidenhood has received in these simple, truthful, yet none the less interesting annals of domestic everyday life, and a sincere grief for the loss of one who, being dead, will yet speak to many and many a young heart among the world's little women whom she loved and understood so well.

Yours, etc.,

MARGARET HUNTINGDON.

TERRA-COTTA.

THE LITTLE GOOSE-GIRL.

SHE sat on the grass and wept, the poor little goose-girl. What she was crying about, she would have found it hard to say. When we are old we inquire into the cause of our tears; and, if the reason be not sufficient to justify our weeping, we do our best to check their current. When we are young we cry without caring to think what we are crying about, but just because we feel miserable.

The little goose-girl was miserable. Nothing had happened to make her more unhappy on that particular day than on any other day; but the thought of her miseries had suddenly come upon her and overwhelmed her, as she sat tending her geese. Childhood, not learned in the teachings of Experience, seeks no reason for its action; it acts on impulse. The little goose-girl was young and she was inexperienced, therefore she sat herself down on the grass and wept.

This brings us back to the point whence we started, and we may begin again at the beginning, and inquire what the little goose-girl was crying about. There is generally a reason for everything, reasons being, as the poet says, 'as plenty as blackberries.' Nay, now I come to think about it, that is exactly what he did not say, but it is true, whatever the great Shakespeare may have thought of it.

The little goose-girl had plenty to cry about, even though she could not put her sorrows into words, but that did not make them any the less bitter.

Firstly, she had had no breakfast that morning and but a crust of black bread for supper the night before, but then that was a common occurrence, and one that she was so used to, that it did not seem calculated to produce so many tears.

Secondly, she had outgrown her frock, which was much worn and in holes—she had no shoes and stockings to put on her little bare feet, and no warm hood to cover her head, though the east wind blew cold on this May day, and ruffled her hair, and blew it into her eyes. She pushed it back with her little brown hand, which, as she had been hunting for yellow marsh-marigolds in the swamp, left a dirty stain of mud on her cheek. But the little goose-girl was not wont to trouble much about her appearance, and she had never been told that 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness,' therefore this also did not seem to justify her grief.

Thirdly, Paul, the goat-herd, who drove his goats up to the mountains every morning while the little goose-girl drove her geese into the meadows below, and who carved pretty toys for her out of

bits of wood, and brought them to her as he went home in the evening, and kissed her and called her his little sweetheart,—Paul had of late deserted her and taken his carvings to Anna, the miller's daughter, who had a Sunday frock, while the little goose-girl had only her week-day one.

And Paul now passed her by with a friendly nod of the head, and kissed Anna instead of her, and it was very bitter.

But the little goose-girl was too young to be making herself miserable over love-sorrows. That was surely not the reason of her grief? Nay, there was still another—the big goose, the largest goose in all the flock, the goose who had plumage white as snow, pure as angel's wings, had some half-a-dozen black feathers on the middle of his back.

This was perhaps the bitterest of all her sorrows. He was such a beautiful bird; from the moment when he had cracked the egg-shell and cheeped on the grass at her feet, she had loved him. So pure, so white! Vainly she had hoped that the black feathers would fall off him as he grew older. As he grew, the black feathers grew, spoiling his beauty and his likeness to an angel from Heaven. Ah! me, it was hard to bear. She could forget that she was hungry, and that she went about in clothes too worn and too few to keep out the cold. In time she might even forget Paul, the goat-herd. But this,—the white goose's black feathers,—was one of those great, bitter sorrows that make us cry our eyes out at the time, and leave an aching void in our hearts for years to come. To-day, she was tired and cold and miserable, therefore the thought of her troubles came upon her with all the greater force, and she broke down under their weight.

Do not laugh at her that she sat and wept because of a goose and five or six black feathers! She had so few to love, and the need to love was so strong in her. And it is very hard to be disappointed in those one has given one's heart to, especially when one is young and foolish, and has never even heard of metaphysics, and the development of the soul and the higher philosophy. But when the craving for love, for the receiving of it, and still more for the giving of it, fills one's whole heart: and then the goose of one's choice develops black feathers!

So she sat on the grass and wept; and for the second time we have come back to our original starting-point. But one cannot cry all day. In the first place, the comfort of crying is gone, after one has once fairly soaked through one's pocket-handkerchief, and in the second, bending one's head down is apt to give one a headache, especially if one has had no breakfast.

There are very few sorrows in the world that are worth a headache, at any rate in childhood, when, if one's griefs are crushing, they are also quickly dispelled. The little goose-girl was clearly of this opinion, for she got up from her seat in the grass, gave a great sigh

(which was equivalent to saying that though life is hard, when one has endured it for more than nine years, one may as well bear it with as good a grace as may be until the end thereof), and then looked for her geese.

They were taking care that their appetites should not remain unsatisfied. It is always the most preoccupying consideration of the goose mind. The little goose-girl counted them almost mechanically. She counted them on the fingers of her left hand, touching each finger separately with the second finger of her right hand. Numbers are always confusing, but if you once thoroughly realise that there are five fingers on your left hand, and start clear with that notion, there is a very good chance of your arriving safely to the end of your calculation.

But on this occasion the little goose-girl failed to reach the desired number. She stopped short in the middle, for when she came to the big white goose with the black feathers, the sight was too much for her. Choke it down as she would, a great sob would rise in her throat, and the big hot tears rolled slowly down her face and dropped on to the ground. One was caught in a dimple in her cheek, and from there slipped down and tumbled into her mouth. It tasted salt, and she made a wry face. Then she opened her mouth for a sob, but before she had given utterance to it, she felt a hand laid on her shoulder.

'Little one,' said a grave voice, 'wherefore do you cry?' Startled, she looked up, and beheld the Village Priest, who was crossing the fields to visit a sick parishioner.

'Little one, wherefore do you cry?' he asked again.

The little goose-girl made no answer. First, she herself was not so very sure why she was crying. Secondly, she could not tell the Priest, who had never spoken to her before except in church at the catechising, and who was a very learned man, knew Latin, and even, so rumour said, had been to an University, about her goose and its black feathers. He was surely too great and wise a man ever to have thought about geese. The little goose-girl put her thumb in her mouth and sucked it; this she did because she was shy, and she made no answer.

'See,' said the Priest, 'your eyes are red and swollen with crying, and your face all puckered up. How foolish it is to cry! Children should laugh and dance and be happy, not fret after the impossible.'

The Priest, a kind old man, who did not in the least understand children, thought, like some other people who ought to know better, that the only condition of childhood is happiness, and that tears should never come till the little ones have arrived at years of discretion. A kindly theory enough, only it would never work in this work-a-day world. Happiness is not all, and if children never knew what sorrow meant, they might grow up fit for Heaven, but they certainly never would for earth.

The Priest did not think of this, but he pitied the little goose-girl and did his best to comfort her.

'See,' he said, 'in the big round world there is weeping as well as laughter, poverty as well as riches, water as well as land. The only thing tears ever did was to increase the quantity of liquid matter.'

The little goose-girl looked up in wonderment. What did he mean? The Priest went on—

'It is foolish to fret over little things. It is wrong even. When little troubles vex you, ask yourself the great question: "What is Life?" That answered, you will no longer cry over trifles, and be blown about in an atmosphere of small griefs, like a goose's feather.'

His choice of a simile was suggested to him by the sight of the geese grazing at a little distance, and he took one he thought she would understand. But the mind of the little goose-girl could not take in allegory. She had not been educated up to it, and looked for the literal meaning—'A goose's feather,' could he have known of her trouble?

The Priest patted her head and walked on. The little goose-girl took her thumb out of her mouth, and stood considering. Much of what the Priest had said was unintelligible to her, but one question she remembered and revolved in her mind, 'What was Life?'

What was this strange existence that she possessed and did not know how she came to possess it? What was this power of running and leaping and dancing and enjoying herself, and, alas! of feeling cold and tired and hungry? And, far more, what was this power of feeling glad at one minute, and then so miserable the next, this power of thinking and of loving?

Not that she put it to herself in so many words. To do that one must be educated, and have studied the works of Kant or Darwin or Huxley. At the very least one must have read one's Thomas à Kempis and the Lives of the Fathers. The little goose-girl did not even know the names of these great men, and she could not read or write. But she pushed back her hair from her face and plaited it, and tied the plait with a bit of strong grass, so that the wind should not blow the hair into her eyes, and she asked herself, 'What is Life?' and ran down the hill to find an answer to her question. If only some one would tell her, she would not feel so inclined to cry. The Priest had said it, or at any rate she had understood him so.

She asked her geese first, and for a little while they paid no attention to her question, which was very rude and ungrateful of them, considering that she was their little mistress, who fed them and tended them and loved them. At last one fat old goose stopped eating for a minute, and spoke—

'What is Life?' he said. 'I will tell you, and then you must leave me to finish my dinner in peace. Life is pleasure. It is a great boon; the privilege of having a good pasture-ground to feed on.

The chief object of it is to get as fat as possible. Grass is sweet; what more do you want? Cultivate content, and ask no questions.'

This last was said with a severe look at the little goose-girl, who felt abashed, and went away. But she was not satisfied with the goose's answer, and thought that perhaps some one else might tell her more.

'Life is freedom,' sang the wind, as he blew on her face. 'Life is strength, the power of will, and sweet, sweet freedom. I wander through the wide world, and everywhere I blow away what is false and impure and unhealthy, and let in the sweet fresh air of truth. Now and then, it is true, I blow down people's pet theories and fancies, and they with their doctrines fall crushed to the ground—that must happen in a world of mistaken ideas.'

But the little goose-girl ran on. The wind had not quite pleased her. A tree may be blown down in a gale, but it takes a hundred years for the acorn to grow into a full-sized oak. Besides, it is not every one who can be a reformer.

'Life is a song,' murmured the stream, as it flowed over the pebbles. 'A song, and a very sweet one. The music is now quick, now slow, according to the stones that lie in the bed of the river, but it is a song, often monotonous, always sweet. Life is pleasant, life is good. Only when the snows come and the ice, and everything is frozen, then it is hard. But the snow melts and the ice breaks away. Spring comes, and the harder the winter the sweeter the spring. Life is good.'

'Not so, not so,' sighed the weeping willow, who hung over the stream and dipped his branches into it. 'Not so, life is sad. Sorrow and grief and perpetual weeping. The leaves drop off, and fall into the stream. They wither and die. It is the same with man. He is but a leaf. A Hebrew poet said it long ago, "All flesh is as grass," and "Man is as a flower of the field." The leaves fall off continually. Weep, weep, for joy is short, and sorrow unceasing.'

But the little goose-girl ran farther and entered a wood. A woodman was there, cutting down a tree, and she stopped and asked him, 'What is Life?'

'Life, my little girl,' said the woodman, 'life is duty. Life is the doing what is right, in spite of difficulties, in spite of circumstance. Life is work—and pretty hard work, too, at times,' he added, as he lifted his axe.

But the little goose-girl went on: and, just where the wood ended, she came to an old tree, with a hole in the trunk, and inside the hollow a wood-dove had built its nest, and was sitting on its two white eggs. She held out her arms to it, and asked, 'What is Life?'

The wood-dove cooed softly for a little while, and then it answered: 'Life is love, true, tender love. Love on, love ever, and you will have learnt the greatest lesson life has to teach.'

The little goose-girl thought this the prettiest theory of all, so she determined to seek no further, but threw herself down on the grass to rest, for she was tired. From out of the grass there came a sweet fragrance, so she parted the green blades to find out what it was, and there she saw a cluster of violets.

'Life is a sweet scent,' they whispered to her. 'The flower dies, that is Human Life; but the scent remains in the air, that is something higher than mere existence. Live for others, not for yourself, and may there be some sweet memory of you left when you are dead and gone, then you will not have lived in vain.'

The little goose-girl smiled, and she laid down her head and fell fast asleep—she was so very tired. The wind blew over her and disordered her fair hair; the wood-dove on its nest cooed softly to itself from time to time, and the violets made the air sweet. When the little goose-girl woke it was late, the sun was low in the sky, and, when she went to look for her geese, they were scattered all over the field. While she was busy collecting them, the woodman passed on his way home to his cottage.

'Ah! little girl,' he said, 'life is doing the work that is given us, and not dreaming our time away. For you, it means minding your geese.'

The little goose-girl drove her geese home through the village, and received a scolding because she was late. Then she stood hesitating a minute or so. None of the answers she had received had quite satisfied her. Dimly she suspected that the Priest would see in life something over and above them all. She gathered her courage for a brave deed, prompted by her longing to know what the real answer to the question might be. She went to the Presbytery, knocked at the door, and begged to be allowed to see the Priest. The old housekeeper let her in, and smiled as she wondered what the child had come for.

'What, little maid!' said the good old man, looking up from his papers; 'have you lost your geese?'

'Nay, sir,' said the little goose-girl, looking shyly down at the ground, and she told him her puzzle.

'Child,' said the old man slowly, as he lifted her up and set her on his knee, 'what you have been all day puzzling about, I have been thinking of for more than sixty years. But yet, I cannot answer your question, nor can the wisest man who has ever lived. As you grow older you will understand about it a little better than you do now, but not much—not much. There is only One who knows what Life is. And that One, for some great reason of His own, that we cannot understand, only we may be sure that it is very good, has not willed to enlighten us on this matter. To His will let us subject ourselves.'

The little goose-girl did not understand, but she saw that her question was not likely to be answered, and she looked inclined to

cry; but a piece of cake the housekeeper gave her made her laugh instead, and clap her hands with joy.

The sorrows of childhood are so quickly comforted. But the old Priest looked out of his study window at the rays of the setting sun, and murmured softly to himself: 'In Thy Hands are the mysteries of Life and Death. Blessed art Thou, O God!'

MAUD WALPOLE.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

IX.

AMONG the great writers who offer especial facilities for studying the spirit of the Siècle de Louis Quatorze we must especially note that brilliant quartette who, at all events for a time, were close friends, Racine, Molière, Boileau, and La Fontaine. How one would like to have heard them converse at their weekly dinners in the Rue du Vieux Colombier!

Corneille had painted the heroic and ideal side of life; Racine drew jealousy, ambition, and, above all, love, a passion which plays a singularly minor part in the tragedies of his great rival and contemporary; but he is as little the poet of every-day life as was Corneille, and keeps tragedy and comedy scrupulously apart, for although even in the most tragic moments of real life we are apt to find that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, on the stage of France an impassable gulf yawned between them. The incident of the handkerchief and the every-day word 'mouchoir' scandalised the spectators when *Othello* was first acted in Paris. The French never seem to have felt the need of that 'relief element' which the less cultivated English spectators demanded in a serious play, obliging Marlowe to introduce those grotesque and incongruous scenes in his magnificent 'Dr. Faustus' which startle the modern reader, and perhaps influencing Shakespeare when he wrote the scene of the gravediggers in *Hamlet*.

The plays of Racine fall into three classes: 1, tragedies founded on Roman history, such as *Britannicus;* 2, those modelled on Euripides, among which *Phèdre* stands pre-eminent; and lastly, sacred drama, when after a silence of twelve years he obeyed the urgent request of Madame de Maintenon, and composed first *Esther*, and then *Athalie* for the pupils of St. Cyr, a great institution where the daughters of poor noblemen received an education under her patronage and surveillance.

The performers in Racine's sacred dramas were taken from among these girls, who acted with such pathos and passion that the prudent Madame de Maintenon put a stop to the amusement. 'There never was anything like the anxiety of people to go to St. Cyr,' wrote Madame de La Lafayette; 'great and small run after the piece, and

what was meant for a convent-drama became the most serious business of the Court.' The ministers neglected State affairs to attend a performance; every one intrigued for a seat. The first time that *Esther* was acted, the King came, accompanied only by those gentlemen who had that day followed the royal hunt; the next performance was given in honour of Père la Chaise, and twelve or fifteen Jesuits, joined by Madame de Miramion and other devotees. Did their applause wean Racine from Port Royal and account for his treachery towards his old friends there? or did he owe the Jansenists a grudge for persuading him that playwriting was a sin?

After these two performances the whole Court flocked to St. Cyr, James II. and Mary Beatrice among them, invited from exile at St. Germain by Louis Quatorze, to see the play.

Madame de Sévigné speaks quite as warmly of Racine's work as does her friend Madame de La Lafayette, and with more detail. 'The saintliness of the subject impresses one with respect,' she wrote to her daughter. 'I was enchanted, and the Maréchal de Bellefond told the King that he was seated by a lady who was capable of appreciating *Esther*. His Majesty advanced and addressed me, saying, "Madame, I am told you are pleased." Without embarrassment I replied, "Sire, I am charmed; I have no words for what I feel." The King added, "Racine has great talent," and I could not help saying, "Sire, he is very clever, but so, too, are these young people who are acting; they enter into the subject as if they had never done anything else." To which he answered, "That is unquestionable," and so took leave of us.'

'Racine has great talent!' What a condescending admission! In a later letter she observes, 'Racine will never again produce anything so pleasing, for there is no other subject equal to *Esther*,' and the public received his next drama of *Athalie* so coldly that he began to think it a failure, although Boileau truly predicted that it would be one day regarded as his masterpiece, a judgment fully endorsed by Voltaire. The famous actor Lekain relates that when he went to give him a specimen of what he could do, and recited the first scene between Joad and Abner, Voltaire exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'Ah, monsieur, what a man is Racine! We are nothing compared to him.' Lekain adds naïvely that he wished *Athalie* had been less beautiful, as then M. de Voltaire would perhaps have thought about him instead of the poetry.

Voltaire, however, had one critique to make, and a curious one. Joad, he says, had no more right to have *Athalie* assassinated than the Archbishop of Canterbury would have had to murder Queen Elizabeth. Were this so, *Athalie* would be an immoral play; but Joad was no subject of Athalie's, his King is Joas, and he never swore fidelity to the usurping queen; her own words show that he has always protested against her. Again, Voltaire remarks that he cannot see why Joad absolutely refuses to let her adopt the young

King, who might have then peacefully succeeded her. Without going deeply into this, we would rather ask how *could* the High Priest put the one hope of the faithful into the hands of a corrupt and heathen woman, the daughter of Jezebel, and one who 'comes to insult God in His own temple!'

The situation is this: the Kings of Judah were descended from David, and Israel was now schismatic; Athalie has seen all the men of her family slain by Jehu, and in turn avenged them by murdering the princes of Judah; only the child Joas has escaped, through the devoted love of his aunt Josabeth, and the protection of the High Priest, his uncle by marriage, and the problem which Racine set himself was now to interest his spectators in a play with no love story, no hero, and no brilliant exploits. The chief actors are a queen, a child, and a priest, and this priest has to bring about a terrible vengeance without the audience feeling it unbefitting his position—nay, he must make them sympathise, and feel that this and nothing else was the right and inevitable thing to do—an audience trained to believe royalty inviolable!

Racine has done all this, though it is an extraordinary *tour de force* to hold our interest through a child, a priest, and a merciless queen, through five acts. The first scene prepares the spectators for all that must follow, and attunes us for the finale. We foresee danger, but are strongly reminded of the promises made to David and his race; presently we are made to feel the charm of Joas through the effect of the sweet child voice and innocence of the little King upon the fierce Athalie, who is well-nigh moved to relent, although she hates him not only as descended from David, and a worshipper of Jehovah, but because she greedily covets the treasure which she believes to be hidden in the Temple. All through the play the interest is kept up by the increasing danger of Joas.

But contemporaries did not feel the merit of the work, and Racine could not know how posterity would regard it, and that one day Mendelssohn would write glorious music to it, and the comparative failure of this drama would have surprised him the more from the immense success of *Esther*, which he surely must have seen produced with fear and trembling, for his patroness, Madame de Maintenon, was just then stirring up the King against the Huguenots, and profiting by their ruin to enrich her brother. 'Buy land,' wrote the renegade grandchild of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the famous 'Huguenot captain,' and proceeds to remind him how cheaply it was to be had owing to the flight of the Protestants, and confiscation of their estates.

There is something heroic in the protest of the timid and gentle Racine against persecution and injustice when we consider at what a risk it was made, and how severely the great Arnauld had just been rebuked for merely suggesting that the King might be deceived and unaware of what his ministers were doing! In the dead silence of

public opinion Racine's voice was uplifted in hardly veiled reproach. 'On peut des plus grands surprendre la justice,' he wrote; painted Louvois to the life as 'bloody Haman,' and made Mordecai exclaim, 'The too credulous king has signed the decree!' and all this at the moment when the Edict of Nantes had been repealed and persecution was let loose! How it was possible for the public to associate Madame de Maintenon with Esther, considering that she was on the persecuting side (as she certainly was, although in our own time many attempts have been made to exculpate her), is difficult to understand, but they seem only to have regarded her as the virtuous woman replacing the bad one, poor Vashti standing for Madame de Montespan!

We may dwell with the more emphasis upon this trait of courage in Racine, and on his fearless championship of Arnauld when the King, and therefore every one in power, looked coldly on him, since it must have cost a great deal to a man who was a thorough courtier, vain, susceptible, sometimes mean spirited. But he was after all an honest man, and except in the matter of Port Royal, a faithful friend.

That he fell into disgrace with Louis Quatorze was an honour to him, since the cause was a pamphlet written at the request of Madame de Maintenon on the grievances and sufferings of the lower classes. It was anonymous, and she had promised that it should never leave her hands; but the King chanced to see it, guessed the author, and thenceforward treated Racine with a harshness which gives the measure of 'le grand monarque.' Racine, perhaps already in failing health, suffered much from anxiety and money difficulties, and shortly after died, asking, perhaps partly in penitence, to be buried at Port Royal. The King consented to settle a pension on his widow and children, and expressed some surprise at the patient courage with which Racine had endured his suffering illness and death. 'I am much surprised,' he said to Boileau, 'for at the siege of Ghent I think you were the braver of the two.'

Perhaps Boileau resented this cold mention of his well-loved Racine, whose last words to him had been, 'I hold it a great blessing to have died before you,' for although the King urged him to pay Versailles at least a weekly visit, he never re-appeared at Court, and when friends remonstrated, answered bitterly, 'What should I do there? I no longer know how to flatter.' He had outlived his admiration for Louis Quatorze.

Before studying Racine's tragedies, we must notice two works composed under the influence of Port Royal, a history of that remarkble community, and a translation in verse of the Hymns of the Roman Breviary.

The great convent of Port Royal near Versailles had been reformed under the rule of a very remarkable woman, Mère Angélique Arnauld, and a community of 'Solitaires' had been annexed to it, who occupied

themselves in educating the young, relieving the poor, nursing the sick, and working in field and garden as the early Cistercians had done, spending much time in prayer, but also studying medicine, surgery, and law. Lancelot, a young scholar who made one of the community, has left a charming picture of it. 'There was nothing but joy among us,' he wrote; 'our hearts were so full of it that it shone out in our countenances.' Here came some of the best and most distinguished men of France, the celebrated lawyer De Maistre, and his soldier brother De Sericourt, soon followed by three more of this noble family, the great Arnauld, who threw himself into the Jansenist controversy, and drew down on himself and Port Royal the fatal enmity of the Jesuits, and Nicole, who in part composed that famous 'Logic, or the Art of Thinking,' which produced such a profound impression by its lucidity and great learning. Madame de Sévigné's partiality for the works of Nicole appears in many of her letters. He writes much better than Arnauld, and his *Pensées* have something of Pascal's charm; but as a thinker Arnauld is far superior to him. Many outsiders were closely connected with Port Royal, and Racine was one of these; in early life he had been a pupil of the Solitaires, and their influence was sufficient to make him renounce secular drama, although he attacked them bitterly and ungratefully in later life.

In his first tragedies he unsuccessfully imitated Corneille, but in *Andromaque* (1667) he produced an original work, and gave some individuality to his characters, instead of making them conventional types which might have been labelled 'a mother,' 'a confidante,' 'a lover,' and so on, as smaller writers then and long after could hardly help doing under the pitiless limitations of tragedy on the French stage. It is said that Racine used to write his plays in prose. 'My play is done,' he used to say, when this was accomplished; and then, walking in the open air, he would cast it into verses, uttering the lines aloud, an excellent test of clearness and smoothness, whether in prose or verse; but the method occasionally has its disadvantages when the author is overheard. Once, declaiming and walking in the Tuileries, Racine was astonished to find himself suddenly surrounded by a crowd of workmen, who, alarmed by his uplifted voice and gesticulations, believed that he was about to drown himself in the great basin in a fit of despair.

Corneille remembered the turbulent days of Anne of Austria and the Fronde, that very noisy and mischievous storm in a tea-pot, and his heroines belong to that time, while Racine paints the elegant, polished, and cultivated society under Louis Quatorze, and his women all belong more or less to it; but in some there is a deeper strain of passion than the calm Hôtel Rambouillet would have tolerated. Hermione in *Andromaque* is one of these, now stirred by intense hatred, now by passionate love for Pyrrhus, and filled with mad anger against Orestes when, spurned by her, he has done her

behest, and slain her false beloved one. 'That Trojan woman,' she calls poor Andromache, with a jealous scorn very true to nature. Andromaque herself is a Christian heroine, not a Greek one, although she does resolve to stab herself; she represents maternal affection, as Hermione does jealous, outraged love, and there is something very touching in her speech to her confidante—what would have become of French dramatists but for that convenient and absurd invention of the confidante to replace the Greek chorus!—when telling her that she has resolved to buy the life of her son by yielding to the commands of Pyrrhus and marrying him, but only to die afterwards, she bids her speak daily to the boy of his great father's virtues, 'and sometimes speak, too, of his mother.'

In Agrippine and Athalie we have a study of the passion of ambition; love in Iphigénie and Bérénice; in Roxane, Phèdre, and Hermione, love again, but here it is criminal and merciless. These three women are the most striking characters of their kind in all French dramatic literature. Iphigénie is almost the typical French *ingénue*, sweet, timid, reserved, and as unlike a Greek girl as can be well imagined. The Iphigénie of Euripides beseeches her father to spare her that she may not die before her time, since light is so sweet to the eyes, nor go down into the mournful darkness of the underworld. She reminds him that she was the first to call him father, and how she used to sit upon his knee, caressed and caressing, while he would say, 'When, O daughter, shall I see thee happy and proud in the house of a husband?' she answering, with her hands on either side of his face—'as now'—(a most pathetic touch, bringing the scene vividly before us), 'My father, when thou art old I will receive thee under the shelter of my roof, and repay those cares which I have known from thee. *I* remember these words,' she adds, with tender reproach; 'but thou—thou hast forgotten them, since thou dost will that I die! No, my father, in the name of Pelope and Atreus, in the name of my mother, who suffered so much at my birth, and who suffers so much more cruelly to-day—no! . . . Look at me, my father, give me a look and a kiss, that at least I may have that memory of thee before I die, if thou wilt not be touched by my words. . . . Even a life which is sad is better than a grand death!'

Racine makes his Iphigénie absolutely submissive, although we may read between the lines a crowd of remonstrances and entreaties, and there is a close superficial imitation of his classic model; but all the vast difference between Grecian and Christian, ancient and modern ways of thinking appear in the view each takes of her circumstances. Racine's heroine is a Frenchwoman at Court; she regrets the honours and grandeur which surround her; she was destined to be the bride of Achilles; she looked forward to sharing the glory with which the conquest of Ilion would cover her family. The girl painted by Euripides laments the sweet light of the sun, dreads the chill gloom of the underworld, cares nothing for public

events—'what had Helen and Paris and their sins to do with her?' The passionate cry goes to our very heart, we long to snatch away this young, innocent life, involved in the crimes of others, sacrificed against her will as she stands at the threshold of life. The Iphigénie of Racine is too submissive, too obedient; she does not become interesting until she rises to a higher strain, and a more Grecian one, in that speech to Achilles, where she bids him give her up, and turn his grief into fury against the enemies of Greece, remembering that she is glad to die since her death opens the path of glory to him. Resignation is not dramatic, love and self-sacrifice are; and when we see the natural love of life encountered and overcome by a higher feeling, we are at once interested and touched, and our sympathy is powerfully enlisted.

Racine had more dramatic instinct than Corneille, and though he impresses us less, he touches us more; his characters are more complex, and therefore more lifelike; the shallower writer paints feeling better than the deeper one, just because he drew more from imagination and less from personal experience, and therefore could bear to analyse and observe his own heart as Corneille dared not do. Another marked difference between the two writers is that Racine's taste led him towards the Greeks, while the chivalrous Corneille loved Spanish literature, and its influence is felt even when he treats of classic subjects. He would fain have written with the freedom of Calderon and Lope de Vega, who pay no more attention to those terrible three unities than did our Elizabethan dramatists, but he had the fear of the Academy and of the critics before his eyes, and dared not.

Perhaps it was none the worse for him or his audiences. Racine worked happily within these limits, producing plays more even in their merit than those of Corneille, but never attaining to the lofty height of his great rival in certain scenes, although, on the other hand, he surpasses Corneille in the effect which he can produce by very simple words. What vehemence there is in the outcry of Hermione when she learns that Orestes has slain Pyrrhus.

> 'Pourquoi l'assassiner? Qu'a-t-il fait? À quel titre?
> Qui te l'a dit?'

She forgets that she has urged Orestes to the crime herself; she remembers only that the man she loves is dead. Or again, this miserable Phèdre, when she learns that Hippolite loves, but not herself—

> 'Hippolite est sensible, et ne sent rien pour moi!'

Corneille would have thought it undignified to make a tragedy turn on a woman's passion. 'I thought,' he remarked, 'that love was a passion mingled with too much weakness to dominate in a heroic piece. I like it to be the adornment, not the body of a play, and that lofty souls only allow it to affect them as far as is compatible with noble feelings.'

Racine took exactly the opposite view.

It is not easy to understand why Racine was a man who had innumerable enemies, nor why *Athalie* should have been considered a failure; but the taste of the public was still unformed and easily misled. At the very time that *Athalie* was thus misjudged, Paris flocked to see an indifferent tragedy of which Judith was the heroine, by an Abbé Boyer, whose very name would now be forgotten but for the verses which Racine wrote upon it. We give them as a specimen of his satire—

'À sa *Judith,* Boyer par aventure
Était assis près d'une riche caissier.
Bien aise était, car le bon financier
S'attendrissait et pleurait sans mesure.
"Bon gré vous sais," dit le vieux rimeur;
"Le beau vous touche, et ne seriez d'humeur
À vous saisir pour une baliverne."
Lors le richard en larmoyant lui dit:
"Je pleure, hélas! pour ce pauvre Holoferne,
Si méchamment mis à mort par Judith."'

Racine had two sons; the younger, Louis, was a pupil of the good Abbé Rollin, whose history both in French and English used to be well known in schoolrooms. Voltaire, with cruel wit, describes Louis as 'le bon versificateur Racine, fils du grand poète Racine.' His memoirs of his father are interesting, but his verses on grace and religion fully justify Boileau's remark, 'Depuis que le monde est le monde, on n'a point vu de grand poète, fils d'un grand poète.'

Competition Questions.

13. Give a short account of Racine's life.

14. Show what qualities he possessed which peculiarly fitted him to describe the society of the 17th century.

15. Contrast Corneille and Racine as writers.

16. Quote some lines from *Esther* which allude to Louis Quatorze and to Madame de Maintenon.

17. In what condition was the English stage in Corneille's day?

18. Analyse any *one* of Racine's tragedies.

Books recommended: Roche, *Écrivains Français*, 2 vols.; Van Laun, *History of French Literature*, 3 vols.; Demogeot, *Hist. de la Littérature Française.*

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Do unselfish people injure the characters of those around them?

Chelsea China does not feel able to give forth any light on this subject. It seems to her that unselfish people are sometimes silly, and consequently mischievous. She would also throw out the remark that *unselfishness* and *self-denial* are not exactly the same thing, and would feel obliged to any kind correspondent who will think out its bearing on the subject.

As for *A Victim of Unselfish People*, she might try a consistent course of snubbing her friends' kind offers. If she could succeed in being disagreeable, she might train their characters in patience, which would be very unselfish on her part!

But seriously, life is very long, much longer than any action, or its immediate results. When the spoilt child has lost the spoilers, the remembrance of unselfish love is the greatest incentive to be unselfish in turn. And the world gives so many kicks, that it is something to have a few halfpence stored up in the memory.

Chelsea China gives *Dandelion's* dialogue as discussing the question in an interesting manner.

A Northumbrian Lassie, *F. L. C.*, *Taffy*, *Emerald*, and *Monica*, all appear to Chelsea China to hit the point very well. What *F. E. L.* calls 'spurious unselfishness,' is of course very common.

The *Victim's* case is perhaps rather exceptional, and if the Victim writes on both sides of her paper she will be a victim to the waste-paper basket.

'The Debate Debated.'

A. A foolish question this month! How can unselfish people injure the character of others! Is not all the misery in the world caused by selfish people, and if once we could expel selfishness, would not the millennium be here?

C. True; but that we cannot do, and I am not sure that unselfish people (*so called*) are not answerable for a good deal of the selfishness around them. Look at N., how often, B., you have said that her 'morbid love of self-sacrifice' has made poor R. the selfish creature he is, and I am afraid hers is no uncommon case.

B. No, indeed. I could name several families where all the un-

interesting things fall to the lot of one member, because he or she 'likes doing it,' he or she has really just as little natural inclinations towards the particular work perhaps, but it is a real pleasure to do it for some one else, therefore the readiness is not merely assumed, and others find it convenient to suppose that willingness means natural inclination.

C. But if people really like doing disagreeable things, I don't see the unselfishness. I should like you to define unselfishness, and then we shall know a little more what we are talking about.

A. I suppose an unselfish person is one who prefers the interest and good of another to his own.

B. Too vague. X. might have such a strong affection for Z. as to make it more painful to him to inflict suffering upon Z. than to bear anything himself. He would rather Z. were happy, then in obtaining the happiness of Z. he has also sought the gratification of his own will. He *may* be pure in motive, but he is not *necessarily* unselfish. I move as an amendment to *A.'s* definition of an unselfish person, 'one who prefers the best happiness and highest good of another to his own.' It may easily happen that it is necessary to inflict pain for the good of another. A mother's unselfishness must often cause her personal suffering; all who have to train others must experience moments when it would be much easier to take the disagreeable burden on to their own shoulders than encourage another to bear it bravely.

A. But you have supposed that all people who wish to be unselfish have a perfect judgment as to what is best for other people; it seems to me we are getting wide of the mark. The question is do (not *need* they)—but do unselfish people injure the characters of those around them? Unquestionably they *do.*

C. Then I would not call them *unselfish*, because a truly unselfish person will no more take all the opportunities for unselfishness, such as showing kindness or doing services, etc., than they will take all the cake! An unselfish person can help others to be unselfish, and will do so where this defect is obvious, by asking help, etc. A person may *appear* unselfish from various causes: lack of strong personality, lazy good nature, or desire of approbation; but if the unselfishness is more than a mere negation, the result has probably been attained by struggle. The fact has been faced that self is not to be made the first consideration, but that the happiness, the good of others, is to be the aim.

I do not think we can expect perfect discrimination as to what is the highest good and happiness of others unless the motive power is loving obedience to Him Who said, 'This is My commandment, that ye love one another, *as I have loved you.*' This motive purifies the spring of action, and no one whose conduct flows thence will dare to tamper with the soul of another by knowingly letting them grow selfish, however great the temptation may be through affection.

B. My dear *C.*, I was hardly prepared for a sermon!

C. I beg your pardon, but the text was tempting. 'Unselfish' is a title so constantly misapplied, and you know 'I am a woman, when I think I must speak.' DANDELION.

MY DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—I am most anxious to see the result of the debate; will not some one take pity upon us, the selfish ones? For surely no one can be so *blind* as to deny that unselfish people injure, alas! often fatally injure, the character of those around them.

Now take my case—I am the only selfish one in our family; what is the result? I simply never have a chance of giving up my own way! *I* never have opportunities of helping the others; they '*couldn't* let me be troubled!' *I* never am allowed to do kindnesses to outsiders; *this* 'would tire me;' *that*, they are sure, 'would bore me.' Neither may I mend my own clothes, or do anything else I don't like, because *A.* would *so* like to do it for me, or *B.* begs to do it as a personal favour; can I be so selfish as to insist on doing it myself?

What is the result? My brothers and sisters, being always ready to help, are everywhere acknowledged and praised as unselfish people; *their* characters are improving daily, whilst I am very likely abused as selfish. I don't deny for a moment that I am selfish, I only say I haven't a chance of becoming unselfish unless I revolt and insist on taking a share in the various kindnesses and duties, pleasant and otherwise, that are making my brothers and sisters universally beloved.

But the thought arises, ought I to interfere with their development? Would it not be selfish to deprive them of one opportunity of exercising a quality which wins them happiness and esteem? Alas! I fear it would. I dare not act rashly. Trusting that you and the debaters may afford help in this difficult decision,

I remain, dear Chelsea China,

Yours sincerely,

A VICTIM OF UNSELFISH PEOPLE.

ELABORATE RITUAL.

Four more papers have been received on this subject. *Bathbrick*, who gives the most qualified approval, ends with the following remark—

Of course it is pre-supposed that the music, especially if beyond the simplest sort, is really good and well performed, and in every case within the powers of the performers, whether clergy or choir. If not, to any one born with a musical ear—and there are plenty to be found in most congregations—too ambitious music is most trying. The suspense, which *won't* be banished, as to how such and such passage or interval will come off, effectually prevents devotion, and produces distraction. But I *do* value a service where music and

worship are fitly joined together, and things are decently ordered in the Beauty of Holiness. BATHBRICK.

Against this another opinion may be set.

Also we know from experience that a Catholic service, with touching music, splendid vestments, etc., attracts not only the young, or women only, as its enemies say, but the uneducated masses, and those most difficult of all to bring to church—i.e. the men. Even if at first they only come to gaze and perhaps to scoff, they will learn there such truths, that I venture to believe they will soon come from a better motive and strive to serve God in Spirit and in Truth. I myself have been wonderfully impressed at seeing the number of working men, crossing-sweepers, etc., who flock into such churches as St. Barnabas, Pimlico; St. Augustine, Kilburn; St. Cuthbert and St. Matthias, Earl's Court, where the services are truly Catholic, and where faithful Priests strive to make all connected with the service of God worthy of His acceptance.

These working men not only enter the above churches, but join in the musical service, especially is this noticed at the High Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. PWLLYCROCHAN.

Atheline sends a very interesting paper, which Chelsea China still hopes to find a corner for.

Blackbird remarks, 'I think that the harm traceable to ritualism is generally more on the surface than the good.' Why so? Chelsea China gives what she conceives to be the essence of this interesting statement as a subject for the next Debate.

Chelsea China does not think that it is well to consider vulgarity as springing from quite so deep a root as neglect of the First Commandment, as *Veronica* suggests. Some day she will set the question in a slightly different form and work it out afresh.

Bathbrick will find some debates in vols. 12 and 13 of the present Series bearing on her suggestion. It might, however, come forward again in a more definite shape.

SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

It is stated, That any *injury* done to character by the custom of expressing feelings of devotion, etc., through elaborate ceremonial, is superficial only; but that the good effects, though less apparent, are real. Is this so?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before October 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

June Class List.

First Class.

Cocksmoor, Kentigern, Water Wagtail	37	Charissa — 34
Etheldreda — 36		Sophy, Λαμβδα — 33
Papaver, Sycorax	35	Decima, Andromache, Vorwärts	32
		Firenze, Polypodium, Malacoda	31
		Violets, De Maura, Ierne, Honeysuckle	30

Second Class.

Verena — 29	Bluebell, Veritas	25
Fidelia, Antigone, Countess	27	King Cole, Esclairmonde	24
White Owl, Hegesippus	26	Trudel — 23
		Spider — 23
		Ina — 22
		Scholastica, Maidenhair, Cecilia	21

Third Class.

Καθολικος — 14

Remarks.

21. *Etheldreda*, *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, and *Sophy* give best the arguments for and against Eikons. *Firenze* and others: Breach of the second Commandment was not the only argument of the Iconoclasts. Some of their reasons show that heretical tendency, which caused such a passionate defence of Eikons, even to the death, not by monks only, but by the ablest theologians, e.g. the Iconoclasts said that Christ's Human Nature, *being now deified*, could not reverently be represented. Also that the Holy Eucharist was the only proper Image of Him. The orthodox indignantly replied that this was no Image, being Christ Himself. *Antigone:* Though the Council of Eliberis or Elvira decided against pictures in churches, that Synod was but local, and the very early paintings in the Catacombs make it certain they were not generally forbidden. *White Owl:* The atrocious means used by Iconoclastic Emperors, rather increased than hindered an undue devotion to Images. Every one should have noticed that the orthodox entirely cleared themselves of the charge of Idolatry, by their definition of προσκύνησις and λάτρεια, outward bodily worship and the devotion of the heart; both are due to God. 'Thou shalt *worship* the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou *serve*,' where the words are used, which in Greek mean quite two things, though in the Hebrew they were only meant as a reduplication; and the Western mind could not take in the distinc-

tion. To the Eastern there was no difficulty in giving *proskunēsis* only to the Eikons. The one unanswered point, no doubt, was the *danger* to the unlearned of superstitious worship of the Image itself, apart from the Object represented, as is seen to its greatest extent in modern Portugal. Καθολικος puts the arguments on the wrong sides. Iconoclasts never allowed Images for beauty. The Council of Frankfort did, but it was not Iconoclastic. *De Maura*, *Andromache*, and *Cecilia* omit that the special doctrine the orthodox felt themselves to be upholding, was that of the Incarnation. A friend reminds Bog-Oak of the old distich on the subject—

'Effigiem Christi quum transis, pronus adora;
Non tamen effigiem, sed Quem designat honora.'

22. The history of the struggle is very well answered by *Cocksmoor* and *Kentigern*. The second persecution of Image worshippers was not confined, as *Water Wagtail* thinks, to Leo the Armenian's reign (813–820), nor was Theodora his wife. Michael the Stammerer (820–829) and Theophilus (829–842) continued the persecution. Theodora was wife to the last. *De Maura* and *Cecilia* omit this second persecution altogether, while Καθολικος stops short with Leo the Isaurian. Bog-Oak wishes some members were more appropriate in their wording. 'Immediately on his accession' is not a fair mark of time for an event twelve years after. She is at a loss to know what is meant by 'the persecution did not last long.' The first part lasted sixty years without intermission, while the second was twenty-five years at least!

23. Bog-Oak must differ from *De Maura* about the 'reason and good sense' of the Iconoclasts, whatever may be said for Charlemagne and his clergy, who were not Iconoclasts. *Etheldreda:* It seems certain that a *true* copy of the acts of Nicæa II. had been sent to the Gallican Church. But their sturdy Western minds did not see that, whereas the Eastern Church was defending *proskunēsis*, they themselves were really attacking *latreia*. *De Maura* and others: Orthodoxy Sunday is the first in Lent; and it commemorates, first, the Council of Methodius in 842, which restored Eikons; secondly, the Church's victory over all heresies. St. Theodore's Poem should be read by all who would enter into the overwhelming thankfulness of the orthodox. The stanzas beginning—

'The Lord, the Lord hath triumphed,'

are sung, with slight alteration, of any victory of the Faith.

Very touching, too, is the allusion to those who had fallen in the struggle, and were now themselves represented in Eikons—

'And let the holy Virgins
With joy and song take in
Their relics and their icons
Who died this day to win.'

And what must the peace, after 120 years of strife, have been?

'For Christ the Word, bestowing
His blessed peace on men,
In Faith's most holy union
Hath knit His Church again.'

24. By 'provoking the Virgin,' does *Esclairmonde* mean *invoking? Fidelia*, *Hegesippus*, etc., omit St. Theodore's opposition to the Emperor's divorce. There are two accounts of St. Cosmas. One (Alban Butler's) cuts him in two, and says one was a Monk, tutor to St. John and to his adopted brother, another Cosmas. The latter was so perplexing as *also* to retire to St. Sabas, and also to write hymns, and he became Bishop of Majuma. The other account, Dr. Neale's and apparently Milman's, is that there was one Cosmas, who was the adopted son of John's father, and also tutor to John. Milman distinctly says it was John's *tutor* who became Bishop of Majuma. St. John Damascene and St. Theodore have been equally divided among the papers, and the best accounts are by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Sycorax*, and Λαμβδα.

Subscriptions received from *Maidenhair* and *Busy Bee*.

Notices to Correspondents.

F. A. D. F.—'Francesca Camara' was written by the poetess L. E. L. (Letitia Elizabeth Landon), authoress also of 'Ethel Churchill' and 'Romance and Reality.' M. L. B.

E. H.—The Studleys make their first appearance in the 'Pillars of the House.' There is a conversation in an old Christmas Number (I think, but I cannot tell which) about the Castle builders further history.

Can any one give the Editor the original French of Mirabeau's saying, that a man's education should begin twenty-five years before his birth, with his mother?

The verses, of which *G.* wishes to know author and sequel, are both final verses of the poems to which they respectively belong. The first, which should commence thus—

'They are not tasting death, but taking rest,' etc.,

is from Bonar's 'Hymn for Easter,' which may be found in full, p. 49, 'Lyra Anglicana.' The other verse is from Mary Howitt's 'The Use of Flowers,' which begins thus—

'God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,' etc.

G. has somewhat displaced the metre in quoting. The verse stands thus—

'To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.'

A. H.

The Parish of St. Simon's, Bethnal Green, is in great need of a good magic lantern for temperance lectures and parochial entertainments. The parishioners are all very poor, and there are no well-to-do residents to assist. The Vicar, Rev. E. P. Green, M.A., therefore appeals to outside friends for help in this matter. About £10 will meet the cost, and any contributions sent to the Vicarage, Morpeth Street, Bethnal Green, E., will be gratefully acknowledged.

A Curate's Wife wants suggestions of dramatic dialogues for parochial entertainments. Would not the 'Anon, anon, sir,' scene in Henry IV. suit; also the scene after the robbery and the personation of the King; also Southey's 'Crocodile King;' and the 'Elephant' from Amy Clissold's 'Evenings at Home' (Marcus Ward)?

The Monthly Packet.

OCTOBER, 1890.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES.

CHAPTER X.

TENDER AND TRUE.

'For I am now the Earlis son,
And not a banished man.'—*The Nut-Brown Maid.*

'O ST. ANDREW! St. Bride! Our Lady of Succour! St. Denys!—all the lave of you, that may be nearest in this fremd land,—come and aid him. It is the Master of Angus, ye ken—the hope of his house. He'll build you churches, gie ye siller cups and braw vestments gin ye'll bring him back. St. Andrew! St. Rule! St. Ninian!—you ken a Scot's tongue! Stay his blood,—open his een,—cume to help ane that ever loved you and did you honour!'

So wailed Ringan of the Raefoot, holding his master's head on his knees, and binding up as best he might an ugly thrust in the side, and a blow which had crushed the steel cap into the midst of the hair. When he saw his master fall and the ladies captured, he had, with the better part of valour, rushed aside and hid himself in the thicket of thorns and hazels, where, being manifestly only a stray horseboy, no search was made for him. He rightly concluded that, dead or alive, his master might thus be better served than by vainly struggling over his fallen body.

It seemed as though, in answer to his invocation, a tremor began to pass through Douglas's frame, and as Ringan exclaimed—

'There! there!—he lives! Sir, sir! Blessings on the Saints! I was sure that a French reiver's lance could never be the end of the Master.'

George opened his eyes. 'What is it?' he said faintly. 'Where are the ladies?'

'Heed not the leddies the noo, sir, but let me bind your head. That cap has crushed like an egg shell, and has cut you worse than

the sword. Bide still, sir, I say, if ye mean to do any gude another time!'

'The ladies—Ringan——'

'The loons rid aff wi' them, sir—up towards the hills yonder. Nay! but if ye winna thole to let me bind your wound, how d'ye think to win to their aid, or ever to see bonnie Scotland again?'

George submitted to this reasoning; but, as his senses returned, asked if all the troop had gone.

'Na, sir; the ane with that knight who was at the tourney—a plague light on him—went aff with the leddies—up yonder; but they, as they called the escort—the Archers of the Guard, as they behoved to call themselves—they rid aff by the way that we came by—the traitor loons!'

'Ah! it was black treachery. Follow the track of the ladies, Ringan; heed not me.'

'Mickle gude that wad do, sir, if I left you bleeding here! Na, na! I maun see you safely bestowed first before I meet with ony other. I'm the Douglas's man, no the Stewart's.'

'Then will I after them!' cried George of Angus, starting up; but he staggered and had to catch at Ringan.

There was no water near, nothing to refresh or revive him had been left. Ringan looked about in anxiety and distress on the desolate scene—bare heath on one side, thicket, gradually rising into forest and mountain, on the other. Suddenly he gave a long whistle, and to his great joy there was a crackling among the bushes, and there appeared the shaggy-faced pony on which he had ridden all the way from Yorkshire, and which had no doubt eluded the robbers. There was a bundle at the saddle bow, and after a little coquetting, it allowed itself to be caught, and a leathern bottle was produced from the bag, containing something exceedingly sour, but with an amount of strength in it which did something towards reviving the Master.

'I can sit the pony,' he said; 'let us after them.'

'Nae sic fulery,' said Ringan. 'I ken better what sorts a green wound like yours, sir! Sit the pony, ye may, but to be safely bestowed, ere I stir a foot after the leddies.'

George broke out into fierce language and angry commands, none of which Ringan heeded in the least.

'Hist!' he cried, 'there's some one on the road. Come into shelter, sir.'

He was half dragging, half supporting his master, to the concealment of the bushes, when he perceived that the new-comers were two friars, cowled, black gowned, corded, and barefooted.

'There will be help in them,' he muttered, placing his master with his back against a tree; for the late contention had produced such fresh exhaustion that it was plain the wounds were more serious than he had thought at first.

The two friars, men with homely, weather-beaten, but simple, good

faces came up, startled at seeing a wounded man on the way-side, and ready to proffer assistance.

Need like George Douglas's was of all languages, and besides, Ringan had, among the exigencies of the journey, picked up something by which he could make himself moderately well understood. The Brethren stooped over the wounded man and examined his wounds. One of them produced some oil from a flask in his wallet, and though poor George's own shirt was the only linen available, they contrived to bandage both hurts far more effectually than Ringan could have done.

They asked whether this was the result of a quarrel, or the work of robbers.

'*Routiers*,' Ringan said. 'The ladies—we guarded them—they carried them off—up there.'

'What ladies?—the Scottish Princesses?' asked one of the friars; for they had been at Nanci, and knew who had been assembled there; besides that, the Scot was known well enough all over France for the nationality of Ringan and his master to have been perceived at once.

George understood this, and answered vehemently, 'I must follow them and save them!'

'In good time, with the Saint's blessing,' replied Brother Benigne soothingly, 'but healing must come first. We must have you to our poor house yonder, where you will be well tended.'

George was lifted to the pony's back, and supported in the saddle by Ringan and one of the brethren. He had been too much dazed by the cut on the head to have any clear or consecutive notion as to what they were doing with him, or what passed round him; and Ringan did his best to explain the circumstances, and thought it expedient to explain that his master was 'Grand Seigneur' in his own country, and would amply repay whatever was done for him; the which Brother Gérard gave him to understand was of no consequence to the sons of St. Francis. The brothers had no doubt that the outrage was committed by the Balchenberg Baron, the ally of the *écorcheurs* and *routiers*, the terrors of the country, in his impregnable castle. No doubt they said he meant to demand a heavy ransom from the good King and the Dauphin. For the honour of Scotland, Ringan, though convinced that Hall had his share in the treason, withheld that part of the story. To him, and still more to his master, the journey seemed endless, though in reality it was not more than two miles before they arrived at a little oasis of wheat and orchards growing round a vine-clad building of reddish stone with a spire rising in the midst.

Here the porter opened the gate in welcome. The history was volubly told, the brother infirmarer was summoned, and the Master of Angus was deposited in a much softer bed than the good friars allowed themselves. There the infirmarer tended him in broken, feverish sleep all night, Ringan lying on a pallet near, and starting up at every moan or murmur. But with early dawn, when the

brethren were about to sing prime, the lad rose up, and between signs and words made them understand that he must be released, pointing towards the mountains, and comporting himself much like a dog who wanted to be let out.

Perceiving that he meant to follow the track of the ladies, the friars not only opened the doors to him, but gave him a piece of black barley bread, with which he shot off, like an arrow from a bow, towards the place where the catastrophe had taken place.

George Douglas's mind wandered a good deal from the blow on his head, and it was not till two or three days had elapsed, that he was able clearly to understand what his follower had discovered. Almost with the instinct of a Red Indian, Ringan had made his way. At first, indeed, the bushes had been sufficiently trampled for the track to be easy to find, but after the beech-trees with no underwood had been reached, he had often very slight indications to guide him. Where the halt had taken place, however, by the brook-side, there were signs of trampling, and even a few remnants of food; and after a long climb higher, he had come on the marks of the fall of a horse, and picked up a piece of a torn veil, which he recognised at once as belonging to the Lady Joanna. He inferred a struggle. What had they been doing to her?

Faithful Ringan had climbed on, and at length had come below the castle. He had been far too cautious to show himself while light lasted, but availing himself of the shelter of trees and of the projections, he had pretty well reconnoitred the castle as it stood on its steep slopes of turf, on the rounded summit of the hill, only scarped away on one side, whence probably the materials had been taken.

There could be no doubt that this was the prison of the Princesses, and the character of the Barons of Balchenberg was only too well known to the good Franciscans.

'*Sævi et feroces*,' said the Prior to George, for Latin had turned out to be the most available medium of communication. Spite of Scott's averment in the mouth of George's grandson, Bell the Cat, that—

> 'Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
> Save Gawain, ne'er could tell a line,'

the Douglases were far too clever to go without education, and young nobles, who knew anything, knew a little Latin. There was a consultation over what was to be done, and the Prior undertook to send one of his brethren into Nanci with Ringan, to explain the matter to King René, or, if he had left Nanci for Provence, to the governor left in charge. But a frontier baron like Balchenberg was a very serious difficulty to one so scrupulous in his relations with his neighbours as was good King René.

'A man of piety, peace, and learning,' said the Prior, 'and therefore despised by lawless men, like a sheep among wolves, though happy are we in living under such a prince.'

'Then what's the use of him and all his raree shows?' demanded the Scot, 'if he can neither hinder two peaceful maids from being carried off, nor will stir a finger to deliver them. Much should we heed borders and kings if it had been a Ridley or a Græme who had laid hands on them.'

However, he consented to the Prior's proposal, and the incongruous pair set out together,—the sober-paced friar on the convent donkey, and Ringan on his shaggy pony,—both looking to civilised eyes equally rough and unkempt. At the gates they heard that King René had the day before set forth on his way to Aix, which boded ill for them, since more might be hoped from the impulsive chivalry of the King than from the strict scrupulosity of a responsible governor.

But they had not gone far on their way across the Place de La Carrière, where the tournament had been held, before Ringan startled his companion with a perfect howl, which had in it, however, an element of ecstasy, as he dashed towards a tall, bony figure, in a blue cap, buff coat, and shepherd's plaid over one shoulder.

'Archie o' the Brake. Archie! Oh, ye're a sight for sair een! How cam ye here?'

'Eh!' was the answer, equally astonished. 'Wha is it that cries on me here? Eh! eh! 'Tis never Ringan of the Raefoot—sae braw and grand?'

For Ringan was a wonderful step before him in civilisation.

Queries—'How cam' ye here?' and 'Whar is the Master?'—were rapidly exchanged, while the friar looked on in amaze at the two wild-looking men, about whom other tall Scots, more or less well equipped, began to gather, coming from a hostelry near at hand.

The Earl of Angus, as they told him, had been neither to have nor to hold when first his embassy to Dunbar came back, and his son was found to be missing. He had been very near besieging the young King, until Bishop Kennedy had convinced him that no one of the Court had suspected the Master's presence, far less connived at his disappearance. The truth had been suspected before long, though there was no certainty until the letter, that George Douglas had at last vouchsafed to write, had, after spending a good deal of time on the road, at last reached Tantallon. Then the Earl had declared that, since his son had set out on this fool's errand, he should be suitably furnished for the heir of Angus, and should play his part as became him in their sports at Nanci, whither his letter said he was bound, instead of figuring as a mere groom of Drummond of Glenuskie, and still worse, in the train of a low-born Englishman like De la Pole.

So he had sent off ten lances, under a stout kinsman who had campaigned in France before—namely, Sir Robert Douglas of Harside—with all the followers, and full equipment, such as might befit the heir of a branch of the great House of the Bleeding Heart. But their

voyage had not been prosperous, and after riding from Flanders, they had found the wedding over, and no one in the hostel having heard of the young Master of Angus, nor even having distinguished Sir Patrick Drummond, though there was a vague idea that the Scottish king's sisters had been there.

Sir Robert Douglas had gone to have an interview with the governor left in charge. Thus, the separation of the party became known to him—how the Drummonds had gone to Paris, and the Scottish ladies had set forth for Châlons; but there was nothing to show with whom the Master had gone. No sooner, then, had he come forth than half his men were round him shouting that here was Ringan of the Raefoot, that the Master had been foully betrayed, and that he was lying sair wounded at a Priory not far off.

Ringan, a perfectly happy man among those who not only had Scots tongues, but the Bleeding Heart on shield and breast, was brought up to him and told of the attack and capture of the Princesses, and of the Master's wounds.

Sir Robert, after many imprecations, turned back to the governor, who heard the story in a far more complete form than if it had been related to him by Ringan and the friar.

But his hands were tied till he could communicate with King René, for Border warfare was strictly forbidden, and unfortunately Duke Sigismund had left Nanci some days before for Luxembourg, there to meet the Duke of Burgundy.

However, just as George Douglas had persuaded the infirmarer to let him put on his clothes, there had been a clanging and jangling in the outer court, and the Lion and Eagle banner was visible. Duke Sigismund had drawn up there to water the horses, and to partake of any hospitality the Prior might offer him.

The first civilities were passing between them, when a tall figure, his red hair crossed by a bandage, his ruddy face paled, his steps faltering, came stumbling forward to the porch, crying, in his wonderful dialect between Latin and French: 'Sire, *Domine Dux! Justitia!* You loved the Lady Eleanor. Free her! They are prisoners to *latroni*—un routier—*sceleratissimo*—reiver—Balchenberg!'

Sigismund, ponderous and not very rapid, opened wide his big blue eyes, while the Prior explained in French: 'It is even so, beau sire. This poor man-at-arms was found bleeding on the way-side by our brethren, having been left for dead by the robbers of Balchenberg, who, it seems, descended on the ladies, dispersed their escort, and carried them off to the castle.'

Sigismund made some tremendously emphatic exclamation in German, and turned upon Douglas to interrogate him. They had very little of common language, but Sigismund knew French, though he hated it, and was not devoid of Latin, so that the narrative was made tolerably clear to him, and he had no doubts or scruples as to instantly calling the *latrones* to account, and releasing the ladies.

He paced up and down the guest-chamber, his spurs clattering against the stone pavement, growling imprecations in guttural German, now and then tugging at his long fair hair as he pictured Eleanor in the miscreant's power, putting queries to George more than could be understood or answered, and halting at door or window to shout orders to his knights to be ready at once for the attack.

George was absolutely determined that, whatever his own condition, he would not be left behind, though he could only go upon Ringan's pony, and was evidently in Sigismund's opinion only a faithful groom.

It was hard to say whether he was relieved or not, when there was evidently a vehement altercation in German between the Duke and a tough, grizzled old knight, the upshot of which turned out to be that the Ritter Gebhardt von Fuchstein absolutely refused to proceed through those pine and beech forests so late in the day; since it would be only too easy to lose the way, and there might be ambuscades or the like if Balchenberg and his crew were on the watch, and there was no doubt that they were allied with all the routiers in the country.

Sigismund raged, but he was in some degree under the dominion of his prudent old Marskalk, and had to submit, while George knew that another night would further restore him, and would besides bring back his attendant.

The next hour brought more than he had expected. Again there was a clattering of hoofs, a few words with the porter, and to the utter amazement of the Prior, as well as of Duke Sigismund, who had just been served with a meal of Franciscan diet, a knight in full armour, with the crowned heart on his breast, dashed into the hall, threw a hasty bow to the Prior, and throwing his arms round the wounded man-at-arms cried aloud, 'Geordie—the Master—ye daft callant! See what you have brought yourself to! What would the Yerl your father say?'

'I trow, that I have been striving to do my devoir to my liege's sisters,' answered George. 'How does my father?—and my mother? Make your obeisance to the Duke of the Tyrol, Rab. Ye can knap the French with him better than I. Now I can go with him as becomes a Yerl's son, for the freedom of the lady!'

Sir Robert, a veteran Scot, who knew the French world well, was soon explaining matters to Duke Sigismund, who presently advanced to the heir of Angus, wrung his hand, and gave him to understand that he accepted him as a comrade in their doughty enterprise, and honoured his proceeding as a piece of knight errantry. He was free from any question whether George was to be esteemed a rival by hearing it was the Lady Joanna for whose sake he had thus adventured himself, whereas it was not her beauty, but her sister's intellect that had won the heart of Sigismund. Perhaps Sir Robert somewhat magnified the grandeur of the house of Douglas, for

Sigismund seemed to view the young man as an equal, which he was not, as the Hapsburgs of Alsace and the Tyrol were sovereign princes; but, on the other hand, George could count princesses among his ancestresses, and only Jean's personal ambition had counted his as a *mésalliance.*

It was determined to advance upon the Castle of Balchenberg the next morning, the ten Scottish lances being really forty men, making the Douglas' troop not much inferior to the Alsatian.

A night's rest greatly restored George, and equipments had been brought for him, which made him no longer appear only the man-at-arms, but the gallant young nobleman, though not yet entitled to the Golden Spurs.

Ringan served as their guide up the long hills, through the woods, up steep slippery slopes, where it became expedient to leave behind the big, heavy war-horses under a guard, while the rest pushed forward, the Master of Angus's long legs nearly touching the ground, as, not to waste his strength, he was mounted on Ringan's sure-footed pony, which seemed at home among mountains. Sigismund himself, and the Tyrolese among his followers, were chamois hunters and used enough to climbing, and thus at length they found themselves at the foot of the green, rounded slopes of the *balchen* or *ballon*, crowned by the fortress with its eight corner turrets and the broader keep.

Were Elleen and Jean looking out—when the Alsatian trumpeter came forward in full array, and blew three sonorous blasts, echoing among the mountains, and doubtless bringing hope to the prisoners? The rugged walls of the castle had, however, an imperturbable look, and there was nothing responsive at the gateway.

A pursuivant then stood forth—for Sigismund had gone in full state to his intended wooing at Nanci—and called upon the Baron of Balchenberg to open his gates to his liege lord the Duke of Alsace.

On this a wicket was opened in the gate; but the answer, in a hoarse shout, was that the Baron of Balchenberg owned allegiance only, under the Emperor Frederick, to King René, Duke of Lorraine.

What hot words were thereupon spoken between Sigismund, Gebhardt, and the two Douglases it scarcely needs to tell; but, looking at the strength of the castle, it was agreed that it would be wiser to couple with the second summons, an assurance that, though Duke Sigismund was the lawful lord of the mountain, and entrance was denied at the peril of the Baron, yet he would remit his first wrath, provided the royal ladies, foully and unjustly detained there in captivity, were instantly delivered up in all safety.

To this the answer came back, with a sound of derisive mockery: —One was the intended wife of Baron Rudiger; the other should be delivered up to the Duke upon ransom according to her quality.

'The ransom I will pay,' roared Sigismund in German, 'shall be by the axe and cord!'

The while, George Douglas gnashed his teeth with rage when the reply as to Jean had been translated to him. The Duke hurled his fierce defiance at the castle. It should be levelled with the ground, and the robbers should suffer by cord, wheel, and axe.

But what was the use of threats against men within six or eight feet every way of stone wall, with a steep, slippery slope leading up to it? Heavily armed horsemen were of no avail against it. Even if there were nothing but old women inside, there was no means of making an entrance. Sigismund possessed three rusty cannon, made of bars of iron hooped together; but they were no nearer than Strasburg, and if they had been at hand, there was no getting them within distance of those walls.

There was nothing for it but to blockade the castle while sending after King René for assistance and authority. The worst of it was, that starving the garrison would be starving the captives; and likewise, so far up on the mountain, a troop of eighty or ninety men and horses were as liable to lack of provisions as could be the besieged garrison. Villages were distant, and transport not easy to find. Money was never abundant with Duke Sigismund, and had nearly all been spent on the entertainments at Nanci. Nor could he make levies as lord of the country folk, since the more accessible were not Alsatian, but Lorrainers, and to exasperate their masters by raids would bring fresh danger. Indeed, the two nearest castles were on Lorraine territory; their masters had not a much better reputation than the Balchenbergs, and with the temptation of war horses and men in their most holiday equipment, were only too likely to interpret Sigismund's attack as an invasion of their dukedom, and to fall in strength upon the party.

All this Gebhardt represented in strong colours, recommending that this untenable position should not be maintained.

Sigismund swore that nothing should induce him to abandon the unhappy ladies.

'Nay, my Lord Duke, it is only to retreat till King René sends his forces, and mayhap the French Dauphin.'

'To retreat would be to prolong their misery. Nay, the felons would think them deserted, and work their will. Out upon such craven counsel!'

'The captive ladies may be secured from an injury if your lordship holds a parley, demands the amount of ransom, and, without pledging yourself, undertakes to consult the Dauphin and their other kinsmen on the matter.'

'Detained here in I know not what misery, exposed to insults endless? Never, Gebhardt! I marvel that you can make such proposals to any belted knight!'

Gebhardt grumbled out, 'Rather to a demented lover! The Lord Duke will sing another tune ere long.'

Certainly it looked serious the next day when Sir Robert Douglas

had had the greatest difficulty in hindering a hand-to-hand fight between the Scots and Alsatians for a strip of meadow land for pasture for their horses; when a few loaves of black bread were all that could be obtained from one village, and in another there had been a fray with the peasants, resulting in blows by way of payment for a lean cow and calf and four sheep. The Tyrolese laid the blame on the Scots, the Scots upon the Tyrolese; and though disputes between his Tyrolese and Alsatian followers had been the constant trouble of Sigismund at Nanci, they now joined in making common cause against the Scots, so that Gebhardt strongly advised that these should be withdrawn to Nanci for the present, the which advice George Douglas hotly resented. He had as good a claim to watch the castle as the Duke. He was not going to desert his King's sisters, far less the lady he had followed from Scotland. If any one was to be ordered off, it should be the fat, lazy Alsatians, who were good for nothing but to ride big Flemish horses, and were useless on a mountain.

Gebhardt and Robert Douglas, both experienced men of the world, found it one of their difficulties to keep the peace between their young lords; and each day was likely to render it more difficult. They began to represent that it could be made a condition that the leaders should be permitted to see the ladies and ascertain whether they were treated with courtesy; and there was a certain inclination on Sigismund's part, when he was driven hard by his embarrassments, to allow this to be proposed.

The very notion of coming to any terms made Geordie furious. If the craven Dutchman chose to sneak off and go in search of a ransom, forsooth, he would lie at the foot of the castle till he had burrowed through the walls or found a way over the battlements.

'Aye,' said Douglas of Harside drily, 'or till the Baron sticks you in the thrapple, or his next neighbour throws you into his dungeon.'

In the meantime the captives themselves were suffering, as may well be believed, agonies of suspense. Their loophole did not look out towards the gateway, but they heard the peals of the trumpet, started up with joy, and thought their deliverance was come. Eleanor threw herself on her knees; Lady Lindsay began to collect their properties; Jean made a rush for the stair leading to the top of the turret, but she found her way barred by one of the few men-at-arms, who held his pike towards her in a menacing manner.

She tried to gaze from the window, but it told her nothing, except that a certain murmur of voices broke upon the silence of the woods. Nothing more befell them. They eagerly interrogated Barbe.

'Ah, yes, Lady birds!' she said, 'there is a gay company without, all in glittering harness, asking for you, but my Lords know 'tis like a poor frog smelling at a walnut, for any knight of them all to try to make way into this castle!'

'Who are they? For pity's sake tell us, dear Barbe,' entreated Eleanor.

'They say it is the Duke himself; but he has never durst meddle with my Lords before. All but the Hawk's tower is in Lorraine, and my Lord can bring a storm about his ears if he lifts a finger against us. A messenger would soon bring Banget and Steintour upon him. But never you fear, fair ladies, you have friends, and he will come to terms,' said good old Barbe, divided between pity for her guests and loyalty to her masters.

'If it is the Duke, he will free you, Elleen,' said Jean, weeping; 'he will not care for me!'

'Jeanie, Jeanie, could you think I would be set free without you?'

'You might not be able to help yourself. 'Tis you that the German wants.'

'Never shall he have me if he be such a recreant, mansworn fellow as to leave my sister to the reiver. Never!'

'Ah! if poor Geordie were there, he would have moved heaven and earth to save me; but there is none to heed me now,' and Jean fell into a passion of weeping.

When they had to go down to supper, the younger Baron received them with the news—'So, ladies, the Duke has been shouting his threats at us, but this castle is too hard a nut for the like of him.'

'I have seen others crack their teeth against it,' said his father; and they both laughed, a hoarse, derisive laugh.

The ladies vouchsafed not a word till they were allowed to retire to their chamber.

They listened in the morning for the sounds of an assault, but none came; there was absolutely nothing but an occasional hum of voices and clank of armour. When summoned to the mid-day meal, it was scanty.

'Aye,' said the elder Baron, 'we shall have to live hard for a day or two, but those outside will live harder.'

'Till they fall out and cut one another's throats,' said his son. 'Fasting will not mend the temper of Hans of Schinger and Michel au Bec rouge.'

'Or till Banget descends on them for meddling on Lorraine ground,' added old Balchenberg. 'Eat, lady,' he added to Jean; 'your meals are not so large that they will make much odds to our stores. We have corn and beer enough to starve out those greedy knaves outside!'

Poor Jean was nearly out of her senses with distress and uncertainty, and being still weak, was less able to endure. She burst into violent hysterical weeping, and had to be helped up to her own room, where she sometimes lay on her bed, sometimes raged up and down the room, heaping violent words on the head of the tardy, cowardly German; sometimes talking of loosing Skywing to show they were in the castle and cognizant of what was going on; but it

was not certain that Skywing, with the Lion rampant on his hood, would fly down to the besiegers, so that she would only be lost.

Eleanor, by the very need of soothing her sister, was enabled to be more tranquil. Besides, there was pleasure in the knowledge that Sigismund had come after her, and there was imagination enough in her nature to trust to the true knight daring any amount of dragons in his lady's cause. And the lady always had to be patient.

The Steps of the Sun are Daily Readings of Prose, not exclusively religious, but all spirited and interesting, selected by Agnes Mason, and with Rivington on the title-page, now Longman.

Heedless Hetty, by Annette Lyster (Religious Tract Society), is a capital story for young servants and Sunday school classes.

Another tale of the same Society, *A Fair Maid of Oxford*, by Sarah Tytler, is of the Great Rebellion, fair-minded, and full of character; but the story of Colonel Windebank's surrender is strangely altered from the received account.

EVELYN WOOD'S ORGAN LESSONS.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

EVENSONG had just ended at St. James's, a well-known church in the West End of London. The procession of choir and clergy had slowly filed off to the vestry, and the congregation was rapidly dispersing, passing out into the foggy November night. One girl alone lingered, standing half hesitating whether to go or stay, in the aisle at the bottom of the church. A verger came down the church extinguishing the gas standards, and carrying a bunch of keys in his hand. 'Do you want anything, Miss, for I am going to close the church directly?' he said, as he came up to the girl.

'Can I speak to Mr. Falconer, the organist?' she asked.

'I scarcely know whether he will be here still, Miss, but I will find out for you,' said the verger civilly. 'He is later generally on Wednesday nights than on other evenings. Who shall I say wants to see him?'

'Miss Wood,' answered the girl, following him as she spoke towards the door that led into the vestry. She drew back then until she knew that she might go further. Involuntarily she heard the answer given to the verger's request. 'A lady wants to see me at this time of day! What lady, Bennett? Did she give her name?'

'Yes, sir; Miss Wood.'

'Let her come in then;' and with rather a sinking heart, Miss Wood entered. She found herself in a large roomy vestry, where, seated at a table, was Mr. Falconer, a man about forty, a tall man with slightly stooping shoulders, a clever clean-shaven face and keen grey eyes. He was rapidly turning over the pages of a music book for which a youth of about eighteen stood beside him and waited. 'There, Martin, that is the short fugue that I want you to learn. You can take the book home with you and read it over if you like; and mind, I expect more correct work over this than you gave that sonata last week.'

'Yes, sir,' and the young fellow went, closing the door behind him.

'And now, Miss Wood, will you tell me of what service I can be to you?' said Mr. Falconer, in a tone that implied that the sooner she stated her business and departed, the better he would be pleased.

'I want to know if you will give me organ lessons?' said the girl.

'Pray be seated,' said Mr. Falconer, with cold courtesy. 'I am sorry, but my time is limited and my engagements many. I have made it a rule to decline all lady-pupils. I have neither time nor, I am afraid, patience' (with a slight smile) 'to undertake amateurs.'

Evelyn Wood's colour rose. 'But I am not an amateur,' she said quickly. 'I do not suppose you would admit me to the rank of a professional, as your standard is evidently a high one; but I am a music teacher, and I wish to learn the organ.'

'Forgive me,' said Mr. Falconer, 'but do you know what that wish involves? First, an organ to practise on; next, besides your teaching, hours of practice every week if you are to do any good at it.'

'I did not propose to learn the organ without an organ to practise on, or leisure in which to practise,' answered Evelyn with some dignity. 'Both are arranged for.'

'I beg your pardon for a remark that possibly you considered interference, but it struck me as just possible that you had not counted the cost. To teach music and to learn a new instrument at the same time will be a great strain'—'to one so young'—he almost added, but checked himself in time.

'I am strong and able to work hard.'

Mr. Falconer raised his eyebrows, and for the first time he turned and scanned his determined visitor. He saw a tall, slim girl who at the most could not be more than one or two and twenty, with a very pretty face, the prettiest features of which were the dark eyes shaded with long lashes that returned his gaze so unflinchingly, and the curly brown hair wound closely at the back of her small head, and which seemed to wave and ripple all over her head.

'We will take it for granted then that your heart is set on learning the organ. Although I cannot undertake to teach you myself, I think I could recommend you to somebody, a friend of mine, who is an extremely good and reasonable teacher.'

'No, thank you,' said Miss Wood gently, but decidedly. 'I must think what I will do. I had set my heart on having lessons from you because I like your playing better than any one else's. I suppose I might have known that you were not likely to have leisure for teaching, but my experience has been small.' The girl spoke evidently with sincerity, and was unconscious that her words conveyed anything like a compliment to Mr. Falconer. 'Good evening,' she continued, rising and preparing to go. 'I am sorry to have detained you so long.'

'You could not possibly come at the only hour I could take you, from six to seven in the evening after Evensong,' said Mr. Falconer.

'It would suit me exactly,' said Evelyn with fresh hopefulness. 'My work would be finished, and I am often here at Evensong.'

'It is very late for you to be out.'

'I am accustomed to being out late.'

'Very well, then. I could take you on Friday afternoons from six to seven.'

'I am greatly obliged. Can I begin on Friday?'

'I am very busy just now with Advent services, and Christmas work before me, but if you particularly desire it we will begin next Friday,' said Mr. Falconer a little testily.

'If I had a lesson or two to start me you could give them up at Christmas time; but I should have more time for practising during the Christmas holidays,' said Evelyn a little apologetically.

'Let it be as you wish then. We meet again on Friday at six o'clock.'

Evelyn bowed and took her departure. What mattered the fog and cold to her? She had obtained her purpose; she was young and full of hopefulness and energy. She wended her way along the well-known streets, until she saw an omnibus that would land her somewhere near her destination. 'Victoria Road, St. John's Wood,' she said to the conductor, as she entered the omnibus. Victoria Road did not look an interesting street when she was put down there. A row of small houses, all exactly alike. A casual observer would consider that life in such surroundings must be dull and intensely prosaic, and yet in this row Mrs. Wood and her daughter lodged, people gently born and bred, who had never dreamed that such a fate was before them. Mr. Wood had been a clergyman holding a very pretty country living in one of the Midland counties. He had been apparently in easy circumstances; kindly, generous and hospitable, and his wife and only daughter had wanted none of the necessities of life, and had indeed enjoyed many of its luxuries. Whilst still in middle life a sudden illness had caused Mr. Wood's death, and it was discovered to everybody's dismay that, with almost incredible carelessness, Mr. Wood had made no adequate provision for wife or child. After all expenses connected with the funeral and vacating the living were paid, Mrs. Wood's marriage settlement of about £120 a year was all that she and her daughter had to depend upon.

It was then that Evelyn's real character was put to the test. She had one great talent. She was naturally musical, and her father had allowed her to have the best teaching that could be procured. Now she determined to turn this talent to account. She persuaded her mother to move to lodgings in London, where, through the recommendation of former music-masters, she was able to obtain a good circle of pupils. But Mrs. Wood was terribly delicate. The close air and confined rooms of London told heavily upon a naturally weak heart that had been much overstrained by her recent severe shock and altered circumstances. The doctors all gave the same verdict. 'You really ought to live in the country, Mrs. Wood'; and Mrs. Wood sighed and smiled, and felt how easy it was for doctors to order, how impossible often for patients to obey. But Evelyn, whose whole

heart was wrapped up in her mother, determined otherwise, and to-night she felt that she had put her foot on the first rung of the ladder that was to land them in a cottage in the country, not a high ambition, perhaps, but just now the summit of all Evelyn's hopes. At No. 14, Victoria Road, she paused, drew out a latch key, and prepared to let herself in; but before she could reach the door, it was thrown open and Mrs. Wood, a delicate-looking widow-lady of about eight-and-forty, stood ready to receive her daughter. 'My darling, how late you are, I have been listening for your step for the last half-hour.'

'What a ridiculous mother!' said Evelyn, kissing her. 'I have lots to tell you, but first I will run up and wash my hands and face and then we will have tea; you have not waited for me?' she added anxiously.

'Of course I have, you silly child.'

'Well now, give an account of yourself, you truant,' said Mrs. Wood, as Evelyn took her seat at the table in their one and only sitting-room.

Evelyn looked very pretty to-night, with her face flushed with excitement and her eyes bright with exultation. 'I have been interviewing a lion, mother, who growled a good deal, and nearly ate me alive; but I suppose he thought I was not a tempting morsel, for I escaped with my life.'

'What do you mean?' said Mrs. Wood, laughing.

'I have had quite a long talk with Mr. Falconer, the organist of St. James's, and without exception he is the most alarming, and I think I may add, the most disagreeable man I have ever come across.'

'Evelyn, dear, I think you are getting too independent and strong-minded,' said Mrs. Wood, with ready alarm. 'What did you want with Mr. Falconer?'

Evelyn leant back in her chair and shouted with laughter. 'Oh! whatever shall I do, mother, if you are going to call me names? A single woman who has to earn her own living is bound to be a little strong-minded. If you are rich you have to be very particular, never out after dark by yourself; never go in omnibuses; never travel alone; the list of forbidden things is endless; but poverty invests you at once with a glorious independence. You may go where you will, nobody knows and nobody cares.'

'You are getting cynical, Evelyn.'

'Not a bit of it; but don't call me strong-minded again, little mother. I am what circumstances make me. I am going to learn the organ, and Mr. Falconer is going to teach me.'

'But what for, and why did not you tell me?' asked Mrs. Wood, still much puzzled by Evelyn's line of conduct.

'Simply because I knew you would talk me out of it if I consulted you, mother dear,' said Evelyn, nestling by her mother's side on a

foot-stool. 'Now listen, and don't interrupt me, till you have heard me out. The doctors say, and *I* say, that you must sooner or later get out of London. Very well. I have a plan in my head that will enable us to move in about a year. I know something about an organ already. If I have very good lessons I believe I could honestly undertake, in a year's time, to train a country choir, and play any ordinary-sized organ. I think I could most likely get such an appointment in or near our old neighbourhood. There were several lady organists about there, some not good at all. If I could play fairly I should expect to earn £50 a year. Then, if I could get a few music pupils besides, we could live quite comfortably, you and I together, mother, in a little cottage.

Tears stood in Mrs. Wood's eyes. 'I cannot allow you to make the sacrifice, darling. The extra work of practising on the top of all your teaching will kill you.'

'One year's hard work will never kill a strong girl,' said Evelyn merrily. 'Don't look grave, dear, I have such funny things to tell you. After all, what would life be worth to me if you don't get well? If you can look forward and think that in a year's time you will be living in the country, breathing pure air, the mere notion will help you to bear these terrible fogs better.'

'You are always thinking for me, Evelyn,' said Mrs. Wood, fondly stroking her pretty head; 'but it is wrong that you should have to bear the burden and heat of the day on your young shoulders.'

'That is the second time to-day that I have been told I am young, or nearly told so, as if it were my fault,' said Evelyn, smiling up into her mother's face. 'Mr. Falconer nearly told me I was young, and I was prepared to snap at him if he did.' Mrs. Wood laughed, and Evelyn rattled on. 'O, mother, you never saw anybody so formal, or so forbidding in manner. He refused to have anything to do with me at first. He "never taught ladies," his time was "far better employed." I don't know that he quite said that, but his every tone implied it.'

'Then what made him give in?' asked Mrs. Wood.

'Sheer terror that he would never see the back of me by any other course of action, I believe,' said Evelyn cheerfully.

'My dear! Did you really pester him?'

'Of course not, mother. He simply tried to hand me on to a friend, and I declined with thanks. I greatly admire Mr. Falconer's playing, and I don't want to learn of his friend, but of him, and when he realised that he gave in like a lamb.'

'Is he old or young, Evelyn?'

'O, quite old!' said Evelyn promptly. 'He must be at *least* forty!'

'I wonder if he is married?'

'Well, I did not ask. Even I hesitated to inquire after his wife and family,' said Evelyn, laughing. 'I shall see him on Friday. Shall I say "My mother wishes to know whether you are married?"

But I don't think I need ask it, I am pretty sure he is. He has that authoritative dictatorial manner that many married men assume.'

'You are perfectly incorrigible, Evelyn. You will not be as merry as this after a month or two's organ practise.'

'You are wrong; I shall be a great deal merrier. I shall be two months nearer that "cottage near a wood."'

That evening a very different account of the same interview was being given by Mr. Falconer to his sister who lived with him. Curiously enough, he too lived in the same direction as Mrs. Wood and her daughter, about a mile from them. He occupied a pleasant pretty house with a nice little garden behind it. Inside, the house was furnished thoroughly comfortably, with no pretensions to high artistic effect, but with every indication that the people who lived in it were not in any way pressed for money. Janet Falconer was a cripple—a bad fall from her perambulator when she was a child had so injured her spine that from that time till now, thirty years after, most of her life had been spent on the sofa—she could get about on crutches, but all movement was painful. Perpetual suffering almost invariably either sours a nature, or refines it to perfect beauty, and this had been the case with Janet. Her plain face with its thin high forehead and rather sunken temples became absolutely beautiful from its expression. Thrown upon her own resources for amusement, she had surrounded herself with an intellectual atmosphere, keeping herself thoroughly in touch with the best of modern literature, studying foreign languages, always busy over something, always ready to lay aside her occupation when anyone needed her sympathy or help. When Janet's home was broken up by the death of both father and mother, John Falconer, the only unmarried member of the family, suggested that she should come and live with him. The arrangement was a happy one. The brother and sister exactly suited each other. Janet's highly cultivated mind made her a most interesting companion, and the constant thought and attention that her infirmity demanded developed the softer side of John's nature. A day rarely passed without his bringing home something for her, a book from the library, a bunch of violets, and once a week a regular good nosegay when flowers were not too expensive a luxury. This particular evening he had brought her nothing.

'I had no time to get you the book I promised, Janet; I was detained at St. James's longer than I intended.'

'The book will do to-morrow quite well,' said Janet, looking up from her sofa. 'There was nothing wrong I hope with the choir.'

'No, it was not the choir-boys who kept me—it was a woman. I believe I have done a very foolish thing. I have agreed to teach that woman the organ.'

'Why, John, the terms she offered must have been very high. You have always said you would never teach a woman the organ, that you

could not stand an influx of lady-pupils, now you will not be able to refuse.'

'But I *shall* refuse,' declared John stoutly. 'I heartily wish I had never undertaken to teach this one.'

'Then why did you?'

'I scarcely know. Partly because she almost insisted upon it; you cannot become violent when a young person stands over you in your own vestry and treats you with quiet scorn because you say meekly you have no time to teach her.'

'Then she is young, John?' commented Janet with infinite amusement.

'Yes, she is young, could not be more than twenty. I took up the tone of a father, and advised her to give up the notion of trying to learn the organ at all. You should have seen her face. She was longing to tell me to mind my own business.'

'I think your advice may seem to have been a little misplaced,' said Janet, smiling.

'All really good advice is invariably considered misplaced. She is a little music-teacher, so she told me haughtily. I confess I made rather an ugly hit at amateurs, and she at once put in a claim to belong to the profession.'

'Oh, now I begin to see daylight. She awakened your sympathy.'

'Not at all; she alarmed me by her persistence, amused me by her absolute sincerity of purpose, and shut me up whenever I offered her a grain of good advice.'

'So I suppose you ended by offering to teach her for nothing,' said Janet.

'That shows how little you have grasped the character of my pupil, that is to be,' said John. 'I should not have dared to offer her such an affront. I said that in my opinion it was much too late for her to take her lesson between six and seven in the evening, which was the only time I could offer her.'

'And she answered?'

'"The very time that would suit me best—can I begin next Friday?"'

'It strikes me that that young person is nothing if not business-like,' said Janet, laughing. 'I shall be curious to know how you get on with her. Should you call her a lady?'

'Unmistakably so, and I fancy a lady with a history,' John answered, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER II.

PUNCTUAL to the moment Evelyn was waiting in St. James's on Friday evening at six o'clock. Mr. Falconer came out of the vestry, looked round for her, and after a hasty 'good-evening' said, 'We will go at once to the organ, Miss Wood.'

They climbed up a steep staircase, and in a moment Evelyn found herself seated before the huge instrument. Mr. Falconer devoted much of his first lesson to explaining the mechanism of the organ, its manuals and their uses, etc., but finally he put a fairly easy exercise before Evelyn and told her to read it, which she did with ease.

'You have played an organ before,' he said.

'Yes, a small two manual organ in my father's church; I have had no lessons.'

'Do you know anything about the pedals?'

'Only what I have found out from studying Stainer's Organ Book, and trying to put it into practise.'

'Read that,' he said again, putting a pedal exercise before her. 'Very good; much of the first drudgery will be spared you. How many hours do you think you can fairly devote to organ practise every week?'

'I am afraid not more than six. I can take two on Wednesdays and two on Saturdays, and not more than two on the other four days. It would interfere with my work. In the Christmas holidays I can do more.'

'Does not practising two hours on Wednesday and Saturdays mean filling up your half-holidays?'

'Yes,' said Evelyn.

'And you think it wise?'

'Perfectly wise,' said Evelyn coldly. 'Will it be convenient to you to give me a lesson next Friday?'

'Certainly,' answered Mr. Falconer, and the two bade each other good-night and went their several ways.

'He is not half bad as a teacher, mother, and it is so interesting that I quite forgot to be frightened,' was Evelyn's verdict of her first organ lesson.

'Well, John, how do you like your lady-pupil?' asked Miss Falconer as her brother lingered by her sofa for a few minutes that evening before going off to his study.

'Oh, she will not be hard to teach; she is a clergyman's daughter, I find.'

'She seems to be of a confiding turn of mind,' said Janet, smiling.

'Confiding? She is the most independent young woman I have ever come across, but she is frank. I told her she must have played an organ before, and she said, "In my father's church," so I suppose he is, or was, a clergyman.'

At first the elation of having gained her own way carried Evelyn through her somewhat arduous task with a high courage. Every Friday found her at her place, and the lessons went on with the regularity of clockwork. There was not even a break at Christmas time. Mr. Falconer stayed in London, as the weather was too cold to tempt him away, even for a few days, and the enthusiasm of his pupil, her great diligence, and undoubted talent, determined him

to propose no giving up of the weekly lesson. The strictest attention to business was observed at every lesson, and at the end of three months master and pupil knew as little of each other as when the lessons first began. About this time, however, Evelyn made a determined stand one evening at the end of her lesson.

'It is three months since you began to teach me,' she said, as usual going straight to her point.

'Is it?' said Mr. Falconer, wondering the reason of the communication.

'And I want to know, if you will kindly tell me, how much I owe you?'

John Falconer laughed, but there was no answering smile on Evelyn's face, and Mr. Falconer quickly resumed his usual gravity. 'Three pounds,' he said without a moment's hesitation.

'Oh, is that all?' said Evelyn joyfully, producing a very small purse that Mr. Falconer thought looked rather thin and empty. But her face suddenly fell. 'Why, it is impossible!' she said. 'I get as much as that for a private pupil for a quarter's teaching, and I know organ lessons are worth more than twice as much.'

'Nevertheless, that is my charge to people in the profession.'

Evelyn looked up at him, but his face was absolutely inscrutable. She handed him the three pounds, and he thanked her and put them into his pocket.

'Whatever do you think my pupil asked me for to-night, Janet? said Mr. Falconer to his sister that evening.

'I am sure I cannot tell.'

'In plain language she asked me for "my little bill."'

'Nonsense, John.'

'She said she had had a quarter's lessons, and she wished to know what she owed me! I was so taken aback that I laughed.'

'And then?'

'I had to say something, so I said three pounds. She mistrusted me greatly, but I silenced her at last.'

'How does she get on?'

'Decidedly well. She is really musical; but I am certain she is practising beyond her strength. I begin to fear she is a woman with a craze.'

'And that is?'

'Simply to learn to play the organ! I see neither rhyme nor reason in the extraordinary energy she puts into it. It is a waste of the raw material. I can only else account for it by thinking that she is learning against somebody's express wish. She would do anything if her back was up!'

Meanwhile this much-maligned person was in high spirits telling her mother the story of her first quarter's payment.

'Well, Evelyn, he must be a kind man, however stern in manner. I never heard of terms so moderate,' said Mrs. Wood.

'Yes,' said Evelyn a little doubtfully, 'but I don't want him to favour me, mother. I am not sure about him. He is very cynical, and he laughed, a sardonic sort of laugh. I don't know what it meant.'

'Well, I must think that you are ungrateful.'

'No, I have it. Mr. Falconer always gives me the impression of patronizing me. It is that that I object to.'

As the spring came on Mrs. Wood had a very bad attack, and the doctor had to be summoned. 'The winter has tried you very severely,' he said. 'We have had such heavy fogs, and the difficulty of breathing has been increased. You ought to have change. Could not you go into the country for a little while?' Evelyn heard, and her face grew white with determination.

'I must get on faster, faster,' she said to herself. 'Mother must get away from this place, which is stifling the life out of her.'

It was Friday, the day for her lesson, on which day usually she did not practise. She generally gave herself the treat of attending Evensong at St. James's, and going to her lesson rested and soothed. To-day she determined to get in another hour's practice, from half-past four to half-past five, when she would just have time to get down to St. James's. She arrived for the first time a little late. The night was a wet one and she had been hindered.

'I began to think you were ill, or not able to come,' said Mr. Falconer.

'I am sorry, but I was not able to be at Evensong to-night.'

The lesson began, but somehow it did not prosper. Evelyn was nervous and overtired, and made several mistakes.

'You have not learned that as well as usual. Yet it is far easier than the Andante of Mendelssohn's that you finished last week,' said Mr. Falconer.

Evelyn made no answer, but stumbled on, crashing suddenly on to an entirely wrong chord. Involuntarily Mr. Falconer drew in his breath. Suddenly two large tears splashed upon the notes.

'You are crying!' said Mr. Falconer, in a vexed tone.

'No, I am not,' said Evelyn angrily.

'Then the rain is coming through the roof. It must be looked to,' said Mr. Falconer drily, pointing to the wet notes.

'Yes, I am crying—a little,' admitted Evelyn, rapidly recovering her habitual truthfulness. Her shaking little hands dropped into her lap. 'I am tired,' she said in a voice that trembled, 'and I don't like being scolded!'

John Falconer smiled to himself. The admission was so like a child. For the first time his pupil had laid down her arms. 'I did not scold you badly, I think, and I did not know you were tired. You would have resented any suggestion of the kind.'

'Yes, I should.'

'We will not go on to-night,' said Mr. Falconer.

'O please, yes,' entreated Evelyn, turning and facing him with her dark eyes full of tears. 'I *must* not lose a lesson. I am not a bit tired now. I will promise never to cry again. I do not know why I have been so stupid.'

The eager entreaty in her face touched John Falconer to the heart. 'It is not because you cried I mean to stop, but because you are too tired to profit by any lesson. It is only wasting your time—and mine.' He added the two last words on purpose. Only by touching the girl's pride had he any hope of making her yield to his wish.

'Yes; I see,' said Evelyn sadly, vacating her seat instantly. 'I am sorry I have wasted your time' (a little proudly).

'May I ask how you propose to get home to-night?' pursued Mr. Falconer, as he locked up the organ. Evelyn was busy buttoning on her cloak, and either did not, or would not, hear. Mr. Falconer followed her down the staircase which led into the vestry. 'Good-night,' she said, holding out her hand rather shyly. 'I beg your pardon for being so cross.'

'You were not cross,' said John Falconer, smiling at her kindly, 'but just for this one night I am going to take the law into my own hands. It is raining cats and dogs. I am not going to risk my health by getting wet through in walking home. I shall take a cab, and you must allow me the pleasure of putting you down at your own door, wherever that may be. Do you know it is very odd? I have taught you all these months and have not a notion of your address.'

Evelyn was touched by the kindness so gracefully offered. 'I am very much obliged to you,' she said, 'but I should most probably take you miles out of your way. I lodge with my mother at 14, Victoria Road, St. John's Wood.'

'And I live about a mile from there, so that nothing could be more convenient. Is it not curious that we should be such near neighbours, and never have known it till this minute?'

Mr. Falconer was talking more than his wont to give Evelyn time to recover her usual self-possession. He put on his coat, took from the cupboard a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and opening the vestry door, waited for Evelyn to pass out. They soon got into a four-wheeler.

'I think I could make your lessons of more use to you,' said Mr. Falconer, when they were started, 'if you would tell me what special object you have in view.'

'How do you know I *have* any special object?'

'By your too great eagerness to get on.'

'Nobody can be too eager to get on with anything,' said Evelyn hotly. 'Most of my pupils drive me wild with their indifference.'

'Very possibly. Yet it is true that in your case your anxiety to make progress is positively hindering you.'

'I want to be an organist. I want to be really capable at the end

of the year, from the time I began with you, to undertake to play a fair-sized organ in a country church, and to train a choir.'

There! her secret was out, and she waited for the satirical laugh that would greet her preposterous plan. She had never felt so utterly insignificant before. She waited in vain. There was a silence of a minute or two.

'Have you any particular church in view?' asked Mr. Falconer.

'No; but there is a country neighbourhood that I know, where there are several choirs where the organ is played and the choir trained by ladies, and there is one particular church where I do not think the present arrangement can go on much longer. I want to be ready to offer myself, if a vacancy should occur. I have some influence down there. I should have a good chance of being accepted.'

'Ah! now I understand it all,' said Mr. Falconer in a relieved tone. 'Believe me, I have not asked this out of curiosity, but because I really wished to know how best to help you.'

'And you don't think it quite absurd?' faltered Evelyn.

'Not at all,' answered Mr. Falconer. 'You must not over-practise. The physical strain of pedal playing makes organ-practise very tiring.'

'But I am strong,' said Evelyn.

'So you said once before, but the strongest people can over-tax their powers. I do not think you could have been ready in so short a time to undertake such a task satisfactorily, but for your previous extremely good musical education. You are really making rapid progress.'

Evelyn coloured with pleasure.

'I should be obliged if you would not touch the organ until our next lesson, a week to-day. I fancy the thing you failed in to-night will go quite easily then.'

'Very well, I won't,' Evelyn promised, much consoled. 'Why, here we are,' she cried. 'It has seemed such a short journey home. I am very much obliged to you. Will you come in and see mother?'

'Not to-night, I think, but I will certainly do myself the honour of calling on Mrs. Wood some half holiday soon.'

He handed her out of the cab, lifted his hat, and was gone before Evelyn had time to thank him.

'O, my dear child, how anxious I have been about you!' said Mrs. Wood, taking Evelyn's hands, and pulling her forward into the sitting-room. 'Such a terrible night! You must be drenched to the skin!'

'Wrong again, mother, I am quite dry; and I have been landed at my own door in a cab.'

'Well, I am earnestly thankful that you had the good sense to see that to spend half-a-crown is better than laying yourself by for weeks.'

'But I came home for nothing. Mr. Falconer brought me from St. James's straight here.' Not for worlds would Evelyn disclose the cause that had led Mr. Falconer to this line of action.

'But, Evelyn, dear,' said Mrs. Wood, rather uneasily, 'I don't think I like your being indebted to Mr. Falconer like this. I don't even know him. You are too young; and'—Mrs. Wood paused, and went on hurriedly—'to be driving about alone with a man I don't know, at this hour in the evening.'

Evelyn laughed. 'Why, little mother, I never thought you would make a fuss about propriety! If you saw Mr. Falconer you would see how absurd it seems to me. He is *quite* middle-aged, and formal in manner; but he is very nice—I have made that discovery for the first time to-night. Besides, mother, I am sure he is married.'

'Has he told you so?

'No; why should he? I never told him I had a mother, until to-night,' said Evelyn, 'but the fact remains that here you are, and I am going to kiss the wrinkles out of your forehead. How dare you worry about me? I can take care of myself anywhere.'

Mrs. Wood's anxious face cleared. She could not resist the girl's pretty wiles.

'O, by-the-way, here is proof positive that my master is married—I knew I had one somewhere. He had a splendid nosegay that he was taking home to-night. Now then, mother'—triumphantly—'men don't take home beautiful nosegays to their landladies, do they?'

Mrs. Wood laughed in spite of herself. 'No, I don't think they do; but Mr. Falconer might be living with a sister or an aunt.'

'My experience of men is limited, but I don't think it likely that men take home flowers to any women but their wives. Sisters reverse the process and make button-holes for their brothers.'

'Well, at any rate, it does not matter now I have got you back safe, my darling,' said Mrs. Wood, a little irrelevantly.

John Falconer said nothing to his sister about his interview with his pupil until late that evening, when he suddenly laid down the book he was reading. 'I told you I should live to rue the day when I broke through my rule about teaching women. She's emotional.'

'Miss Wood, you mean?' asked Janet laughing.

'I thought it impossible that we could go on as quietly as we began. She was not a bit more trouble than a boy, and much cleverer than most boys, when to-night came a great catastrophe.'

'You scolded, and she cried?' suggested Janet.

'Exactly so. Now, I ask, is it just or reasonable that because I ventured an unfavourable criticism of a fugue which she generally would have played with ease, she should water the organ with her tears? Fancy a boy doing that! However, it gave me the whip-hand over her to-night.'

'Poor little thing, she was tired; and I think, to the casual observer, you are rather alarming, John,' said Janet sympathetically.

'So it appears,' said John, a little grimly. 'She was horribly ashamed of this exhibition of weakness, and tried to reassert her usual independence, but I did not allow it. I ordered a cab and took her home.'

'I am so glad you did.'

'Under cover of the darkness I once more offered this young woman some sound advice, which, to my untold amazement, she accepted.'

'Where does she live?'

'With her mother in lodgings, at 14, Victoria Road.'

'Then her mother is a widow?'

'Apparently so.' There was no more said then, but when John stooped to wish his sister good-night, Janet said—

'I suppose you would like me to call upon Mrs. Wood and your pupil?'

The question was asked with a slight effort.

'If you don't think it would bore you to make the acquaintance of strangers, I am sure it would be a kind action, for it strikes me that these people are pathetically lonely. I am almost sure that they have seen better days; and as Miss Wood seems to fill up every available hour of recreation with organ-practise, Mrs. Wood's days must hang heavy sometimes.'

'I will call directly I can then. Possibly I shall be able to lend Mrs. Wood some books; and if she is pleasant and would come and spend an afternoon here occasionally, it would be quite a boon to me.'

(To be continued.)

THE PALACE.

A VISION.

I WAS slowly recovering from a very severe illness, indeed, only just turning back from the threshold of death. My sufferings had been great, and I was almost too weak still to lift my head. Lying on a couch in my little cottage room, looking over the sea, I had been pondering much upon the mystery of pain, wondering why it was permitted, and why one should have to bear so much, while others so lightly escape. At last, wearied out, tired of thought, perplexed and troubled, I sank back upon my pillows and listlessly watched the sunbeams making a golden pathway on the water, for it was nearing sunset. After a while a little cloud came up and a cold shadow fell on sea and shore. I looked for it to pass away speedily, but instead the light faded, faded, faded till the room round me, the furniture, the pictures on the wall, could only be discerned as shapeless blurs, and the light of the window became only a paler darkness. Still the darkness deepened, and grew to utter blackness. Sight itself seemed blotted out, and the gloom weighed on me, oppressed me, stifled me, till in my horror I could hardly keep from crying out.

But now in the far-off distance, so far it seemed immeasurable, a radiant star appeared. It seemed to travel toward me, and rapidly grew larger. As it grew nearer it cast bright flakes of light upon its path, like moonlight on rippling waters. Soon these ripples of light began to reach me. At first they came and went with the sudden swiftness, but without the startling terror of lightning flashes. By degrees they became more frequent and lasted longer, till they swelled into a steady flood of light, filling all space. Bright as it was, this light was so soft, so mild, so equable, that the eye could bear its splendour without being dazzled. The air, also, became warm with a gentle but not voluptuous warmth; fragrant, too, with a fragrance unspeakably sweet, not heavy like the perfumes of human art, but exhilarating, life-giving as the scent of a heather-covered moorland or the salt sea-breeze.

I could perceive nothing but this all-pervading light. Then a sense of boundless space penetrated my whole being and filled me with a sense of unutterably glad freedom. All restraint seemed to have fallen from me, and I felt as if to wish was to accomplish. I seemed to stand, to move, to speed through space with infinite,

delightful ease. I felt irresistibly impelled to go forward. Swiftly I sped as the rays of light, and it seemed as if Time were hurrying by in like manner. Years, centuries fled like moments, and still my journey continued. At the last, amid the light, a brighter light appeared on the horizon, and scarcely appeared before it was reached. It seemed the summit of some great mountain, rising as an island out of a pearly sea. It was of massive rock, but such a rock! It might have been an immense diamond, but so pure, so flawless, that the eye pierced to depths illimitable, and still perceived depths of purity beyond. Near the edges there was a continual play of rainbow colour, but for the most part it glowed with a steady and intense white light, which was, I now perceived, the source of the splendour which had reached me so far away. Shading my eyes from the too glorious brilliance, I saw a number of figures passing and repassing in two incessant streams. They were of human form, but of more than human beauty. Those that came towards the Rock of Glory all carried something, I could not see what, in their hands. Those returning from it bore what looked like rays of light. I stood awhile and wondered.

Then—it was not that I heard a voice, but the words seemed to thrill in my inmost soul.

'Show the things that are and the things that shall be.' Immediately one of the returning throng left his fellows, and moving directly to me, stayed at my side.

'Peace be to thee, brother,' was his greeting; and I thought I had never heard sweeter music. 'Knowest thou what thou seest?'

'How can I know?' I answered; 'I pray thee tell me who are these, and what do they?'

He replied: 'We are the messengers of the Great King, and we are preparing for Him a Palace exceeding magnifical.'

'But what,' I then asked, 'are you bearing?'

'They are the King's jewels of which the Palace must be builded,' he answered. 'We bring them from the mines whence they are taken, and lay them up in the King's treasury against the day of building.'

'Have you not yet begun to build?'

'Not yet,' he said. 'We are still making ready the materials, for the building must be raised without sound of axe or hammer. All, therefore, must be prepared and ready beforehand, so that when the day comes, each stone may be fitted into its place at once. Our King hath Himself laid down the plan, and traced the foundations.'

'May I not see these stones?' I asked; and, saying, 'Come with me,' he took me by the hand.

We drew near the stream of laden messengers, and I then saw that as they approached the shores of the Rock of Glory, they plunged beneath the surface of what at first I had thought to be a sea, but now perceived to be a light vapoury mist. My guide and I joined

the throng, and, like them, passed beneath the cloud. Through it I could see the Rock of Glory sinking on every side to unknown depths, and stretching away to unknown distances. Soon the mist thickened to a belt of dark, seemingly impenetrable cloud. My guide, clasping my hand more firmly, drew me within it, while saying, 'Our King dwelleth in Light, and in Him is no darkness at all, but cloud and darkness are about His habitation.' For a short while we were wrapped in gloom; then I suddenly found we were standing before a great gateway fashioned in the side of the Rock of Glory. Passing within, we stood in what seemed a great cavern, arched like the hollow of a hand. On every side lay heaps of glittering jewels, not lying confusedly, but ranged orderly; and as each messenger brought in his burden, he laid it in its appointed place with its own kind. Here was the place of fine gold, and there a mass of purest silver. On this side diamonds flashed and sparkled, and on that lay great lustrous pearls. Rubies and emeralds; amethyst and topaz; turquoise and garnet; sapphire and the changeful mysterious opal; marbles, white and veined and crimson; alabaster, porphyries, bloodstone, carnelian, agate, lapis lazuli, corals of many tints, crystals of every hue, fine-tempered steel, burnished bronze, and many a square-hewn block of milk-white stone, all in ordered array, made the whole vastness of the cavern a dazzling glow of colour. Nor were they only beautiful in hue, and polished to the utmost brilliance, but carved and sculptured into the richest variety of form. Bold designs were there, in which figures seemed to breathe, and trees to wave in the wind; delicately elegant marvels of workmanship, too, as airily graceful as the frostwork upon the window pane; and mighty forms of heroes, or kingly animals. In one angle stood an eagle with outstretched mighty pinions, and proudly uplifted head, as though gazing on the sun. In another, a patient-eyed ox seemed the type of meek, enduring strength. In another, stood a lion, not fiercely raging, but in all the calm dignity of power and courage. In the last, a man, perfect in proportion, whose noble face bespoke the empire of intellect, tempered by so wondrous a sweetness of gentle kindness as must draw powerfully the hearts of all beholders.

As in form, so also they varied in size. Those just described were gigantic figures such as are found in Egyptian or Indian temples; but many of the gems were tiny and exquisitely finished as those minute shells on the sea-beach, so small that a thousand would not make a handful.

I noticed, also, that of all the designs the most frequent seemed to be buds of lilies and of roses. Of these there was great profusion.

In all, it was a scene utterly bewildering in its surpassing and unimaginable beauty.

In wonder and amazement I turned to my guide, and said, 'What and where can be the mines from which such gems are brought?'

To which he made answer, 'We will go thither now,'—and turning, left the cavern. We emerged, hand-in-hand, from the sea of mist, and joined the stream of returning messengers. Once more we sped with inconceivable rapidity. The intenser light of the Rock of Glory faded behind us. How long our journey lasted. It might have been only a few moments, but if so they were of those moments so charged with thought and feeling and intense vitality, they seem to be long years. It might have been years, but if so, they were such years of calm happiness as seem only instants.

So swift was our motion, that what appeared at first a mere speck instantly changed to a ball, a moonlike orb, a mighty world, and with some surprise I recognised our own earth. My sight swept over an entire hemisphere, and yet I could at the same time distinguish, not only our own land, but the village of my birth—my cottage home—the very room which had so long held me a prisoner. Everything, great or small, was clearly seen by me. The wide ocean, in one part raging, foaming, storm-tossed, in another peacefully smiling in the sunshine; the frozen lands of the north and the south; the glowing, scorching lands of the sun; great snow-crowned ranges; weary stretches of arid desert; dense masses of forest; plains, green and golden with ripe or ripening crops; majestic rivers and prattling brooks; mighty cities darkening and deafening the heavens with their smoke and tumult; palaces and hovels; stately war-fleet, and humble fishing boat; comfortable homesteads, and the grim, gigantic, mournful ruins of the past, all lay plainly before me. I could discern (for it seemed as if walls could not shut out my gaze) the craftsmen at their toil at forge and lathe and bench; merchants and traders bending over their ledgers; the wealthy in their luxurious, silken ease; the starving in their garrets; the evil-doers, thief, adulterer, murderer, stealthily following out their dark ends; the child of shame, vainly striving to hide disease and want beneath a gaundy flaunting garb, and an aching heart under a brazen leer; the thrifty housewife smilingly busy with her homely duties; the playing children and the sleeping babe; and even the diver, deep beneath the sea, and the swart miner toiling in the caverns of the earth. I could hear (for my hearing, too, was enlarged) in strange mixture the tinkle of the fountain, and the thunder of the cataract, and the lapping of the waves; the sighing of the breeze and the rush of the storm; the chirruping of birds; the lowing of cattle, and the hungry roar of wild beasts; the rattle of machinery; the hum of thronging crowds, and the *silence* of burning deserts and icy steppes; the sound of laughter and song and groans and wailing; the loud accents of anger, and the pleadings of sorrow; the hoarse shout of battle, the lullaby crooned by the side of the rocking cradle, and the joyous song of harvest; curses and oaths and the sound of blows, blending with the solemn tones of prayer and praise. Then I turned to my guide and said, 'Is not this Earth? Those wondrous

jewels never came from hence.' But he answered, 'Look not upon the outward form,' and touched my eyes. Whereupon in an instant the world, that had lain before me in all its beauty and terror, vanished, and in its place there stretched before me a dark and gloomy glen. Rugged precipices fenced it on either side like prison walls. The cliff, on one hand, was straight and level, and evenly marked like the divisions of a measuring-rod. The rocks opposite were of many fantastic shapes, chief among them being a huge mass looking like the rude likeness of an aged man bearing a scythe and hour-glass.

A heavy cloud of smoke, black and threatening, hung over all, here and there showing reflections of a dull crimson, like some funeral pall ominously stained with blood. From side to side echoed and reveberated a hideous clash and din and jangle; the whirring of wheels, the clang of hammers, the grinding of steel, the blasting of rocks, roaring flames, clanking chains, and a confused turmoil, sounding like yells and shrieks and groans and sighs and mocking laughter.

'What is this dreadful, dismal place?' I asked.

'This,' said my guide, 'is the Vale of Tears, where the King's jewels are found and prepared. Come, let us go nearer, and behold.'

We entered the valley, and at first, what with the glare and smoke and the bewildering din of lamentable noises, I could neither see nor hear so as to distinguish anything, but stood as one stunned and confounded. Presently I began to perceive huge, flaming furnaces, mighty anvils, lathes, grindstones, and many other kinds of machines. I saw also a great multitude of hideous, grimy, misshapen dwarfs, formidable in strength despite their want of stature, their faces grotesquely horrible, and distorted as if by every evil passion at once. These were hurrying to and fro, feeding the flames, stirring them up to greater fierceness, brandishing ponderous hammers, toiling with saw and chisel, and from time to time uttering shrieks of discordant merriment. Besides these, I saw the King's messengers constantly streaming in, bearing in their hands the rays of light they had carried thither from the Rock of Glory, which they darted, like javelins, some here, some there upon the earth, and where each ray lighted there a clod of earth or morsel of rock split off and fell. These, either the dwarfs or the messengers eagerly seized and carried off.

'Who are these dwarfs?' I asked, 'and what are the fragments so eagerly gathered up?'

'The dwarfs,' my guide answered, 'were of old messengers of the Great King, but they rebelled against Him, and now are His enemies, and hate Him with a deadly hatred. While they were faithful to Him, they were a race, tall and fair as ourselves, but when they rebelled, they became grim and unshapely as you see them. Therefore they ever seek to revenge themselves upon the King, and, because they cannot harm Himself, they have set themselves to do their utmost to damage and injure His jewels. As for the fragments of earth and rock, these are the jewels. Wherever a ray of light

from the Rock of Glory strikes, there it unites to itself a clod of earth or pebble, a morsel of stone, and turns it to a precious gem.'

'But,' said I, 'they seem to remain just the same as before.'

'Outwardly,' he replied, 'they are the same, but within them the precious jewel is found, and this is why they need to be prepared.'

So saying, he beckoned one of the other messengers to him, and took from him the clod of earth he bore, and pointed out to me where faint sparkles of light could be seen, showing where the gem was imprisoned.

'And all this earth,' continued he, 'must be cleansed from off it, and all the roughnesses made smooth, and all the flaws cut away before it is fit to be stored in the King's Treasury.'

Then he bade me notice how all the messengers took their jewels to a place where a stream poured down the face of the rocks, and there washed them in a cup-like basin. This stream, where it first poured over the rocks, seemed red as blood, but below it was of crystal purity.

'This,' said he, 'is the water of Renewal, and it flows from out the Rock of Glory. The side of the Rock was pierced, and thereout gushed a never-failing fountain of living waters.'

He showed me also how, when each jewel had been dipped thrice in the water, the earth was washed from it, and it showed itself indeed a gem. Some seemed so bright, I thought they must be forthwith fit for the King's Treasury, but, 'Nay,' said my guide, reading my thought, 'they need much to be done to them yet.'

Sometimes, however, one would come forth from the washing of Renewal, not merely bright, but already crystallised into the form of a fair flower-bud, and these the messengers would bear away at once, or perhaps only a light blow or two was needed to perfect them before they were carried away. But of the others, some were cast into furnaces; some were ground upon a wheel till the hot sparks showered out; some were laid upon an anvil, and tested with hammer-strokes, blow upon blow; some were cut with sharp, piercing instruments, or hewn with axes, or cut with saws. And as they were stricken, cut, pierced, or fused with intense heat, the hissing and the bubbling, the whirring and the beating of the strokes, and the grating of saw and chisel sounded in mine ears much like sighs and groans and laments.

In much bewilderment, I followed my guide in silence till we stood beside the two greatest of the furnaces. Over the door of one, I saw graven in ancient lettering, 'Payne,' and over the other, 'Tryale.' Fierce flames burst from these at every crevice, and a dense cloud of black smoke hung always over them. A troop of busy dwarfs flitted restlessly about, with many uncouth gestures, stirring up the fire with long iron rods; casting in fresh fuel; leaping wildly round with much tossing of arms and harsh shoutings. Now and again they would open the furnace doors, and then a long, quivering beam of

blinding light would stream across the gloom of the valley, and a simoom-like blast of hot wind swept by.

Then with redoubled eagerness would they cast in lump after lump of ore as it was brought to them, and as the seething and hissing and bubbling grew louder, so would their malignant joy show itself in harsher and more piercing cries.

So I looked wistfully upon my guide. He spake nothing, but showed me the lumps of ore going in, rough and dark, and mixed with dross. Then, passing to the other side, he showed me the King's messengers taking from the furnace ingots, bright and shapely and pure.

Hard by were two great wheels, the one marked 'Pouertie,' and the other 'Toyle.' These were ever whirling with dizzy speed, and much noise, and from them many smaller wheels were made to turn. At these sat dwarfs who ground upon the wheels such jewels as were brought to them. Some by dint of over-much pressure would crack and break into unsightly shapes, and over these the dwarfs would gloat with malicious chuckling. Others grew cloudy and dim, or even deepened into blackness, and these, too, they exulted over. Others that were too hard to splinter at the wheel, they would suddenly plunge into a great tank full of a heavy, oily liquid, looking like molten gold (which tank was inscribed 'Wealthe'), and oftentimes these would swell out, and so burst with a loud report. Many there were in this same tank which had never been placed upon the wheel, but from the first had lain idly, steeped in this liquor. Of these, many were so sodden that all their brightness was gone, and the fair colours that formerly gleamed from them had faded to a dull, heavy, sickly yellow. If for a moment these were placed upon one of the wheels, they, for the most part, crumbled away at the touch, and so were thrown aside.

Yet not all so suffered loss. Both of those plunged suddenly into the tank, and of those remaining in it from the first, many were too pure for the golden liquid to corrode. As these were drawn forth from time to time, golden drops would fall from off them on the stones which were being ground at the great wheels below, and so lessened the roughness of the grinding pressure.

Thus we passed on, and many more jewels I saw, some cut with sharp edges, or pierced with keen points, or pounded with heavy hammers, or rasped with biting files, or crushed in heavy presses, too manifold to describe.

In the midst of the valley, upon a little rising ground, we found a number of King's messengers busily at work building up such stones as the other messengers brought, into the semblance of a Palace. Only those stones were brought which had been washed in the waters of Renewal. But the strange and passing marvel was that, fast as they builded, so fast did busy troops of dwarfs strive to cast down their building. Now pushing with long poles, now dragging with

ropes, now plying pickaxe and crowbar, now mining the ground beneath, they laboured unceasingly. Then when some portion of the masonry would give way, and fall to earth with a resounding crash, how malignantly would they exult. Often would the jewels be broken in the fall. One in especial I noted, a gem so large and lustrous that the fair beauty of it filled my soul with joy, and I was gladdened to see it placed on a high pinnacle. But when I turned to my companion, lo! his face was clouded with sorrow and deep pity. As I was opening my lips to ask the meaning of his grief, behold, at a mere touch, this great, shining jewel shook, swayed, rocked from side to side, and at last fell over and was helplessly shattered. Then I saw that for all its beauty it was but hollow. Those that were not broken, for the most part, the builders would wash from the dirt into which they had fallen, and so restore them to their places.

Many, however, fell into a hideous, quaking, slimy mire which lay round about the hillock, and the shouting dwarfs would plunge them deeper and deeper, till they were seen no more. Sometimes in the quaking of the slough, a glittering point would be cast upwards, and then would the King's messengers venture much to draw that jewel forth again. At times they succeeded (though more often the clinging mire would suck the jewels in again and again), and my guide showed me how the nature of the mire had eaten away the surface of the gem, or deep into its very heart as with a rust or canker. These when they were recovered were taken away to be cast afresh into one of the furnaces or ground at a wheel, or to have the corrupted part cut and bored away. First, however, they were tenderly washed at a little stream trickling drop by drop down the rocks, which my guide called the Fount of Penitence, whose waters were both salt and bitter. There were a few crimson drops of the Life-giving stream sprinkled over them, and so after they had been cleansed and purified, they would be built into the walls once more. One jewel which I saw, very large and very beautiful, fell thus into the foul mire, and after lying there some time, was at last drawn forth. With what bitter mockery did not the dwarfs taunt and jeer the messengers! 'These are your King's jewels, are they? Worthy of such a Monarch, no doubt! Look at its beauty! What colour! what exquisite form! what a lustre and polish!' (for indeed it was woefully besmirched, and was now very rough and unshapely and vile to look upon). 'No doubt, this King of yours will set so glorious a jewel in the forefront of His diadem!' But the messengers took no heed of the jeers, but carried the poor, blackened gem and steeped it long in the bitter stream of Penitence, and then was it given over, that, with sharp steel, a great part of its inmost heart might be cut out, for even so far had the mischief gone. Some of its glory was for ever lost, but still it shone larger and brighter than most, and I even thought that, since it had been dipped in the salt stream, it had gained a new and a tenderer beauty.

Now, what with those that were broken by falling, and those that were swallowed up by the mire, many and grievous gaps were there in the walls of the building, so that it seemed more like an unsightly ruin, laid waste and desolate, than an edifice not yet complete. Nay, so much havoc had been wrought that it no longer appeared one building, but was, by great, ruinous breaches, rent in three, and these portions had yet again their many divisions. More strangely still, even the stones which stood firm and fell not, were not allowed to remain, but after awhile the messengers themselves removed them and bore them to a dwarf of fierce and gloomy countenance, who stood on the bank of a stream, dark as night and so sullenly still, it seemed altogether stagnant. Its waters were icy cold, and over it swept a wind which chilled the very marrow. Here also were brought all the broken fragments of the stones that fell, and all the jewels from furnace and wheel and anvil; all, even the fair buds found perfect at their first washing, were brought to this monstrous dwarf, who hurled them all into the gloomy flood with a savage triumph. I saw also that the quaking mire into which so many fell was but a marsh made by the swelling up of this dark stream, and all that were swallowed up therein, sank slowly through the mire, till they, too, plunged into the black water.

Doubtingly I mused over these strange sights, till at length my guide drew me apart and led me to a place retired and quiet, whence we could view the Valley without being distracted by the confusion or deafened by the tumult. Seated here, my companion bade me ask concerning what perplexed me, 'For,' said he, 'I plainly perceive you have many things to question me.' To which I made reply, 'Sir, indeed, I am much astonished and bewildered, so that I scarce know what question to ask first. But, if it please you, tell me if these be the King's jewels, how is it that His enemies are permitted so to batter them and mangle them and cast them in the flames. Were it not better to cleanse them gently by loving hands instead of letting these malicious monsters have their will of them?'

Smilingly he answered, 'Didst thou not see that this same rough handling proved them and tested them as no gentleness could? Didst thou not moreover see that the true jewels took no harm from these trials, but came out the fairer? Those that endured the hottest flames, shone the brighter thereby; they that came oftenest under the keen edge of the graving tool, were they not fashioned into more graceful forms?'

'But some,' I said, 'seemed scarcely to need cleansing.'

'Still they needed fashioning and polishing,' he replied, and then told me how once the full splendour of the Rock of Glory had shone into the Valley of Tears, not brought by any messenger, but descending thither of its own accord; how that perfect Light had passed into a pure bit of crystal, which, projecting from the earth, was without

stain of earth; how thence was fashioned a perfect Jewel, 'a Stone cut out without hands,' which from the first needed no cleansing; how nevertheless this perfect Jewel passed through all the tests and trials, more and more terrible than all the trials endured by all the other jewels, and all this that it might be made 'perfect through suffering;' how, after being flung into the dark stream and sinking therein for a brief space, this Jewel of its own perfection, rose once more to the surface, and so was drawn, as by magnetic power, to that Rock of Glory, whence it came. 'There,' said he, 'that Perfect One abides till the Palace is completed, of which it is to be the summit and crown.'

'Then,' said I, 'if by these trials the jewels are but made fairer and more valuable, why did the dwarfs exult as though they were doing them grievous injury?'

'Herein,' said he, 'is their blindness, that having eyes they see not. They foolishly imagine they are causing the King damage, and wasting His treasures, and thwarting His plans, and all the while they are but working out His purposes, and making His jewels more lovely.'

'Yet,' I rejoined, 'many were shattered at the wheel or fused in the fire, or swallowed up in the quagmire. What of them?'

'These were not jewels fit for the King's Palace,' he answered me, 'and therefore were rejected. But' (and here a brighter light shone in his eyes) 'they were not altogether worthless, and mayhap are not altogether castaway. We are not permitted to know all our Master's plans; only of this are we certain—no part of His design will be left incomplete; there will be no waste, no failure in His work. He doeth all things well.'

'Were not all the jewels flung into the dark and dismal river?' was my next question.

'Yes, but not to remain there,' he replied; and taking me once more by the hand, he led me to a place whence we could see the farther side of the cliffs that hedged in the Valley of Tears, and there showed me a cavern whence issued a pure and limpid stream, fair and bright. This he told me was the same as the gloomy river, only that here were not the shadows of the hills, nor the canopy of smoke, nor the foul mire to make it black and turbid. So also he showed me where all the jewels were washed down by the stream, and gently rolled upon a sandy beach, whence troops of waiting messengers gathered up the jewels as they came to shore, and bore them away to the King's Treasury. I saw, then, that they came out of the cold waters purer, and freed from the last remnants of earthly stain. Their forms, too, which before had scarce appeared complete, seem now to have received the final lacking touch, and to have settled into shapes of perfect beauty.

I saw also that the shattered, stained, clouded gems were carefully gathered up, and borne away, but in a different direction.

'What will become of these?' I asked, and was told that they must now bear the fires of the King's furnace.

'Will they not, then,' I eagerly inquired, 'be purified and restored at the last?' But my guide could not tell me.

'Alas!' I said, 'that any should be lost!'

'The King knoweth all things,' was the reply, 'and His jewels are very precious in His sight. He knoweth best. He doeth best.'

Then said I, 'There is yet one more thing I would fain understand. Why were the jewels builded together in the valley only to be pulled down again?'

'They were being fitted together in the places they must hereafter occupy.'

'But the dwarfs pulled down and shattered many a one. Will their places be left empty?'

'Wait, and thou shalt see.'

Just then there came a sound like the distant toll of some great bell.

'The hour is come,' said my guide; 'let us go hence.' We took our way towards the Rock of Glory, and my companion bade me note how thick was now the throng of messengers bearing jewels.

As we approached the Rock of Glory, the numbers of the messengers became utterly too great to count.

Again, that clang of the distant bell; or was it a far-off trumpet-note—and the great multitude of messengers sought the Treasure cavern. I went with them, and marked with surprise that the jewels shone far more lustrously than when I had beheld them before. My companion, however, taught me that resting thus within the Rock of Glory, they had drunk in of its splendours, and had even gained fresh brightness and beauty from one another.

Even while we had been away an incredible number of gems had been added to the huge store already collected. But, great as was the mass, so numerous were the messengers that in the twinkling of an eye all this vast treasure was taken up and carried to the summit of the mountain.

As we reached the summit, I heard a sudden crash, as of some mighty overthrow, and in the direction of the Valley of Tears the sky was lit with a terrible crimson glare.

'It is,' whispered my companion, 'the destruction of that Valley. Its work is done, and the cliffs have fallen upon it, and its gloom and turmoil have passed away for ever. But hush, we are in the presence of the King.'

Over the Rock of Glory there hung a brightness, too great to gaze on. Only in a passing glance I thought I saw the likeness of a throne.

Then began the examination of the jewels, and it was made clear to all that amongst the King's treasures were none that were not fit and perfect. So also were the broken and rejected stones (for they

also had been brought), examined that all might know that amongst them were none fit for the building of the Palace. These last, then, were taken away, and now at length the work of building began.

I saw, now for the first time, certain lines traced upon the surface of the mountain-top, graven into it in the form of a great Cross. Hither the messengers advanced, each in his turn, and first in deep sockets prepared for them, there were laid twelve great foundation-stones of varying colours. Upon these others again were laid, so accurately fitted they needed no cement to bind them, and once in their places became immovably one with those around. Swiftly and silently the work went on. Without confusion, without haste, without delay, each single stone was laid in its appointed place. And here the wonder grew, for as the Palace rose, all could see its likeness to that which had been put together in the Vale of Tears; only now perfection replaced imperfection, and what there had seemed ruinous rents and gaping holes, here became ample doorways, traceried windows, stately arcades, lofty arches. There the one building had been torn into three seemingly irreconcilable portions; here the three were joined in a threefold unity, stretching northward and southward and westward, so forming the arms and stem of the Cross, and each having its separate and distinctive beauty, and yet each harmonising completely with the others. So had the dwarfish malice defeated itself and worked out the design of the King in all its glory.

No stone, there, was so small but it had its place none other could fill. No line graven by the keen-edged steel but was seen to have its meaning without which the gem had been incomplete and the whole design had lost somewhat of its full perfection. Massiveness and tender grace, strength and beauty were united in unimaginable richness.

So the stately Palace rose in all its grandeur, till it only lacked the very highest stone. Quietly as the work had hitherto proceeded, there now fell on all a hush of awe and expectation. Mutely my eyes questioned my guide, and I could see his lips fashioned, although without sound, the syllables, 'The Perfect One.'

A moment the messengers stood in their ranks expectant, then, with a sudden shout of 'Grace, grace unto it,' they bowed the knee in humblest reverence, while a stately procession of the noblest of them swept by bearing aloft a glorious Jewel. It was of the very substance of the Rock of Glory. So splendid was it, that all the glory of the radiant Palace paled before its lustre. Upward the chief messengers bore it, till on the very summit it was placed, a Keystone binding the whole building in one, a Headstone crowning all with glory, and the Palace was complete. Then, as the Chief Corner-stone thus rested in its appointed place, from It downwards, and from the Rock of Glory upwards, a sudden splendour flashed through the whole Palace. Light filled its every part, and every stone glowed with translucent glory. It became one blinding blaze of

many-tinted radiance. Then went there up from the countless ranks of messengers a full tide of song, deep as the thunder, tender as the voice of love, melodious as the celestial harp—

'Glory to the Lord of Glory.
Glory in the highest.
Glory for evermore.'

* * * * * *

The long level rays of the setting sun, flashing along the golden pathway on the rippling sea, and richly tinting the scattered cloudlets above, were pouring in at my window. And, above the flash of the waves on the beach, welled out the sweet music of a thrush, singing.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXIX.

1710–1713.

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

THE English mind is ordinarily disposed to lament Queen Anne's change of policy, but it is quite open to be questioned whether it could be well, after the death of Joseph I., to continue the War of the Succession in Spain on behalf of his brother and successor, or after having effectually checked the ambitious advances of Louis XIV., to go on to the utter crushing of an already broken and defeated enemy. The Whigs, as the opponents of arbitrary power, were disposed to drive matters to the very utmost; the Tories not only had some pity, but felt that the balance of power would be destroyed by further humiliation of France—and Anne was naturally far more inclined in principle to the Tory than to the Whig, not only as a sovereign, but personally, and as a Churchwoman. It is not fair to say that the whole change was the consequence of the intrigues of Mrs. Masham and Robert Harley. It is true that the Duchess of Marlborough had become an intolerably insolent tyrant, galling the Queen's private life continually; but Anne's conscience was distressed by the attacks on the Church, and by the continuance of war and bloodshed. Tardy though that conscience was, it acted at last—perhaps the more decidedly that the influence of her husband was removed. As a foreign Protestant, he had no sympathy with the Church, and used to say to the supporters of the Occasional Conformity Bill, when urged to come to the House of Lords to vote for it, 'My heart is wid you.'

The Ministry were still the servants of the Sovereign, not of the Commons, and Anne, soon after the Session of 1710 had ended, began to take measures. First she made Lord Shrewsbury Lord Chamberlain in spite of Godolphin's remonstrance, and next it became known that the Earl of Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, was to be no longer Secretary of State, but to be sent as Ambassador to Vienna. He had made himself obnoxious to the Queen by rudeness of tongue to her personally, and abuse of Mrs. Masham; and even the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were not greatly attached to him; but his removal was of course damaging to his father-in-law in the eyes of Europe. When the probability was first known, on April 6th, the Duchess had one of her scenes with the Queen; but Anne would not

hear her arguments, only answering, 'Whatever you have to say, write it'—and when the lady passionately persisted, said, 'I will leave the room.'

Sarah went away in a storm of violent weeping. It was the last private interview between Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, the end of a friendship that might have subsisted through life, if the one had been less overweening and tyrannical, the other less yielding and more dignified.

They still, however, met in public, and the Duchess beset her mistress with letters threatening and pleading. She sent one to her husband to be copied and sent as from him; but he very wisely burnt it, and Sunderland was dismissed in June, 1810, Lord Dartmouth taking his place. Still Ministries did not stand or fall all together, and Godolphin, though harassed by reports, and often holding sharp arguments with the Queen, continued Lord Treasurer till the 7th of August. Then he asked her whether she wished him to continue to serve her or not. She said, 'Yes;' but the next day he received a note from her, saying that she did not wish to continue him in her service, and desiring him to vacate the white staff of office instead of returning it, and promising a pension of £4000 a year.

He declared in his note of reply that he was not conscious of one undutiful act or word towards her Majesty, which probably was true, for though millions had passed through his hands, he remained a very poor man, and would actually have been in want, but that he inherited his elder brother's estate in Cornwall. The pension was never paid; indeed, there was not much time for giving it, for he was already in failing health, and died on the 15th of September, 1712.

Robert Harley became Lord Treasurer, and several of the principal Whigs, in alarm, lest Marlborough should resign his command, wrote to him with the utmost earnestness to entreat him to remain. The Queen herself likewise wrote to him, assuring him that the change of Treasurer should not prevent the army from being well supplied. He replied by a letter, saying that the confidence of the Allies was much shaken, but that it might be restored if he were appointed Commander-in-Chief for life.

Anne consulted the Lord Chancellor Cowper, whether such a measure would be legal and constitutional, and he, knowing that similar grants by Elizabeth and Charles I. had been prevented, replied that it might be legal, but was certainly not constitutional; and Anne therefore explained that, by the advice of her Ministers, she must refuse. The Tories declared him to have wished to make himself perpetual Dictator.

The Queen was now induced to dissolve Parliament. The Lord Chancellor, Cowper, endeavoured to dissuade her, lest the influence on the war should be unfavourable, but she persisted. 'The Parliament *shall* be dissolved,' she said; and the elections were almost all in the Tory interest. Lord Somers, the only member of the Cabinet

whom she would willingly have retained, resigned, and the Queen's uncle, Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, took his place as President of the Council. Harley likewise tried to retain Lord Cowper, but in vain, and the Seals were given to Lord Harcourt, leaving no Whig in high office except the Duke of Somerset, who was Master of the Horse. The new Secretary of State was Henry St. John, an exceedingly able man, and every means was used by pamphlets and papers to influence the public mind in favour of the changes. The Queen was in much better spirits than she had been since her husband's death, feeling as one relieved from a heavy burthen; but the Duchess of Marlborough still held the post of Mistress of the Robes with the gold keys of office, and replied to letters to demand them from her by threats of publishing all the Morley and Freeman correspondence. All was kept waiting for Marlborough's return from his campaign. He did not come back till December, and then his carriage was followed by the people with enthusiastic shouts; but he had the good taste not to let them escort him to St. James's, but drove to Montagu House, and only repaired to the Queen when he could do so quietly.

There had never been any fault to find with his demeanour to the Queen, and she did not receive him ungraciously, but she only talked of the weather. Lord Dartmouth had been very much afraid that he would talk her over, and all the other Ministers had absolutely insisted on the dismissal of the Duchess.

Marlborough had come home, ill, harassed, and anxious, and in his next interview, he sadly told the Queen how worn out he was, and assured her that he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She declared afterwards that she had nearly laughed in his face, but he probably quite believed what he said. He had never grasped at the means of supporting the high rank and honours lavishly granted, but fully earned, and though he had gone beyond the just limits of acceptance, he had made more than one renunciation for the public good. However, Anne was steeled against him, and went on to desire that his wife would send back the gold keys.

He begged, for the sake of the Allies, that the Queen would wait till peace should be made, when both would retire together. 'No,' she said; 'it must be sent at once.'

The Duke knelt, and begged for ten days' respite, to prepare his wife; but Anne insisted, and when the Duke began to plead for some officers who were under arrest for using abusive terms towards the Ministry when drinking his health, she broke in, 'I will talk of no other business till I have the key.'

The Duke went home and told the Duchess, and on his insisting, she snatched the key from her girdle, and flung it into the middle of the room, whence he took it up, and carried it to the Queen, who received it like the spoils of an enemy. She made the Duchess of Somerset Mistress of the Robes, and Mrs. Masham Keeper of her Privy Purse.

Lord Cowper, going next day to Montagu House, found the Duke lying on his bed in a room full of company, the Duchess railing violently at the Queen, and their daughter, wife to Godolphin's son, was weeping near her father, while her mother blamed her for being so silly as still to love the Queen, and Marlborough softly told those about him not to heed his wife, for no one minded what she said when she was in a passion. Poor man, he had reason to know it; she really loved him heartily, yet once, when in a rage with him, she had cut off all her beautiful hair because he admired it. She found it after his death hidden in a secret drawer among his greatest treasures.

Whatever might be said of his avarice, she had always been an honest and disinterested woman. When her accounts were rendered in, on her going out of office, no flaw was found in them, she had voluntarily abolished the system of fees to herself for appointments in the household, and when Swift, in one of his lampoons declared her of having gorged £22,000, the Queen herself declared it a calumny, and said cheating had never been one of the Duchess's faults. Long ago the Queen, in an access of affection, had granted her a pension of £2000 a year, but this she had never drawn. However, now in her anger she claimed all the arrears for nine years back, and to this the Queen assented silently. She likewise, on being desired to remove her property from St. James's, ordered the brass locks on the doors and the marble chimney-pieces to be torn off. Her husband was in Holland by this time, and, much vexed, wrote to stop the destruction in time to save the mantelpieces, but not the doors. The Queen could not but be much displeased, and said she would build no house for one who was pulling hers to pieces. For the great grant for Blenheim was remembered in 'A Bill of English gratitude,' contrasted with 'A Bill of Roman gratitude,' which was put forth by Swift, where the expenses of a triumph were estimated at £994 11*s.* 10*d.*, and those of English gratitude at £540,000.

Such attacks greatly harassed Marlborough, and were most certainly beyond what he deserved, and he had been very glad to get away to the Continent, where he was appreciated far more than at home, as an admirable general, and moreover as a man of such prudence and forbearance that no personal matter ever made him forget the interests and honour of his country.

In the meantime Harley, as Prime Minister, did not satisfy the extreme Tories, and, indeed, he could not have done so without alienating the other half of the country. A strange thing happened which gave him for a time popularity. There was a certain Abbé Guiscard, a wretch who had broken the laws both of the Church and State in the most flagrant manner, who fled to England and there professed to be a convert to Protestantism, having given up everything for the sake of his faith. Of course those who knew nothing of his antecedents admired and made much of him, and he was offered Church preferment; but probably he was not in Holy

Orders, and did not wish to be, for he obtained the command of a foreign regiment in the English service, partly composed of disbanded Dutch Guards, partly of the scum of the French refugees. It had the reputation of being the wickedest body of men in Europe; but, happily, was entirely cut to pieces at Almanza, though Guiscard escaped, after showing great daring.

He obtained a pension of £500 a year; but Harley, as Lord Treasurer, reduced it to £400, whereupon he offered himself as a spy to Louis XIV. He had an interview with the Queen on the evening of the 7th of March, 1711, nobody being present but Mrs. Kirk, the lady in waiting, who generally was asleep all the time of such attendance.

He urged his entreaty against the reduction of his pension, but in the meantime his French correspondence had been detected, and the next morning he was arrested in St. James's Park, and brought before the Privy Council then sitting in the Cockpit. He desired to speak in private with Secretary St. John, and when told this was not fit to be granted to a man in his situation, he flew at Harley and stabbed him in the breast with a pocket-knife, which struck against the bone, and broke short off. He repeated the blow, and Harley fell bleeding. 'The villain has murdered Mr. Harley!' cried St. John, and there was a general rush at him with fists, swords, and whatever came to hand. He would have been killed on the spot but Lord Paulet called out that he ought to be kept for examination. As he was dragged out the wretch entreated to be despatched; but the Duke of Ormond, who was nearest, told him it was not work for a gentleman. When taken into another room he desired to speak to the Duke of Ormond, who was accompanied by Lord Dartmouth. He seems to have rambled a good deal, repeating that the Duke of Marlborough was a lucky man; he was taken to Newgate, and there died of his wounds.

The public decided that Harley was the victim of a Papist plot, rejoiced that the Queen had escaped, and tried to banish all Roman Catholics from London. Harley's peace of mind and composure on the first shock, while the blade was still in his body, and his life might be in danger, were regarded as witnesses to his excellent disposition, and he became extremely popular. He was a long time recovering, and when he appeared again was received with enthusiastic compliments in the House of Commons, whence he was soon promoted as Earl of Oxford.

The Queen's health seems to have been shaken by the alarm, and very soon after she lost her uncle, Lord Rochester. She was heartily longing for peace, and when papers authorising measures connected with the War were brought to her for signature, she would sigh and exclaim, 'When will this spilling of blood be at an end?'

However, an unexpected event changed the whole course of affairs. This was the death of the Emperor Joseph from small-pox, or

perhaps from the treatment which swathed him from head to foot in scarlet cloth. He died on the 17th of April, 1711, leaving only two daughters, and Charles remained the last male of the House of Hapsburg. He set forth to obtain his election to be King of the Romans, and the contest in Spain was virtually given up, though Barcelona, hoping for aid from Germany, actually held out till 1714.

There was no one who was not weary of the war, in England or France, except the victorious army of Marlborough; and the death of Joseph I. made a good reason for giving up the cause of Charles, since no one wished to see Germany and Spain united as under Charles V. Eugene had to withdraw his troops to guard the Diet at Frankfort for the election of an Empire from a dash of the French, and thus Marlborough had not number enough for a brilliant dash over the frontier, such as might have finished the war before Paris.

This was the conclusion of that war on behalf of two puppet-like rivals, in which, as Charles truly said, the English had all the glory.

It seems a strange way of entering on negotiation, but Anne, desirous of understanding the real state of the French King's mind, availed herself of a certain Abbé Gautier, who had come to England as Confessor to Marshal Tallard when a prisoner, to ask Louis XIV. privately if he were really bent on peace. Things had come to such a pass that it was like asking a drowning man whether he would take hold of a rope. The poor old bereaved King, now past seventy, was considering of putting himself at the head of his reserves.

However, measures began to be taken in earnest, and there was a further shock to the popularity of the war in England from the failure of an expedition against the French possession in Canada, which had been entrusted to Mrs. Masham's brother, General Hill, a man whose promotion had caused great displeasure. The failure was, however, not his fault, but that of bad weather and insufficient supplies.

The Queen let Louis know the points on which she meant to insist—the dismantling of Dunkirk, the cession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, commercial advantages for England, and—to our shame be it spoken—the Assiento, or monopoly of the slave-trade for thirty years, also a guarantee that France and Spain should never be united, as was only too possible in the direct line of succession, since Philip V. was the next heir to France after the sickly babe his brother had left—and of course, the recognition of herself as Queen of England. In return, she was willing to accept Philip V. as King of Spain and the Indies, provided he resigned Naples and the Low Countries. Louis sent over an envoy called Mesnager, who agreed to these terms; and Anne then saw the Dutch deputy Heinsius, and told him that she was anxious for peace. If the Allies would not agree in the terms, she would prosecute the war; but as England was only bound to supply the third part of the expenses, and had really defrayed them all, she should only give the third part.

They were very angry, and it was felt that while they still saw Marlborough at the head of the army, they would not give up hope, nor believe Anne in earnest.

A serious complaint had been raised against him, and every one was envenomed. The Austrian Ambassador, Count Gallas, had been shown, in strict confidence, a copy of these preliminaries, and he gave one to the Whig newspaper, the *Daily Courant*. Furious invectives were thereupon launched against the Ministry, and the Tories replied with equal abuse of Marlborough, who complained to Oxford.

The answer was, 'As I know I am every week, if not every day, the mark for some libel or other, I would willingly compound that all the ill-natured scribblers should write ten times more against me, upon condition they would write against nobody else.'

Commissioners had been appointed to examine into the expenditure during the war, and a Jew contractor for the supply of the army, Sir Solomon Medina, stated that he had paid the Duke of Marlborough a large sum every year for his own use. The universal conclusion was, that this was meant as a bribe to make the Commander-in-Chief wink at the insufficient provision of food, clothing, and the like sent to the soldiers. Indeed, it is said that the men threw their ragged coats over the wall of St. James's Palace, and that the Queen wept at the sight. It is a fact, however, that, besides that these same coats had been through a campaign, and that the roguery of the Commissariat has been always a proverb, Marlborough's army was noted on the Continent for the excellence of the appointments of the men.

He defended himself by a statement that these sums had always been the perquisite of all commanders, and he had used them for secret service money as well as two and a half per cent deducted—with the consent of the other Princes of the Grand Alliance, from the pay of the troops contributed by them. Through the intelligence conveyed by persons paid by this money, he considered most of his successes to have been gained.

He came home soon after, but avoided entering London, lest he should be dragged into the Whig celebrations of the accession of Queen Elizabeth on the 17th of December, when there was always a party procession with bon-fires and burnings in effigy. The Tories feared a riot, kept the military in readiness, and captured the figures that were to have been burnt.

Marlborough saw the Queen, and remonstrated on the preliminaries of the Peace; but in the meantime Swift published a pamphlet on the 'Selfishness of the Allies,' proving that the Allies had left England to pay almost all the expenses, as well as to win almost all the battles throughout the war, when, after all, the gain would be far more to them than it could be to England. It had a most telling effect as a prelude to the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament on the 7th of December, when she spoke of peace as nearly secure, in spite of the arts of those who wished to prolong the war.

There was a hot debate afterwards among the Peers on the Address, and Lord Nottingham moved that no peace could be safe which left Spain and the West Indies in the hands of one of the French royal family. Lord Anglesea said peace might have been made after Ramillies, but for some interested person.

On this Marlborough rose, and justly defended himself, for he had really always grieved over the war, and only wished to end it honourably; but he was one who hated the French so much as to think Europe unsafe as long as Spain remained to a Bourbon, and the majority of the Peers were with him; but the Commons were more Tory, and Robert Walpole's motion, on the same lines as that of Nottingham, was negatived.

So a Congress at Utrecht was decided on, and the Queen's Commissioner was Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, Lord Privy Seal, the first and only ecclesiastic who had been in the Government since Bishop Juxon under Charles I. Prince Eugene came over to see whether he could influence the Queen in favour of the Allies, and of his friend Marlborough. But Prince Eugene was given to living in camps, and caring little for appearances; he had never worn anything but a tie wig, and Queen Anne considered it a personal insult to appear before her in anything but a full bottomed wig. In the antechamber, the Austrian Ambassador saw with dismay the mere military periwig of the Prince, and warned him. Eugene replied, rather contemptuously, that he had tried to borrow a wig of the right sort from his valets and footmen, but nobody had such a thing! So in he went, and being always small, thin, and slight, he was almost eclipsed by the stately presence of Mr. Secretary St. John!

The Queen was displeased, though on her birthday he appeared in grand equipment, and smothered in a huge wig. She was obliged to present him with a sword worth £4000; but she avoided all conversation on business with him, and he could give no material aid to his friend Marlborough, except by manifesting his own warm sense of affection and admiration.

The inquiry into the Duke's supposed peculations was going on, and when the Duke's sedan-chair was stopped on this very birthday in the Park by crowds who wanted to see the Prince, on finding who it was, they cried, 'Stop thief!'

Eugene was shocked and did all in his power for his friend. When Bishop Burnet showed him a spiteful sentence saying the Duke of Marlborough had been *once* fortunate, he answered that it was the greatest of compliments, since, if mere fortune had once decided a success for the Duke, it proved that all the rest had been owing to his ability. When the Lord Treasurer congratulated himself on entertaining the greatest captain of the day, 'It is you who have made me so,' replied the Prince, meaning that this was by removing Marlborough from the command. His generous defence caused him to share his friend's unpopularity. Ribald ballads were sung, which

happily he did not understand, about his mother, Olympia Mancini, and he was even accused, together with the Duke and Duchess, of encouraging a wild set of young men of the higher ranks, who called themselves Mohawks, and made night hideous in the streets of London with their drunken brawls, ferocious pranks, and savage revelries, which timid people even suspected to be intended to cover plans of assassination of the Queen, and burning London. There was immense excitement; the Whig ladies would not go to Court, and as it was then the fashion to wear little black patches of Court plaister to enhance the fairness of the complexion, the Whig ladies put them on one side of the face, and the Tories on the other.

Giving up hope, after ten weeks Eugene left England, and though the Conferences at Utrecht were going on, the Duke of Ormond joined him with the English Army when he took the field against Villars. Both wished to follow up Marlborough's scheme and march into France. There was great alarm at Versailles, and it was advised that Louis XIV. should retire to Blois; but at seventy-four, after all his sorrows, the old lion was ready to turn to bay. He wrote to Villars to give battle, adding, that in case of defeat, he would himself come to Péronne or St. Quentin to collect the remnant of the army, summon his nobles to his standard, and die in the last conflict. No doubt the old bereaved man felt that if his sun was going down, such a blood-red sunset would leave a recollection of glory.

Private orders were, however, sent to Ormond not to join in a battle, and he therefore refused when Eugene wished to attack Villars in camp. His English soldiers and the Dutch Allies were extremely incensed, and an explanation was demanded in the House of Lords by Lord Halifax, demanding that the General should be commanded to act with the Allies. Marlborough pointed out what an advantage a victory would give in the negotiations; and thereupon Earl Paulet insultingly said that 'Ormond was brave, but not like a certain General, who led troops to the slaughter, and caused officers to be knocked on the head in battle, or against stone walls, that he might dispose of their commissions.' Halifax's motion was lost by sixty-eight to forty, but afterwards the Duke felt himself bound to send Lord Mohun with a challenge to Paulet for this flagrant insult. Lady Paulet discovered what was intended, and sent to Lord Dartmouth, who arrested Paulet and informed the Queen, and she sent orders to Marlborough to abstain.

Victories could not be expected in such a state of affairs, Ormond was greatly perplexed between his honour and his orders, and the Dutch withdrew their troops from his command and placed them under that of Eugene. When Quesnoy was besieged, and the Prince, annoyed at the scanty support he gave, reproached him, and appealed to his sense of honour, the poor man was reduced to saying that he knew no honour but to obey his Queen's orders.

Things grew worse when Dunkirk was to be placed in English

hands as a pledge, and on this Ormond marched off with his British troops, raging with vexation and shedding tears of wrath. There were numerous regiments of Germans in British pay, and these absolutely refused to follow him, though he cut off their arrears of pay, and as they would not retreat with him, the gates of Dunkirk were shut against him, and he had to return home in great humiliation, though the peace party did their utmost to console him.

Quesnoy had, however, fallen, and Eugene was besieging Landrecies with very strong lines of defence; at Denain, Keppel, Lord Albemarle, a great friend of William III., was now commanding seventeen battalions of Dutch and German troops of the covering army. A false attack was made to draw off his dragoons, and then Villars attacked him with the best French troops. The steadiness of the English under fire was missed, and Albemarle was made prisoner, with two Nassau princes, the Princes of Holstein and Anhalt, and a great number of officers, only 400 men escaping. Another great outpost with a quantity of artillery was soon after taken by Villars, Eugene was obliged to raise the siege of Landrecies, the spirits of the French revived, and Villars retook Douai, Quesnoy, and Bouchain. By the end of the campaign, Eugene had lost fifty battalions, and 20,000 of his men were prisoners.

The other armies of Louis had done nothing of consequence, and the Duke of Vendôme had died in Spain of over-eating himself with Mediterranean fish.

Henry St. John, whom Anne created Viscount Bolingbroke, was sent to Paris to arrange the conclusion of the treaty, taking with him Matthew Prior, the poet, as his secretary; and Lord Lexington was sent to Spain, where Philip had to make his choice between his present kingdom and the not improbable succession to France, in case of the death of his little nephew, the infant Dauphin. He declared that he would never forsake his faithful Spaniards, and as nothing could induce the Powers of Europe to consent to a union of the crowns of France and Spain, he renounced any possible rights in France to his brother of Berry and the House of Orleans, while they gave up any chances of the Spanish inheritance to the House of Savoy, who were descended from a daughter of Philip II. Staremberg still held out in brave Barcelona; but the Emperor Charles would not make any terms for the Catalans, his first and last supporters. His troops and those of the English were withdrawn, but still the city stood a siege by Berwick, ending in a blockade of almost unexampled misery, so that when at length the place was taken, it was a scene of utter desolation, and Catalonia suffered by the loss of all her precious privileges. The fortress of Gibraltar and the island of Minorca were to be retained by England. The Emperor Charles resigned his claims to Spain on receiving the Netherlands and Lombardy, while the two Sicilies were made into a kingdom and bestowed on Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. The Dutch obtained various frontier towns, and

were to guard the Belgian provinces for the Austrians. Louis resigned Newfoundland, Upper Canada, and Nova Scotia to the English, and deprived the young Stewart of his protection, sending him to live in Lorraine, and acknowledging Anne as Queen.

Such were the terms finally agreed to at Utrecht. The Duke of Hamilton, a Jacobite at heart, was about to be sent to Versailles to ratify it, when on the 15th of November, 1712, he and a noted duellist, Lord Mohun, were found both dying in Kensington Park. The Duke was said to have insulted Lord Mohun, and a deadly duel took place, the details of which were never thoroughly understood. However, the peace was signed by all the sovereigns concerned, and though it was a matter of party, and England had gained little but glory, it was well that Europe should be at rest.

Godolphin died while the peace was being concluded, and Marlborough and his wife went to Holland and Germany, where every honour was paid to them.

THOUGHTS ON SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

BY E. M. SEWELL.

II.

Romans xii. 8. . . . *He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity.*

One's want of simplicity is grievous. Even if there is not self-consciousness at the time when any apparently good action is performed, there is afterwards; or else there is a secret self-satisfaction at having been, as we think, simple-minded—the thanksgiving of the Pharisee—'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are!' Simplicity and a single eye! I suppose they are nearly synonymous, and if we desire to attain simplicity, we must act with a single eye to God's will and His Glory. This will keep simplicity from degenerating into indifference, which is always a danger. When we do not think of ourselves, we think of nothing,—give, as a matter of course,—attend to religion outwardly, because we are accustomed to do so, etc. If we could remember when we give a penny to a beggar, or do a slight act of kindness to an acquaintance or a friend, that we are doing it for Christ, we should never be lukewarm, never affected or pretentious. Our thoughts would be drawn off from ourselves; and this is the only rule by which simplicity can be attained. Then, too, we should never be ashamed of giving little, or hesitate about putting forth our names, or the reverse. The one question, 'which will conduce most to God's Glory,' would decide everything, and we should find in the end that by making this one object our aim, we had arrived at a wise *worldly decision;* for we should never be inconsistent, and it is inconsistency which is the ruin of influence, and the disturber of all plans. Trusting in ourselves because we trusted in God, we should have a calm, clear judgment, which would ultimately lead us safely through the most perplexing circumstances. The principle applies to every action, every gift—to the deed of kindness, as well as the bestowal of alms. With it there would be no disappointment caused by ingratitude; for, having worked for God, we could not fail of our reward in His approval; whilst our benevolence or sympathy would be free from change, because it would be based on a foundation independent of change.

Romans xii. 8. . . . *He that ruleth, with diligence.*

That word diligence expresses just what one feels is needful for wise government, and what is so often wanting. The very energy of

power too commonly weakens diligence, because from our human weakness the impulse of exertion is so soon exhausted. I suppose the best government is rather negative than positive; interfering to prevent evil, rather than to compel what seems to be good. Liberty is essential for its working; only diligence must be used, that by a constant watchfulness it may be prevented from degenerating into license. Diligence, too, implies a habit of attention to trifles, guarding against the first entrance of evil, making the most of opportunities, and acting with tact. All these things also are necessary in self-government. We shall manage ourselves better by checking evil diligently, than by striving too directly to implant good. Indeed, when we do strive for that, we are undertaking what is beyond our power. If we fix the eye of our mind on our Saviour, and then guard against the approach of everything which we feel would be displeasing to Him, we shall make much greater progress than by lecturing ourselves, and making resolutions, and living in a constant state of self-reproach. God works for us, and in us. He plants the seed and nurtures it. All that He requires of us is to take care that no weeds destroy it, and this care must be diligent; impulse will not be sufficient.

Romans xii. 8. . . . *He that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.*

Mercy, I suppose, meaning not only acts of benevolence, but of ordinary daily kindness in one's own home. A large share of our mercy is bestowed with indifference as a matter of course; much also performed with a secret unwillingness that betrays itself in spite of our efforts to conceal it. Only a little is shown cheerfully, and that little is frequently made pleasant to others merely because it happens to please ourselves. In fact, we are nearly all desperately selfish; and we can only learn to show mercy with cheerfulness by being unselfish; and unselfishness, if it is not natural, is only acquired by a recognition of our Lord's Presence in every duty. What we do for Him—not from duty or obedience only—but directly and personally for *Him*, must be done cheerfully. Who could think of Him, and perform any action in direct remembrance of Him, and not do it cheerfully! Perhaps also there is a suggestion in this admonition, not to mar our kind acts by lecturing and reproaches. Persons often do that with the poor and with children. They give, or they grant favours, but they think it necessary at the same time to make a kind of protest against any faults which they may have observed. As if the fact of giving, or of doing kindnesses, bestowed a right to censure by putting the donor in a position of superiority. This can never be the case really with the poor, since to give or to help them, is to give or to help Christ. It is a privilege, not a condescension.

Romans xii. 9. *Let love be without dissimulation.*

That is really one of the most difficult commands to follow, or even to

satisfy oneself about. *Feeling* is so different at different times, and if the love shown is only to be in accordance with the amount of feeling at the moment, we should perpetually be sufferers from each other's caprice. I suppose the right thing is to love upon principle, and show one's love upon principle; which sounds cold, and may lead to formalism and hypocrisy; but then everything in this world may be exaggerated, and a rule may be right in itself, though it may by exaggeration tend to error. Christian love—love which remembers that we are all living in Christ's Presence, and that all are dear to Him—must be the only true lasting love. Bitter feelings would cease if we realised that the very persons who excite our enmity—and apparently from a just cause—are those for whose salvation Christ is as deeply interested as He is for our own. But if we look into our own hearts I question whether very often we should not find that we actually do not wish for the salvation of the persons we dislike. We do not, indeed, *wish* for their punishment, that would be fiendish; but we desire that their eternity should be spent somewhere apart from us. Yet we call ourselves Christians, and speak of our fellow-creatures as our brethren! Any profession of love in such a state of mind must be dissimulation, and only the thought of our Lord's love for those we dislike can give us a real feeling for them. We are not to compassionate them patronisingly, but simply to look at them as He does, and to remember that He died for them. Even those whom we scarcely think of must become interesting when thus considered, and then at once love will exist without dissimulation. People are so different to us according to the light in which we regard them. Our eyes do actually 'see all things in hues of our own, fresh borrowed from our hearts.' For instance, we feel Sundays to be unlike other days; we almost *see* that it is so; the world even in its natural objects is changed to us though remaining the same. A room which is filled with those we love is not in the least the same room as it is when occupied on other occasions. The alteration is not to be described, but it is perfectly real, and so it is with human beings. A physician in a sick room seems a distinct person from a physician out of the sick room. We can therefore teach ourselves to look at the persons among whom we dwell either as human beings or as *Christians*. If they are Christians—that is, admitted into the Church of Christ—we must with this fact actually present to us (not merely acknowledged in reason) love them without dissimulation.

Romans xii. 9. *Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.*

Not what we *think* evil, not only what shocks us, but all evil of every kind. The term used is very strong—*abhor*. I doubt if we do, as a general rule, at all follow out this precept. Self-love blinds us in our own case, and a false charity in that of others. We can only learn the guilt of evil by learning the value of good; so we shall

never truly abhor evil until it shall please God to renew our nature, and make it perfect in another world. We should remember this, for it is the key to much which may seem perplexing to us both in the condemnation and the punishment of sin. Persons say that Adam's sin was so slight! They do not and cannot look at it in the light in which it would be regarded even by an angel, still less by an All Holy God. And so with other sins daily committed—little negligences, little disobediences, slight breaches of the laws of purity and propriety, hasty words, harsh judgments—because we call them slight, we think they are slight, but the word is used only as a term of comparison. The evil of sin is infinite, and a finite nature cannot comprehend it. The words, therefore, which we use to express the enormity of wilful and deliberate transgression, have really no relation to the amount of the offence. Draco's laws were founded upon a true principle, though not applicable to the condition of human beings. Perhaps we may teach ourselves to abhor evil by constantly seeking for good—searching for it in others, and cherishing it in ourselves; and especially bringing before ourselves the example of our Lord; thinking what He would have done, how He would have acted, and imagining what the world would be if good were universally to prevail. So, by filling our minds with images of holiness, we shall become more and more alive to the deformity of that which is unholy; by constantly looking at the blue sky we shall learn to trace and to lament the faintest shadow of a cloud.

This seems vague, but it is not really so. We do actually dwell so much upon evil! Either we are thinking of our own faults, or trying to subdue those of others, and so unconsciously we get used to the presence, though not the practice of sin. *See* it we must, but the mind to be pure and safe should *rest—linger* on the idea of goodness.

Romans xii. 9. . . . *Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.*

This, again, is a strength of expression which we seldom if ever realise. Our hold of good is so slight, the least temptation serves to loosen it. Reasonably, therefore, we ought to be more humbled by what are called slight offences than even by those which are more startling. If the temptation is so slight, what excuse can there be for giving way to it? and yet how we do give way! how, even when we think ourselves most safe and earnest, is some little proof given that we are not cleaving to good, but upon the point of falling away from it! The one means of cleaving must be the continued consciousness of Christ's Presence—the constant reference to Him. Our hold of good is weak because our motives are weak; and our motives are weak because they are various. We do one good action for one reason, another for another. When the particular reason is not present the good action is either omitted or performed

imperfectly. But to *do all for Christ* will give strength and consistency of character; and the consistent principle will enable us to stand firm, to cleave to good whether the worldly motive be great or little. So we shall not omit small duties, for they will cease to be small, being performed for Christ. It is the neglect of these small duties which is the cause why we do not *cleave* to good; the strength of our principles escapes by tiny leaks, which we either do not see, or do not take the trouble to stop.

Romans xii. 10. *Be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.*

Brotherly love bears a great deal, and influences us much more perhaps than we are at all apt to imagine. We live with our relations till their interests become so much our own that everything which affects them affects us, and so unconsciously, even for our own sakes, we seek their good. And with regard to their faults; we are offended, jarred upon, fretted into irritation, we have perhaps serious differences for a short time, but we overlook it all—forgiven is forgotten—we scarcely know why—only we are brothers and sisters. Of course there are exceptions to this; but where there is any real brotherly love this is how it acts. And the rule, according to the Apostle, is to hold good for *all*. Little slights, neglects, rudenesses are to be overlooked, for we are brothers; a fault committed against us is never to be dwelt upon; reconciliation is to be made easy. It is a difficult rule to carry out, for there are cases when truth and right bid us show that we are displeased. Perhaps not to speak unnecessarily upon the points in dispute, not to allow our minds to dwell upon them would help us—and always—consistently with truth—to see the full extent of the good in the persons who have offended us. Also, when we do speak of them to say plainly what it is we disapprove of, or quarrel with them for; not to give apparent praise, and cherish a 'but' in our secret hearts, and never to mention the evil without adding also the good.

Romans xii. 10. . . . *In honour preferring one another.*

There is nothing one finds more difficult. The second place we can give easily enough; but the first we feel we must keep for ourselves. One smiles in reading the story of the Greek general in heathen times, and the testimony given to his worth by his fellow-commanders, who placed each himself first, and the great general second. But we do the same thing continually, however loth we may be to acknowledge it. The first sensation on hearing another praised is the certain indication of the tendency of the heart. How often is praise of another taken as a kind of tacit reproof! One may reason against the feeling and overcome it, still it exists. I suppose it can only be conquered by a large view of the aims and the object of goodness; of the reason why we are to strive after it. Goodness is the attribute of God; evil is its

antagonist. Our aim must be to promote good to the utmost, under every form, therefore we must rejoice in it wherever it is met with. If we try to be good ourselves, but find others are better, it is only an increased cause of rejoicing. So with beauty, talent, even wealth —which are all means of furthering goodness and usefulness—the right feeling is not to grieve because we have less, but to be thankful because others have *more*. After all, what a bitter and dispiriting thing it would be to be told that one was the best person in the world!

Romans xii. 11. *Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*

The three injunctions must be taken together. Many persons are very 'diligent in business,' but not in the least 'fervent in spirit;' and therefore of course they do not 'serve the Lord.' Diligence, even in duty, is in fact easy to some from their natural temperament, which makes habit so powerful that they—as it were by instinct—pursue it. There is much good in this—some evil also. Outward good tends to self-deception. The part of true wisdom, therefore, seems to be to read these injunctions backwards. 'Serving the Lord' —therefore, 'fervent in spirit'—therefore, 'diligent in business.' With this rule we should never be discontented whatever that business may be. We sigh for rest, and indulge day-dreams of some future season of repose; but what should we do if it were offered us? Whilst we can labour for Christ, who would seriously desire to sit still? Better far to take the day's business thankfully as it comes, to feel that we are 'serving the Lord,' and in that thought to find a rest which the world cannot give, and therefore cannot take away.

Romans xii. 12. *Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.*

No person but one who has naturally very little hope can imagine how difficult the injunction to 'rejoice in hope' is. Resigned such a person may be, and patient; but to be hopeful seems beyond human power. Yet it is a command, therefore there must be some way of fulfilling it. Hope and Faith are so intermingled that they are often confounded; and this perhaps creates a difficulty in dealing with ourselves. A natural absence of hope *apparently* weakens faith. Dr. Pusey says: 'We could not hope for what we believe not,' and certainly that is true; and so likewise we cannot *feel* that we have faith in that for which we cannot hope. But here, as elsewhere, we must trust that action, not feeling is the test of the virtue. If we try to bring our actions into conformity with God's law, we prove our faith. If we have faith, we have a ground also for hope; and perhaps the best way to meet the cold, paralysing doubt of all things, which is to some minds the abiding trial of life, is simply to turn away from all these metaphysical inquiries as to the state of one's own mind, and to rest the test of oneself simply upon the question,

'Am I trying to serve God?' If I am, then I believe, whether I know it or not; and if I believe, the absence of Hope is a temptation of the Devil, to be rejected as such. Many there are who doubt what they wish for, as also many there are who believe what they wish for. These are individual characteristics which do not at all affect the great question of the state of each individual in God's sight. If we feel that unbelief and consequent hopelessness would be misery, then our *will* rejects unbelief, and what our will rejects, we are not responsible for.

Romans xii. 12. *Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.*

Patient, yet praying. The two conditions of mind sometimes appear incompatible, for prayer involves wishing, and wishing seems inconsistent with patience. Yet I suppose it cannot really be so. Indeed, it is impossible, since patience and prayer are eqnally the commands of God. Perhaps part of the lesson we have to learn here is to be contented to abide in a condition of *wishing—dormant wishing* —or such at least as shall only vent itself in prayer as a relief, and then sink back into thankful acquiescence with whatever God may appoint. The wishing which is not joined with prayer is impatience; that which is, is simply the expression of a need—innocent in itself, and which may become sanctified by being the means of bringing us nearer to God. I doubt whether a state of mind in which we wish for nothing would be desirable, even if it were possible. It would probably degenerate into coldness and absence of sympathy with the needs of others. A condition which, if universal, would be the world's stagnation, must be faulty, and certainly if no one wished for anything, life would stand still. But to check the wishes which cannot be connected with prayer, and when the answer to prayer is delayed, still to be 'patient in our tribulation,' whatever it may be, and still to continue 'instant in prayer,' *that* would seem to be the real Christian duty.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

IV.

A MOUNTAIN BALL.

AFTER a week of holiday, and the excitement occasioned by the Tournament, Mr. Blake was thankful to get his young men back to camp, and he worked us 'double tides' to make up for the time that had been lost in gaiety.

Work was pressed so rapidly in the fine cool autumn days which succeeded what Blake called 'the heated turn,' that there was little time for any engagements outside of railway business.

The incident that most moved the camp was the death of our snake-dog Tim. Whenever Tim was bitten by a snake, he would droop for several days, refusing food and patiently licking his wound. One day, however, a snake struck his fangs into his neck. He could not reach the spot with his tongue, and, after drooping in the usual way some days, the poor brute breathed his last.

In connection with his death, several queer superstitions cropped up amongst the mountaineers in camp, and even Peter showed that negro superstitions still clouded his Christian mind.

'I never knew a negro who did not believe in the evil eye and in such things,' said Gresham. 'They are not a quarrelsome people, and the reason is that they are afraid to quarrel. A lot of trash, such as a dried eel's skin,* a dead baby's finger, and so forth, laid in the night before the door of a man's sleeping place, will put a spell as they believe upon him. The most pious and intelligent of them all, will probably, if he can, have heathen rites performed over his death-bed. Why, sir—I come from Maryland, and in my country there are twice as many free negroes as slaves; but only the other day a free negro woman living near my father's place, came very near starving to death in her cabin through superstition. She was in the habit of sending out her children every day to beg, and her white neighbours supplied her wants abundantly; but everything she got was exchanged at some low groggery, where negroes dealt, for pounds and pounds of cayenne pepper. She fancied herself possessed, and could

* The same superstition exists in the Keltic parts of France. See George Sands' 'Nanon.'

not sleep unless a circle of red pepper were sprinkled nightly round her bed to keep off witches.'

One Sunday, as the press of work slackened, I rode over to Edenswood, the home of Miss Harriett's father, and went with her to a primitive little church—called Cranmer Chapel—in the woods. After dinner we walked together in the orchard and gathered apples or late peaches from great standard trees. I was pleased, a little while before supper, to see Gresham mounted upon Blake's horse, riding up to the house, through the woods.

On joining us, he said to me, 'A great caucus was held in camp after you left; we are to break camp next Saturday and move into the very heart of the mountains. It has been resolved, before this comes to pass, to give the mountain girls a ball.'

'A ball!' cried Miss Harriett. 'Of course you will ask me. I should like to see the mountain belles in their finery.'

'I am afraid our ball is not for such as you, Miss Harriett,' said Gresham. 'Your presence would honour us very much, but such a crowd as these mountain girls you never were associated with.'

'That is why I do not want to miss this chance of seeing them,' she said. 'Invite me or not, as you please, I shall come. I do not mind owning that I am not one of your aristocrats of the Lower Counties, whom I meet sometimes at the springs. They go in for super-extra refinement. I don't pretend to fastidious exclusiveness, though some of my ancestors are as good as any who came from below tide-water.'

'But you would have to spend the night in camp, Hattie,' said Miss Harriett's mother. 'There is not a house where you could stay within eight miles. How will your guests manage about sleeping, Mr. Gresham?'

'Oh! the girls will dance all night and take breakfast in the morning, and get home in time to milk the cows, and do a hard day's work. That's the style of thing for that style of company,' was the answer.

'Do you invite the mountain *beaux?*'

'Only a select few of them—friends of our axemen. We want the girls to ourselves; and their swains I reckon would not want to come. They know that beside us they would appear to disadvantage.'

'I should like so much to go,' said Miss Harriett under her breath, tears gathering in her pretty eyes.

'Well, then, daughter,' put in her father, 'you have had so little chance to "hop" of late, that if you wish to see this thing, I am ready to ride with you to camp. We can stay there for an hour or so, and when you are tired ride home again before daybreak. I suppose you have arranged for a moon, Mr. Gresham?'

On the day appointed it was six o'clock when Miss Hattie and her father reached the encampment. We had pitched it on a hillside near a little creek which afforded us good water for drinking, cooking, and bathing purposes.

Our camp consisted of four sleeping tents, each holding three men; the dining tent, whose sides were now rolled up, so that its canvas roof formed an awning; the tent appropriated to Peter's culinary mysteries, and another set apart as a storehouse for provisions. A floor had been laid down for dancing under the trees, and three negro fiddlers from the neighbourhood sat shiny and beaming upon barrels, engaged in tuning their instruments.

Girls were flocking in, two or three of them often on one horse. Peter, who had made their acquaintance on marketing expeditions during the summer, was in high feather on the occasion. He had carried the invitations, indeed, had indicated the guests, and, in the double capacity of head waiter and master of ceremonies, was receiving and introducing them.

Very few of the young women were pretty. They were too spare of flesh, too lank of limb, and too embrowned by out-door toil to be attractive. Nearly all had handsome hair, and all had done their best to 'fix up' for the occasion. Gowns of bright calico with occasional chalets, and large bright patterned *mousseline de laine*, with here and there a sensible 'double purple,' or a home-spun linsey, were the staples of the costumes, but ribbons, fancy combs, mosaic jewelry, and cotton lace adorned their necks, their waists, and every other part of their persons. One girl had a gilded eagle, the trade-mark of a piece of Swiss muslin, sewed in front of her bodice to imitate a breast pin.

For four days Peter had been busy to distraction, delivering invitations within a radius of a dozen miles, and providing a sufficient store of provisions for the company.

The supper-table, set out under the trees, to which the guests were introduced about seven o'clock, was really tasteful. Some of our party had adorned it with the spoils of gorgeous trees, with the beautiful mountain laurel, and golden rod, big bunches of purple asters, Indian pinks, and other autumnal wild flowers. They might have had plenty of sunflowers, for the girls raised them for chicken food, but the company would have cried out on the decorators for want of taste, and have talked of 'vulgar flowers.'

When full justice had been done to the good things by the appetites of the young ladies, supper was cleared away, and we disposed ourselves for dancing. The negro fiddlers called the figures—very strange figures they seemed to me—and I made so many blunders in my first dance that my partner was ashamed of me, and as Miss Harriett would not dance, I declined for a long time to attempt another.

The dancing-floor was lighted by four bonfires of light wood, one near each corner, and a negro was placed beside each of them to keep the fire going. The fire-light threw queer weird shadows on the dance, the light glancing upward into the dancers' faces, while an outer line of corn-field negroes stood around the place, chuckling and

applauding every *tour de force*, and thirty or forty horses tied to branches of tall forest trees stamped, neighed, and expressed their impatience at the music and the uproar.

That ball was a strange sight. It both interested and amused me. The flashes of the bonfires, the effect of the cross-lights, the negro fiddlers gesticulating grotesquely as they warmed up to their work well plied with apple brandy, and the outside groups of lookers-on, most of them mountain men not bidden to the dance, who had come down to watch their girls with what satisfaction they might, in the arms of their gentlemen partners.

There were no seats. Such dancers as were tired sat down on the edge of the raised platform with their feet upon the turf, and fanned themselves with turkey-feather fans, or with the hats of their partners. During such intervals the girls talked to the young men of their own class who stood around them. These kept their distance; none ventured on the dancing floor, except by invitation. There was good waltzing, for many of the girls had come from settlements of German miners in the mountains. Some of these were of Hessian descent. Their grandfathers having been Hessian prisoners whose escape had been connived at during the war of the American revolution, and who had hidden themselves in West Virginia, safe from both belligerents, under the protection of their countrymen.

The mirth and fun grew faster and more furious as the night wore on. One by one our party had had enough of it, and many of the young men outside were asked up upon the platform to take our places. Day broke, and the fires burnt down, then Peter cleared the platform for the breakfast table. Coffee and tea, and chickens, ducks and geese (he had no boned turkeys on that occasion), ham and fried sausage-meat, milk and peaches, cantelopes and water-melons, grapes, and every kind of pie and cake that he could make were set before them. But most prized were oranges from Baltimore and coarse 'store' candies, redolent of peppermint and 'winter-green.' Lastly, as a sweet memento of the entertainment, every lady was presented with a sugar parrot of gorgeous hues, a *pièce de résistance* for her digestion.

The damsels ate as vigorously as they had danced. The board was nothing but a board when all was over. Then came the washing up of borrowed plates and spoons, in which the girls took part, and then they mounted their horses.

'We've had an elegant good time!' was the way they all complimented us upon their entertainment. Such of us as had horses rode home with our late partners. Peter bowed them off with the air of a deportment master.

Many had ridden ten and twelve miles to the camp, had never missed one dance all night, and set out on their return without one thought of weariness to do a hard day's work on reaching home.

As for me, I rode back to Edenswood with Miss Harriett and her father.

A REAL CHARACTER.

DONNA ANNA.

(An Italian Innkeeper.)

'She kept the company of kings and queens
And mitred saints who sat below the feet
Of Francis with the ragged frock and wounds;
And Rank for her meant Duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.'

'. . . . It is true:
There lacks no blessing here; the waters all
Have virtues like the garments of the Lord,
And heal much sickness; then the crops and cows
Flourish past speaking, and the garden flowers,
Pink, blue, and purple, 'tis a joy to see
How they yield honey for the singing bees.
I would the whole world were as good a home.'

Agatha—GEORGE ELIOT.

I HARDLY know which of the pictures my memory holds of Donna Anna is the most characteristic. She is made up of qualities that, at the first glance, seem contradictory. She is strong, and yet unconscious of strength; self-reliant, yet walking by faith; simple as a child, yet so shrewd; loving, but strict, and quick to admonish even her favourites when they break her laws, and, still more, when they break a higher code; full of solemn thought, though ready with her laughter; very gracious, and at the same time decidedly critical; one of the busiest of mortals who idealises repose—a repose which shall not be laziness, for laziness is, of all things, her aversion! It would be easy to go on for many pages multiplying contrasts; but I should thus give no true idea of Donna Anna's 'personality,' to use a convenient word in the German sense.

I like to think of her as I have watched her going her careful rounds on winter nights, a little bent under her great shawl, and weary from the long, busy day; holding level with her knee a rude, picturesque lantern, such as Burne Jones would paint with delight, and laden with her large iron door-keys. So have I seen her cross the old chapel—all darkness but for three sanctuary lamps and her lantern—'locking-up' for the night. She thought herself unobserved, for how was she to guess that any of 'her strangers' were in the dark tribune (it used to be the choir of the monks) saying night prayers? She would make her way, trimming a lamp perhaps here, setting a chair straight there, and seeing to doors and windows, while, half aloud, she made her earnest petitions. (Only to listen to the tone of them, one felt she might as well have silently *wished* instead of speaking, yet, none the less, their cry would 'carry far.')

I think her commonest prayer as she goes her useful way is: 'Thank you, St. Francis! and thank the Lord for me—for *all, for all!*' ('My church,' as she fondly and proudly calls it, was once the chapel of a Franciscan community.) 'For don't you see, dear Lady,' she pleads, in her earnest, argumentative way, 'there is such want, such grief, such pain, in the world! (We hear of it on all sides. Did I not tell you of that afflicted family in the town to-day?) And *here*, the dear Lord sends so many blessings! We have our little troubles;—of course we have! But what are they? God is so very good to us! And I, poor soul, have no time to thank Him. I must ask St. Francis—whose Church is my care and my joy—I must ask the Saint *to thank* for me. He *will know to do it much better!*'

I can fancy her saying with Agatha—

'. . . . I take it much to heart
That other people are worse off than I.
I ease my soul with praying for them all.'

* * * * * *

'. . . . And oft I think my prayers
Are foolish, feeble things, for Christ is good
Whether I pray or not—the Virgin's heart
Is kinder far than mine; and then I stop
And feel I can do naught towards helping men,
Till out it comes, like the tears that will not hold,
And I must pray again for all the world.'

One day she was talking of her project of a hospital for her town, or some other matter very near her heart, and she shook her hand towards the life-size figure of the Patron Saint, with, 'Ah, I tell our dear Saint he must manage *that* for me. You know, we have our *scherzi—San Francesco ed io!*'

Donna Anna is very proud of her monastery. The well is inexhaustible; the walls are thick enough to stand a siege; the foundations bite the living rock as with teeth of steel; in fact, the building looks as if it were the natural outgrowth of the cliffs themselves, when you see it from outside. It is otherwise when you look out from within, or look into the light and delicate beauty of the cloisters. They built 'with conscience' long ago, Donna Anna tells you; and they build *without* conscience, she thinks, *now*. 'Why, *Signora mia*, the workmen won't do anything right *for fear it should last!* Think of that! I told the men, who made the *salite*, last week, that never again should they work on our hill; and, if the next do no better, still will I change and change, till at last I find some who will drive the piles in *with conscience!* We shall, then, have stairways through the woods that shall endure! Why, why is the old work so different, unless that, as I tell you, they worked in a different spirit?' And always as she speaks, her earnest face gives point to all her words; and her eloquent hands—those dear, good hands that have grown so horny-hard with their endless labour—give weight and emphasis, and all manner of expression to her discourse.

Donna Anna sighs, a little, quick, tremulous, eager sigh, saying:

'How easy to do a thing oneself! How terribly hard to get a thing well done! All experienced housekeepers must come to see that! Do I explain myself, *cara Signora?* You, very likely, don't know enough about household management to understand; but it *is* so!' And I falter out something about having had a good share of capable servants, whose resource and cleverness astonished me, and whose blunders were trifles to those *I* should have made in their place. But Donna Anna is an accomplished housewife; her marmalade is famous hundreds of miles away from her home. So are her peach preserves. She bakes delicious cakes. The strong pure wine, too, is made under her eye. And of all the spotless house-linen I have ever seen, hers is the snowiest. 'Her strangers' may bring paint from the boats on their skirts, or rust, or fruit-stains, or sad-coloured, London-washed garments to her; she has a recipe for turning everything back to whiteness and purity. Compared with her 'notable' self, her half-score of handmaidens and her men are, doubtless, helpless creatures; but how clever many of them seemed to me! Some of her women carried such a weight of awkward packages on their heads up the long causeway that leads from the sea to the monastery; and there was a little old gentleman who worked as an upholsterer in the *loggia*, and who dressed the best *candelabre* in cunning gauze skirts, and who used even to put the laces back into the *Padrona's* corsets, when they came down from the bleaching-ground on the monastery roof! One of her men had everything concerning her house and 'her strangers' at his fingers' ends—the varying tastes of all the guests; the resources of her establishment; the clerkly part of her business. An old *contadino* said to me: 'My girl is up there with Donna Anna. It is a grand school! I am happy about my 'Maccolata. The *Padrona* will make a clever woman of her!' A very dear and useful 'odd-man,' who has grown up about the place, said: 'She is hard to please. She often slapped me; but, indeed, I think I'm the better for it! And when she's contented she laughs like this'—and he gave an exact imitation of Donna Anna's peculiar gleeful cacchination—for they can all mimic down there in South Italy. I fancy he was fonder of her because he could amuse himself by imitating her laugh.

'Could I not help you, dear *Padrona?*' said one of her strangers, as Donna Anna, late one evening, weighed out rice, and busied herself among her 'stores.' 'You seem very tired.'

'Ah, *Signora mia*, what would you have? It is the mind that is tired more than the body. There are things that take my courage away. It is the people that fret me. No, you can do nothing. You are good and gentle. One must be wicked to cope with some of these folk.' I think she said 'with this rabble.' Just then, there was something gravely wrong to grieve and disappoint her. She went about heart-stricken and weary for days—long days. It made one miserable to hear her '*Sono stanca—stanca!*' ('tired, tired!') in answer to

affectionate questionings. So Italian as she is in almost everything, yet that trouble she told to no one, although reticence is strangely difficult to those of her nation. Those who guessed what was the matter, arrived at their knowledge through quite other channels.

Donna Anna lives with the world of the unseen constantly about her. Heaven is as present to her thought—it goes for as much in her daily life—as her celebrated cookery recipes, or her hourly engagements. Had I said, 'Donna Anna, the angels have been on the Terrace: come and see their feathers,' I know she would have answered something like this: 'Ah, I will come, for, though I know the angels are often there, I have never found a feather in the *Pergola*. But I can't leave this whipped cream for a minute. . . I will come, though. I will come!'

It was beautiful to hear her talk of the neighbours that excited her enthusiasm. There is a learned man, for one. Him she describes as 'one of my dearest friends,' and she takes him the questions that puzzle her about the ancient monuments, of which her country is full. And then there was a poor dying girl—very pious, very suffering, very patient—whose mind seemed illuminated already by Heaven's own light. Donna Anna said, 'I give God thanks that He makes holy people like that girl; and that we should know what Grace can do for a human soul like our own!' And she had plenty of admiration to spare for good women, heads of useful institutions; and for wise and saintly old clerics; and for great preachers—even for sundry interesting people, like a tall and elegant *Marchesa*, who had such sweet manners, and dressed so well, and had so many trials, notwithstanding all her wealth and grandeur!

'I have not read much,' she says often; 'unfortunately, I never could give time to books. But experience—it is a great book!' And then she turns the pages of her life for some one that she likes; and truly the strange stories, and her fresh remarks, and her earnestness, seem to invest even ordinary biographies with a wonderful originality and vividness.

There were many histories left aside to be 'told when there is not such a press of work;' but that day has not come yet! When 'her strangers' have not to be provided for, there is the house to paint, and alterations to make. 'I make everything new every season,' she says. 'An old monastery is not elegant; but it can be *bellino* when well kept up. But, for that, what care it needs!' A scrupulous cleanliness was the one luxury that many a convent allowed itself; and Donna Anna's house maintains the monastic tradition. In the 'cells,' walls, ceiling, wood-work, hangings and bed are all brilliantly white. Some of the 'strangers,' perhaps, come straight from Naples, where the dingy finery of their rooms has very likely been grandiloquently described to them as 'the furniture that once belonged to an Emperor!' and the snowy purity of their 'cell' gives them a shock of surprise and delight. Those who outstay any of her other 'strangers,' may

see Donna Anna, broom in hand, aided by one or more of her pretty maids, energetically restoring to its pristine freshness the newly-vacated rooms. 'Unless I work with the servants, I cannot be sure that things are done as they should be!' she says. I often wished to quote Madame Swetchine to Donna Anna: '*Je ne vois que Dieu pour nous réconcilier avec le monde;*' but it was not possible to me to hint a criticism even by the word of another! Certainly, women are the salt of the earth, and the maiden aunts are the *élite* of the sex; but, from their very height, it is still more difficult to them to exercise a broad toleration, than it is for us of the common herd. They would have all as perfect as they are themselves; they cannot quite make allowances, as poor wives and mothers can! Well, well! we know there are spots in the sun!

Donna Anna is, I need not say, sacristan. 'Is it not for my church that I am here? I might rest a little now, if it was only myself I had to think for. But it is my joy and my duty to keep up my church; and for THAT, *cara mia Signora*, one must earn something.' Some one was apologising for being the occasion of the chaplain coming oftener to say mass; but Donna Anna cut short all regrets for the extra tasks thus imposed upon her. 'We are, indeed, very busy just in this moment; but I am truly glad to have the work of the sacristy to do. You may think if I have not things and things to pray about, with all my great responsibility! I have more need than others of spiritual support, *Signora*. Is it not evident?' (And whenever she talks, her face of pleading and her eloquent gesticulations speak too.) 'I have so very much to give an account of. My strangers pay me much money. Is it not a matter of conscience for me to see that they have their money's worth? Soon, very soon, no doubt, I must die. I am very old. I was sixty-one in April, and, dying, must I not show what I gave my strangers for their money?'

(In south Italy, already at fifty, people are supposed to have earned their right 'to sit in the sun,' to rest awhile, mere spectators, and see how the world fares with their children and grandchildren, before they themselves pass altogether from the scene.)

'Ah, this responsibility. Just consider what it is with the servants alone. Believe me, *Signora mia*, I have a constant battle! Yes, yes, they are good creatures; I would not have any others up here. But some of them don't like to work at all, and some of them do things wrong. And I must see to it all. Now this place, where the monks used to be, is quasi-holy ground, and I intend that everybody living here should be steady and well-behaved, so that it should be always, as it is now, the abode of peace. I assure you, *cara mia Signora*, there's not a room in the house, not a spot in the garden, in the wood, where I do not find my felicity.' Then, pointing with both her outstretched hands towards the church: 'Can we ever say how much we owe there? Ah, it is not to be told! You know the devotion to the Holy Spirit—the *Veni Sancte Spiritus?* It is wonderful

what that prayer has been to me. Here, in my business, I am often perplexed how to act for the best. I say to the Holy Spirit many a time, "*Impossible* to acknowledge what I owe!" Ah, He puts things in my mind—things that, alone, I could never, never think of. I must remember so much! I could not do it, indeed, by myself. But we are not left to ourselves. You must know, *Signora*, that often thirty—forty—people announce their arrival. The house is provisioned. Then, perhaps, half—less than half—come. Well, provisions spoil. You probably don't know the harm that is done by giving people food that is only ever so little spoilt by keeping. But waste—I cannot bear waste. Meat—*that* is so dear, too; and poultry, *that* is gone in a few hours! Well, I come for a minute into my church, and I take no more than the time to say a *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and an idea comes into my mind—something I should never have thought of. Perhaps I get the most wasteful things salted, or we sometimes half cook meat, and finish it when wanting it. And so the provisions are saved. So many things, too, would slip my memory, but for that devotion. It is just a miracle—a miracle great as God is great. How one is helped when one seeks help!'

'I was only twelve when I began to housekeep. My mother, Poveretta, was always ill. And I, you know, am the old one of the whole family. How often have I come to this chapel and said, "I don't know what to do; how to combine; what's for the best. Help me, Lord," and, somehow, I have always a good inspiration afterwards. So now you understand how it is that I say, "I owe you too much, my God. I cannot repay. I can do nothing for You." Yes, yes, that is true—*laborare est orare*. But, do you not see? it is another miracle that I can work as I do. For I do the work of ten—old woman that I am! Other old women cannot labour from morning till night; so is it not truly a miracle? To labour would be serving God, and praying, as you say, in a way, if He was not helping me every day with a strength that is not of my years. And, indeed, I am glad to do a little something more in the sacristy work, because with this weight of business, and all these cares of a household sort, my spirit has more need than another's of a little half-hour of recollection here.'

One day, leaving the chapel, a young man, who had recovered his sight after the terrible sentence of life-long blindness had been pronounced upon him, was presented to Donna Anna, and the story of his great trial was recounted. She was full of pity. With her palms outstretched toward the altar, she said, '*Io, scelerata*—I, a wretch, a villain, I give thanks for him.' It would not be possible to say all that her eloquence put into the words and the gesture. Agatha, too, said—

> 'The years are light, dear lady; 'tis my sins
> Are heavier than I would.'

How touching is the humility of holy souls!

It happened several times that when she was rejoicing over God's

goodness, or making her heartfelt thanksgivings, or saying something of the nature of a *nunc dimittis*, Donna Anna brought the tears to my eyes. This troubled her. She said, in distress, 'I do not, then, explain myself well, *Signora mia?*' Her 'holy simplicity,' her directness, her 'single eye,' make her inapt to realise the effect of her words on another. In talking about the things that lie so near her heart, she always argues them out, pleading at every turn: 'It must be so; must it not?' 'When the dear Lord said *this* in the Gospel, must not *that* follow?' 'I explain myself, Signora?' Her object is to establish her point, and it does not enter into her mind that the revelation of her own nature that she makes by the way can be touching.

'I would ask the old *Padre* about this,' she would say; 'but you know he does not care for questions and puzzles and such things. He is very good, oh, yes! *very* good; but he is like a child, and does not care for explaining.'

Before sunrise Donna Anna was up in winter. As I went to bed, I often saw her ranging jam-pots, or putting away the delicious, fresh table-linen, or busy in some of the hundred-and-one tasks that strew the path of the good housewife. In the day-time, the garden and the dairy are among her cares.

In a country where good butter is almost unattainable, she produces butter in perfection. One of her men, showing me the milch-cows stabled picturesquely in a great cavern in the cliffs, said: 'The *Padrona* sat up the whole of last night with that new cow, who could not be comforted for leaving her calf at the village.' 'Take some of this butter,' said a servant at a relation's house. 'It is Donna Anna's. There is none like hers. She has sent some here ever since there has been sickness in the house!'

The parting guest must be speeded, or the coming guest welcomed, or the nuns from the town and their young charges hospitably entertained on the Terrace below the Calvary. She 'would have young things merry'—

> '. . . . Why, the cherubs in the sky
> Look young and merry, and the angels play
> On citherns, lutes, and all sweet instruments.
> *I would have young things merry.* See the Lord!
> A little baby playing with the birds;
> And how the Blessed Mother smiles at Him!'—

or adult neighbours have to be petted, amused, and looked after, in a pause in her busy day. Often as she was beginning to tell one of the strange stories that had unfolded itself under her eyes, she has said: 'But the cook is waiting for the rice—or what not?—and he must not be kept! Forgive me, my dear!' and turning on her heel, she would sometimes actually run off to her kitchen, or her laundry, or to the people who were bringing lemon-crops, or selling poultry at her door.

'Donna Anna brings the Unseen home to one as nobody else has the gift of doing—no other pious person; no eloquent preacher even! Why is this? As for me, I cannot tell. Others are as single-eyed, as conscientious, as loving, as full of works of practical piety. A few besides herself I have known, who equally wove the Sacristy Kalendar into their lives, and whose faith is beautiful and child-like as hers is. Every *festa* as it comes seems to be her favourite holiday —Easter, Christmas, Holy Cross—and who shall say how many others? She welcomed them all with delight, counting the days to them. In the same way, all the *Devozione*, as they came round, she thought were her *favorite devozione:* her 'Way of the Cross' on Fridays; her 'Offices of Holy Week;' her 'Month of June,' dedicated to the Loving Heart of our Saviour; or the 'Seven Dolors.' It would be difficult with tearless eyes to hear Donna Anna give an account of the local Good Friday Procession through the town. The effigy of the Dead Christ, in the late afternoon, is borne from the Cathedral to a neighbouring church, a statue of the Mother of Sorrows being carried by a confraternity after the bier. Only the Madonna is brought away from the 'Grave Church.' As Donna Anna spoke, a vision of Delaroche's pathetic series of pictures of the Home-coming after the Crucifixion floated before the mind's eye; and then the thoughts were carried forcibly back to the rock-tomb of nearly 1900 years ago; to the agonised mother; to the beloved disciple; to all the early Faithful, and the Passion seemed nearer than the things of yesterday!

In a like manner all the saints are her favourite saints: St. Francis, of course, whose church she tends; and the Evangelists; and St. Charles Borromeo; and St. Catherina of Siena, 'because she loved the Lord so; and, *cara mia*, how the Lord loved her! And, do you tell me she went to the Pope and maintained her opinion before him? Ah, *Signora mia*, I like to see a woman with courage! There was a great *predicatore* here once who said: "The great God does not want women who weep, and look miserable, and say nothing." He scolded some who cried: indeed he did! They came into the church, one after another, thinking the best thing to do was to sob, or hang their heads, and he said: "Let no more women who cry come into this church now."

'It does so much harm when people think that to be good you must be a little melancholy sneak! And that is what the pietists make the world imagine. And, do you say the Santa Caterina wrote to our Regina Giovanna—civilly, at first; yes, yes. This was due to her rank. (I would always have every one behave as is fitting to queens, even such queens as that one!) And *la Santa* scolded her afterwards? Called her contemptuously "that Neapolitan *femina!*" Well, she merited the scolding and the contempt. My most learned friend has told me the history of her tower, *la nostra Regina Giovanna*'s tower; and I would stay, now, and repeat it to you; but it is Thursday, and there are extra tasks——' That was always the way; every day was

exceptionally busy. Even if there were a lull in the coming of 'her strangers,' there was still a reason for a press of work in the arrears that had to be made up, or the future needs that must be forestalled. Sometimes, in the midst of all her Martha's cares, Donna Anna seemed positively to hunger for bookish things, as when she seized with avidity on scraps of information about St. Catherine's relations with the historical personages of her times. 'My spirit has need of it,' I have heard her say so often—referring to quiet, and time for prayer, and also about reading pious books and the Gospels. 'I *must* read them a little—only a few texts; not much. But I must have that little reading; my spirit has need of it.' One reason why her way of speaking of the Feasts, and of her *devozione*, is so impressive, is that she uses the plain strong words of the New Testament, probably unconscious that she is quoting.

From Donna Anna I should never have heard that, when one of 'her strangers' was a royal lady, the *Padrona* was invariably taken out to drive with the distinguished guest. Had I asked Donna Anna, I should have had the fact confirmed by her; but, to her it would have seemed unnecessary, uninteresting, perhaps snobbish, to be the first to mention the matter. The great Lady had many traits in common with her hostess. She is earnest, open-minded, conscientious, truly benevolent, and gifted with the same grand simplicity. Donna Anna and her royal 'stranger' were well met; they understood and sympathised with each other. There was another great personage quite lately, for a few days, under her roof. This lady, the wife of a distinguished statesman, and Donna Anna, also caught sight of each other's souls with some sort of rapid intuition. They met, spoke a little together, and forthwith comprehended each other. When that illustrious visitor said good-bye, I think I saw Donna Anna fold her to her expansive breast. What matter that the *Signor Sindaco* and all the big-wigs of the Province were there too? For a moment two strong, loving, upright hearts beat close together; and both, I have no doubt, took comfort from the embrace.

A rare character, Donna Anna! Why does not Mr. Ruskin's 'Francesca' know her and paint her as another of 'Christ's folk in the Apennines?' She ranks in my mind with Francesca's lovely old folk, and George Eliot's Agatha; and with certain poetical, simple Provençal folk that I have met with, not in books only, but also in the flesh.

Some day I think I shall ask leave to tell more about Donna Anna's home, and give her name in full; for she sighs to set a hospital going. There is a populous little town, without any refuge for the sick poor, at her gates; and scattered hamlets all around her; and the need of a hospital is very great. And then, perhaps, some hearts that feel kindly disposed towards this good woman, will send her an alms—her 'strangers' of former years, maybe; and even others who have never been the objects of her anxious care.

SKETCHES OF OLD NORSE LITERATURE.

IX.

SVERRI'S SAGA AND SPECULUM REGALE, OR THE KING'S MIRROR.

THE later Norwegian Kings of Snorri's Chronicle were, like the last descendants of many royal races, mostly degenerate and unlucky men, brothers and cousins fighting with each other for the crown, and mutually destructive till the royal line dwindled to Christina, a daughter of Magnus Barefoot. Her husband, a powerful noble called Erling Skjalk, after destroying the other pretenders to the throne, ruled Norway for many years in the name of his and her son Magnus Erlingson. This brings us to the Saga of Sverri, the conqueror of Magnus and the founder of a new dynasty. He reigned from 1177 to 1202, was probably the cleverest man that ever ruled in Norway, and retarded for about a hundred years the period of weakness and decline that even before his reign impended over the country. Sverri's Saga was written by the Icelandic Abbot, Karl Jonsson, part of it under the king's own eye, and it gives us a vivid account of his adventures, his shrewd views on many matters, his speeches as told by himself; in short, it makes us thoroughly acquainted with King Sverri. It would be a treasure, indeed, if such a history existed of some of our own kings whose personality is somewhat undefined, such as his contemporary Richard the First, or even Henry the Fifth, with whom, by the way, he had some points of resemblance.

Sverri's Saga is so little known that a sketch of its subject and some short extracts may be found interesting. Here we have, as the old vellum says, 'a history that does not come from far,' 'a narrative that cannot have changed in men's mouths;' but 'taken down from the men who had witnessed the events recorded.' The facts, too, are as exciting as any romance, and the speeches spirited and eloquent.

Many of the Norwegians at that time, like the later Anglo-Saxons, had fallen into slothful and drunken habits—the nobles cared little for their country, and lightly made alliances with foreign foes. The poorer people were discontented and violent, district quarrels rose into civil wars; bands of outlaws (called Birchlegs from their leggings being made of bark) disturbed the peace of the country, and

Earl Erling, though a valiant tyrant, could not subdue them. Times were ripe for a destroyer and reformer when little King Sverri appeared, the genius who subdued all the evil forces in turn, though unhappily he did not live long enough to finish his work of reconstruction.

This extraordinary man belonged to the family of a comb-maker, a native of the lonely Faroe Islands, and was brought up in these solitudes till the age of twenty-four by his uncle the Bishop of the Isles, who thought him a genius, wished him to be a priest, and hoped he might become an archbishop. However, when he was in deacon's orders, some quarrel with a magistrate resulted in his knocking down an official, and flying from justice into a house where a woman hid him in the oven, and by lighting a fire at the mouth of it fairly threw his pursuers off the track. This circumstance—want of vocation for the priesthood, and also his claim to an illegitimate descent through his mother from a King Sigurd of Norway—made him quit the Faroes, where life was no doubt too narrow and dull for him, and seek his fortunes in Norway. If he were of the line of Fair-haired Harold, he missed its beauty. His face is described as round, though well coloured; in figure he was short and broad, active and strong; his dignity when sitting on his high-seat, and his brilliant hazel eyes with a red flash in them are so dwelt on as to warrant the inference that otherwise he had no great presence. But all allowed he was very attractive, an excellent scholar, a brilliant speaker, kind to friends and foes, cheerful and humorous and yet always sober, and a religious man, though he opposed to the death the political claims of the Pope.

On leaving the Faroes, Sverri went first to King Magnus' Court to find out the state of affairs, 'and made so merry with the king and his men that they thought him most pleasant—yet he quietly learnt much thus that afterwards they would willingly not have brought to light when they knew with whom they had spoken,' says the Saga writer, who has often to tell of the king acting as his own spy. Sverri's cause was recognised by the Swedish Earl Birgir, whose wife was a princess of Norway, and was claimed by Sverri as his aunt; Birgir recommended the young aspirant to put himself at the head of some seventy Birchlegs 'who were opposed to the reigning King.' When they heard that a reputed son of King Sigurd was in Vermaland, they sought him out and bade him become their leader. He was evidently disappointed with them. 'They were a poor lot, some wounded, some unclad, nearly all weaponless, and so young as to be not likely to have much sense.' Sverri said in his speech to them: 'It hardly seems to me desirable to take up this idea, such poor fellows as you are, and I a man of small means, and quite unknown to you. It might be said, should you mislike my counsel, that you hardly knew whom you served, and further, I was born on an *out-skerry*, where men are little used to great affairs. Meseems we have little to share of fellowship except poverty and danger, and

I am not prepared by adding them together to increase your danger and my cares. But as you have come to meet me, I will give you my best counsel. Earl Birgir, my uncle, has three sons equal-born to the kingdom with Magnus. Go to Birgir and ask him to lead you.' So far was Birgir from assenting, that he said he would give up Sverri to King Magnus as a peace-offering unless he put himself at the head of the 'Birchlegs,' and proved his fortune. Sverri, upon this, took the command of this handful of men, and declared war on King Magnus. This was in A.D. 1177. Through his wonderful skill as a leader, and great valour and endurance, in four years he had driven Magnus out of Norway and reigned in his stead. But during these years he went through desperate hardships; 'he often had to wander with his men in uninhabited lands, sometimes in snows where no horse could go, or over waste morasses where few could follow; or in huge forests with nothing at times to eat but bark and sap—or those berries that grow under the snow.' Like Robert the Bruce, he shared all fortunes with his meanest follower and never forsook a comrade. For years he had to fight with overwhelming odds, though his kindliness to foes as to friends, and the good order he established by setting magistrates to administer the neglected laws, won him more and more the support of the people. At last, but for the deadly quarrel with the Pope, he would have reigned without an enemy in Norway. He fought with King Magnus' men-at-arms, but not with the peasants, whom he was wont to coax and cajole into feeding his ragged followers. Once in an early campaign, when they were nearly starving, he brought out two old horses before the peasants, and made a little moral speech, telling the people to think how little Magnus had done for them, while his men had never hurt them, 'so surely you would not force us Christian men into the sin of slaughtering these horses and eating horse-flesh to save our lives?'

This reference touched the people, as the eating of horse-flesh was still considered a great sin, and they entertained the warriors with the best of food and drink.

King Magnus and Earl Erling at last resolved to crush Sverri with an overwhelming force, which they drew together near Trondhjem. Sverri having ventured himself in their camp to observe matters, resolved to take the initiative, and surprise them at midnight. He made an oration to the Birchlegs which must have been most inspiriting, aided by the fine voice, of which the Saga says, 'his articulation was clear, and his voice of such resonance that in addressing a crowd, though he did not seem to be speaking loud, all heard even in the far distance.' He promised his men 'a beautiful victory' if they followed with dash. 'Your foes are drunk and confused, some on ship-board, some here and there in the town; they do not know we are all here, and will not know when we come which way to turn. Now I promise to all that he who conquers a

chieftain—a chieftain shall he be; he who conquers a courtman shall become a courtman; each man shall have the rank of the man he can overcome, with all honour. Only rush on gallantly and we are sure to win.'

In the victory which followed over these 'mead-quaffers' at Trondhjem, the Birchlegs won the town and the fleet, and, most important of all, Earl Erling was slain. Sverri from an outlaw became a king, his ragged followers a well-equipped army; 'and though men knew they had once been poor Birchlegs, nowhere could be seen smarter men, for the king took care that they should not fall into evil living, or over-drinking, or become unable to endure hardships.'

Magnus, with Danish allies and a fine fleet, before long returned to the war. The sea-fights had hitherto gone against Sverri with his poor little ships, but this time he determined not to lose prestige by retreating; and the Saga gives his speech to his men, of which we give an extract:—

'True there are heavy odds against us, there your foes stand with good weapons and costly dress and armour, excellent bargains for us if you each take something home to-night. You see it is always good to have two choices—one is to win, the other to die gallantly. But it is not like going to the wood to fell timber, to have to deal with Magnus' warriors. You must receive and give great blows. A peasant who was taking his son to join a war-ship advised him thus, "Be brave in the conflict, for fame lives after life. How would you do if you knew you were to fall in the fight?" He answered: "No use in that case to spare giving two-handed blows." "And how," said the old man, "would you do if you knew you were not to fall?" He answered: "What use, then, would there be in holding back from going forward with the best." The peasant said, "In every battle, remember, either you are to fall or to survive, so be daring, for all is destined before. The man who is not *fey* does not die, and the *fey* man does not escape." Flight is the worst fall. You will get little mercy from the Hecklings.* See, they are fitted out rather as bridegrooms than as warriors, and love drinking mead better than war . . . and we shall be more than a match for the peasants that Magnus has forced into the ranks, who, as the Skald says, would

> "Rather meet the maiden—sweet-lipped Inigunna,
> Than the men where fame bids
> Magnus meet with Sverri."'

This speech so egged on the Birchlegs that they won the battle. The struggle was even more severe in the next sea-fight; in the very hottest of the fray, when matters looked most adverse to Sverri, he sprang on his quarter-deck, cast down his weapons, fell on his knees, and holding his hands to heaven, sang in a clear powerful

* The nickname of the party for King Magnus.

voice, the sequence '*Alma chorus Dei*' to the end, never guarding himself. King Magnus, who had boarded a vessel, was forced by the enthusiasm thus kindled, to leap backwards on to his own deck, so slippery with blood that his foot slipped and he fell on his back. Instantly, from all sides, rose the cry that Magnus was slain; and though he sprang up and denied it, this confusion just turned the fortunes of the day.

Yet again after some years, Magnus, aided by the Danes, brought a great fleet up the Sogne Fjord, thinking to surprise Sverri, whose warriors were scattered over the country, and who had with him only a few ships and men. But it was hard to catch Sverri napping. A mingled sea-fight and land-fight is admirably told in the Saga with full details, most interesting to those who know the country. All day the fight raged over the beautiful Nærо Fjord, now crossed by so many travellers, and up the narrow passes among the stupendous rocks of its shore. But this was the last of the long contest; the following morning, under the clear waters of the Nærо Fjord, were to be seen the upturned faces of the gallant King Magnus and the bravest of his men, and Sverri was the undisputed lord of Norway.

But, as he said himself on his death-bed, the kingly power brought him far more of strife and danger than of peace and quiet. War followed his resistance to the new claims made by the Papal Court; the same Pope Innocent the Third, who laid the interdict on the English King John, placed King Sverri under the ban of the Church, absolved his subjects from their allegiance, denying the sacraments to all who were faithful to the king. The most dangerous rebellion of all, headed by the fierce-fighting Bishop Nicolas, broke out against him; everywhere the peasants were hounded on to destroy the excommunicated king, and he was attacked by overwhelming numbers. His resources never failed, his men were never defeated when he led them. Once, under cover of night, he rowed in a small boat to the hostile fleet, and lay under the ship where the chiefs were discussing their plans, overheard them, and, in consequence, foiled them. Bishop Nicolas seems, by the following passage from the Saga, to have soon got too much of the war. Sverri had unexpectedly attacked the Bishop's men; and Anundar, one of his captains, especially pursued the Bishop. 'When the Bishop saw them, he bade his men pull on their oars their hardest; "fly your fastest," he said, "and I will give you all green and red kirtles, if you row manfully; but you do not row! Do you not see that the fiends run frantically after us, and how they who stand, shoot at us?" Then he rushed from the ship's poop forward, his coif fell off his head and overboard. He cried to the men to row harder—but he really did not need to egg them on; they were madly anxious to row away. Others came between Anundar and the Bishop, who saw he could not catch him, and returned, so he got nothing of the Bishop but his coif, which he carried off as a token.'

King John of England, sympathising no doubt with a king attacked by the Pope, sent 200 warriors to Sverri's aid in this war. The Saga writer seems greatly struck by their brutality and cruelty. 'They were as light-footed as deer, great bowmen, madly daring, and spared not to do evil. Wherever they came they killed all—young as old, women as men, cattle and all they met—burning what they could not take.'

This rebellion ended with the greatest battle ever fought in Norway, both as to the numbers engaged and the circumstances of the fight. Sverri had about 3000 men against 40,000 to 50,000 men of the rebels. He divided his enemies so as to beat them in detail; they assembled, however, in great force near Osloe, or the modern Christiana, and the old story followed. Many of the rebels, confident in their numbers, caroused in the city, while the combat raged on the ice of the fjord. There is a fine description of it in the Saga, —the onslaught of the peasants, with their cry of 'Kill Sverri,'— Sverri himself, on his well-known brown charger, dashing across the ice at the head of his men, overcoming all opposition.

Better times followed upon this triumph, yet he never enjoyed lasting peace. He wrote a most able defence of his case against Rome and the Pope, who failed in his efforts to stir up other Powers against him. His last foeman was Reidar, a Norseman whom he allowed to recruit men for the Crusades, but who, deceived by his ecclesiastical enemies, turned those forces against Sverri himself. Reidar when defeated by the king fled to a mountain stronghold till famine forced him and his men to throw themselves on the king's mercy. Sverri, as usual, spared and forgave them, and did all that he could, by careful feeding and tending, to save their lives after the long fast, of which many, nevertheless, died.

His own health was now broken from the effects of hardships, and he sailed from Tunsberg for Bergen, lying on a couch on the quarter-deck of his ship, the wounded Reidar stretched on a bed beside him, and tended in all ways like the king. Reidar was a clever man who had fought in Palestine; and Sverri and he delighted in each other's discourses. At Bergen the king became weaker, his clergy were wise enough to disregard the excommunication, and rendered him all the rights of a Christian.

'Lift me,' he said, 'on the high seat to await life or death—this is other than Bishop Nicolas prophesied, when he said I should be cut to pieces to feed the ravens. Many have been my fierce foes, but God forgive them and judge my cause between them and me.'

He died worn out with toil and hardships at the age of fifty-one, in A.D. 1202, to the great grief of the country for which he had done much, and which he left better than he found it, and where from that time the rights of the poor were respected as much as the claims of the great.

We know a good deal about the manners of King Sverri's court, and

the customs of his times, from a curious Norwegian book of the early thirteenth century, by some unknown author, for the best scholars doubt an old tradition which assigned the authorship to Sverri himself. It is called *Speculum Regale*, or *King's Mirror*,* and is a treatise upon science and manners, in the form of a dialogue between a father and son. The son says, that as he is heir to his father's wealth he wishes to inherit his wisdom, and he asks for information about travel by land and sea, and for guidance as to the conduct of life as a merchant and a courtier. The father, who had been a courtier no doubt of King Sverri's, thinks it well for a young man first to go on merchant voyages, where his activity and courage will be proved. Many good counsels follow, such as that he is to rise early and go to church, then look after his affairs till afternoon. He is to set a fair price on his goods, but rather part with them soon on reasonably good terms than keep them long, 'for frequent purchase and quick sale is the very life of trade.'

Travel in those days must have been truly exciting. There must always have been the feeling of exploration and the expectation of strange experiences. Many tales of wonder are told by the careful father, which he thinks may or may not be true, but he remarks in their favour that people of other lands might find it hard to believe the simple fact that in Norway men could run on two slips of wood so as overtake the deer and outstrip the hound. There were in those days possible islands strange and various as those of Tennyson's 'Voyage of Maeldune.' There were monsters of the deep such as great serpents, or the *Hafstrambr* or sea-giant, who, 'like a man from the shoulders upward, stands right out of the water, and has over the brows something like a helmet, but grows smaller under the water, and may end in a fish's tail.' Another wonder probably only too real was the *Hafgerding*, or sea-girdle, 'as if all the storms and waves of those seas had gathered together on three sides, and put a girdle round the whole ocean, higher than the mountains, and steep as a cliff with no outlet.' Few have seen this phenomenon and survive. There is a poem which describes the *Hafgerding* by a man from the Western isles, who voyaged with Eric the Red to Greenland. It is believed by modern naturalists that it was an earthquake wave fully described in later volcanic periods.

The father tells of 'Iceland and of Greenland and the stormy Hebrides,' and gives much curious and valuable information about the different sorts of seals and whales, and concerning navigation in the Northern seas. He says of the Greenland ice, 'some of it is flat, as if it was frozen sea—four or five ells thick, and lies so far out from the land that for four days or longer men must go through ice.' Instructions are given how best to steer so as avoid it and reach the

* See an interesting article called, 'An old Norse Mirror of Men and Manners,' in a 'Quarterly Review' for 1877, from which I have quoted some of the given translations, not having access to a complete copy of the book.

shore. Those that have steered too directly have got beset in the pack; the author had spoken to some men who had been beset and who had escaped; the way was to 'drag their small boats over the ice, leaving their ship and goods behind them as lost. Some of them had been thus out on the ice four or five days or longer. The ice is of a strange nature. Sometimes it lies still, like a quiet sea cut into creeks and great fjords, and sometimes there is so much motion and advance in it that it is no slower than a ship with a good wind, and when once started it goes as fast against the wind as with it. There is other ice in those seas that the Greenlanders call ice-bergs. Their shape is that of high cliffs standing out of the sea, and it does not blend with the other ice.'

The son wonders why any one goes to Greenland, and asks further if it is outside the earth—or where. The father believes there is no land beyond it to northward, but that it borders on that great wide ocean that surrounds the globe.

As to the taste for arctic expeditions, he refers his son to a 'three-fold natural quality in man; one is bravery and the love of honour, which impels a man towards the dangers and perils by which he wins fame; and another is curiosity, which may lead a man to go and see whether the things that others have spoken of are true or not; the third impulse is the desire for gain, which urges many to go in quest of wealth, whatever perils and troubles may be in the way.' Greenland being so remote, and producing so little, is a good place for trade. 'They have all to buy from other lands, and pay dear for iron and for everything needed for house-building. And against such cargoes you can ship seal-skins and walrus teeth and hide for ropes. Most people in Greenland do not know what bread is and never saw a loaf.'

The son asks what they live on, and is told that man's life is supported by many things besides bread. There is good grass for cattle, plenty of meat, butter and cheese, besides whale, seal and bear's flesh.'

We have not made much more of the Arctic Regions than the old Norsemen, and some of us still wonder why men go there. In the account of Ireland we recognise some still familiar characteristics of the people, whom he describes as that grim and bloodthirsty, but many saints were there for they never would put a saint to death. It appears that werewolves existed then in the island, who were once the people who howled so at St. Patrick's speeches that they were doomed to roam in the wilds as real wolves, only worse, as they retained some human intelligence. The Irish version that those who in a fight do *not* howl and yell with the rest are liable to be transported to the deserts as wild beasts, may be a still credited form of the superstition. There is a long pathetic account of the once beautiful halls of Tara, where of old in heathen times, great kings administered justice, but which were then overthrown and

ruined, because justice had ceased out of the land. So old are the woes of Ireland.

The question as to when voyages ought to be discontinued in autumn, is well answered: On the 17th Kalends of November; 'seafaring is now unsafe. Days shorten, nights grow dark, the sea is disquieted, and billows strengthen; rains are strong, storms increase, strands refuse to afford safe havens, men are dazed, freights cast overboard, and many perish from over-hardihood.'

Minute directions are given as to behaviour at Court. 'As to dress, the prevailing fashion must be respected.' When the father was at Court, the hair was cut even with the lobes of the ears, with a short fall over the brows, beard and moustache clipped short, 'and I doubt,' he says, 'whether any fashion can come into vogue that will look neater or be better suited to a man-at-arms.' When the young courtier enters the king's presence he must leave his cloak outside, which marks readiness for service and obviates suspicion of a concealed dagger. His carriage must be easy, 'not like those awkward fellows who do not know what to do with their hands, and are constantly moving them about.'

The king is addressed in the plural, and the young courtier must beware not like some in a flurry—to put *himself* in the plural and the *king* in the singular. We have many glimpses of old etiquette. For instance, at table, when the king or queen raises the tankard, all must put down their cups. On the entrance of any guest, those seated next him on either side must rise to welcome him. The father considers it better to serve the king for awhile than to be a mere clodhopper at home.

As to manners, the courtier must be mild and gentle, slow to quarrel, though he must not put up with insults, and that he may be fitted to defend himself and his honour, weapon exercise in armour is prescribed once or even twice every day not a holy day. But he is not to boast of his achievements, because the relations or friends of those whom he has slain may involve him in fresh disputes —a naïve admission of the probable propensities of a mild Norseman. Further, he must always speak to women what it becomes him to speak and them to hear. The morality of the book is high throughout, and entirely free from the coarseness of other books of the time and sort in southern lands. Indeed, the merchant or the man-at-arms of the king, whose conduct was ruled by these counsels would have been a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and although there seems hardly an allusion to the chivalrous customs of Southern Europe, he would also, according to their code, have been recognised as in all respects a man of honour and culture and a very perfect knight.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

X.

A LONG list might be made of the foibles and defects which Molière has attacked in his numerous comedies: pedantry in the *Femmes savantes;* quackery in the *Médecin malgré lui* and the *Malade imaginaire;* the folly of denying education to women in the *École des Femmes*, the absurdity of the parvenu in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and so on with a dozen or more besides. It has been said that Molière knew the human heart by heart, but this is a statement which must be taken in a limited sense. He has no equal in ridiculing delightfully the faults and follies of mankind; he is the prince of comedy, but he does not attempt to show the loftier qualities of men, nor the struggles between his higher and lower nature. Supreme in his own domain, he has no need to claim any other; as Kemble declared, no one country, no one period has the right to appropriate him, he belongs to all times, all ages, his mission was to amuse, perhaps to correct, if raillery and satire ever do correct mankind. But do they? The *Précieuses ridicules* did indeed put the jargon of the blue-stocking out of fashion, because its reign belonged to a certain period and set of circumstances, but when Molière struck a blow at a vice, and drew *L'Avare*, those of the spectators who were inclined to lavishness rather than usury and miserliness were edified, while a real *avare*, sitting among them, was heard to remark, 'There is a great deal to be gained from this play, one might learn excellent principles of economy from it.' And we may doubt if a *tartuffe* was ever a grain less hypocritical for having had the portrait of a hypocrite drawn by Molière, while we are deeply grateful to him for the amusement which we owe him. If Mrs. Jameson could recollect herself at seven years old lying on the ground, rolling with laughter over some of the scenes in Henry IV., the mock play and the seven men in buckram, Mary Russell Mitford tells us how, sent to practise on the harp, (with no ear, taste or inclination) she lit upon the comedies of Molière. Once plunged into the gay realities of his delightful world, the school-girl instantly forgot all the miseries of this globe of ours—harp, music-books, practising and lesson were forgotten, the recollection of her music mistress melted into thin air; *Ar hyd y nos*, the Welsh air which the disobedient

damsel had to strike up when a step was heard approaching, became a nonentity. 'I never heard the warning doors,' she writes; 'I never recollected that there was such a thing as time; the only tribulations that troubled me were the tribulations of *Sganarelle;* the only lessons I thought about, the lessons of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme.* So I was caught—caught in the very act of laughing till I cried over the apostrophes of the angry father to the galley in which he is told his son has been taken captive. "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" This apostrophe comes true with regard to *somebody* in a scrape during every moment of the day, and was never more applicable than to myself at that moment.'

Luckily for her, the person who discovered her was the husband of our good schoolmistress, himself a Frenchman, an adorer of the great dramatist of France, and no worshipper of music. 'Accordingly, when he could speak for laughing, what he did say sounded far more like a compliment upon my relish for the comic drama than a rebuke . . . . At all events the issue of the affair was the dismissal of the poor little harp-mistress, and a present of a cheap edition of Molière for my own reading. I have got the set still, twelve little, foreign-looking books unbound, but covered with a gay-looking pink paper, mottled with red, like certain carnations.'

So wrote the charming author of 'Our Village,' ending with a characteristic little floral touch.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, or to give him the name which he took in after years, and by which the world knows him, Molière, was born in Paris, January 15th, 1622, in a house in the Rue St. Honoré. His father seems to have had some claim to gentle blood, for among the MSS. in what used to be the Royal Library, is one signed Baptiste Poquelin, *nobleman* and merchant, and many of the family held positions which imply good birth. For all that, Molière's father was only valet-de-chambre tapissier (upholsterer) to the king, and it is from the bourgeoisie that the great comic writer drew the characters which he was to make immortal.

Probably without any outward stimulus Molière would have written plays, but the gift that was in him must have been strongly nourished by his grandfather's love of the stage. The old man delighted in the performances at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and constantly took his grandson with him. There acted three friends, celebrated in their day, Garguille, Turlupin, and Gros Guillaume. The real name of the second was Legrand, and when he acted tragedy, he styled himself Belleville, as a comedian he became Turlupin, a name taken from a popular farce. The word became naturalised in French, and we may see how coarse must have been the jests in farce at that time by the sense given to it. Molière used to return home depressed and detesting his work in his father's shop. Unwillingly he was allowed to leave it and study in the Jesuit College of Clermont, and there is a tradition that he, like so many other French dramatists, for a time

followed the profession of a lawyer. In 1645, however, he left the bar and formed an iterant company of players, to the great dismay of his family, who sent a schoolmaster to intreat him to recollect that the Church held actors accursed; Molière listened and replied, and the result was that he did not renounce his career, and enrolled the schoolmaster as a member of his company.*

The Prince de Conti, once his fellow-scholar, though the distance between a boy of such high birth and the upholsterer's son must have barred all intimacy, patronised the wandering troop; but it met with no great success until Molière produced his *Étourdi* at Lyons in 1653, the first of his pieces which has been preserved. Five years later, we find him offering Corneille's *Nicomède* to the Parisians, the king being present, but the gay comedians were so little at home in this kind of performance, that the spectators were retiring discontented, when, Molière came forward with a graceful compliment to Louis Quatorze, and begged to be allowed to act one of the pieces which his company played in the provinces. The king sat down again; so of course did every one else, and *Le Dépit amoureux* was acted to a delighted audience. Molière's company were allowed to settle in Paris, and became the nucleus of the famous Théâtre Français.

In 1659, the *Précieuses ridicules* was given, no one being more amused than the true précieuses. Such a success was unheard of. 'Monsieur,' said Ménage, the tutor of Madame de Sévigné, and an habitué of the Hôtel Rambouillet, 'we shall be obliged, like Clovis, to sacrifice that which we have adored, and to adore that which we have sacrificed.' And a voice called out from amid the audience, 'Courage, Molière! this is the right sort of comedy!' Molière had indeed discovered his own peculiar line. His next play struck at a new absurdity. Descartes, Gassendi and Pascal had popularised science, and now ladies talked, not literature and sentiment, but philosophy and astronomy. For once this kind of conversation became amusing—as given by Molière in *Les Femmes savantes*, that most diverting of comedies. Pedantry is almost as divertingly treated in *Le Mariage forcé*, though this last play is somewhat coarse. The two most amusing characters in it are Dr. Pancrace, a follower of Aristotle, who sustains by the logic of his great master that to speak of the form instead of the figure of a hat, shows a man to be 'ignorant, ignorantissime, ignorantifiant et ignorantifié in every case and mood imaginable,' and Marphurius, who holds the doctrine of Pyrrhon, that everything should be spoken of doubtfully, and therefore instead of saying 'I am come,' we should say, 'It seems to me I am come.' Sganarelle beats him, and when he resents it, argues that he ought not to say, 'I have been beaten,' but, 'It seems to me that I have been beaten.'

The medical faculty did not escape the lash of Molière, and indeed seems richly to have deserved it by their ignorance and affectation. In long black robes and wigs, they rode about Paris on mules, talked

* Perrault.

Latin, or what they called Latin, and gave abominable drugs to their patients. One of them, who is the Macroton of *L'Amour Médecin*, dosed all his patients with antimonial wine, of which most of his family and many others died, Mazarin among them. 'Make way for the doctor!' cried a street wit one day, 'he has rid us of the Cardinal!' Just at the time too, when Sganarelle, in *Le Médecin malgré lui*, describes the heart as being on the right side and the liver on the left, the Faculté were all discussing a case where it would seem this really was the fact. Molière must have known this, but employed it to make Sganarelle accept it as the usual thing.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we may remark that a saying in '*L'Amour Médecin*' has become proverbial. Sganarelle, like a great many other people, is asking advice, which he only intends to take if it suits him, and receives some, which if taken would be very profitable to those who offer it. The jeweller suggests to him to buy diamonds. 'Vous êtes orfevre, M. Josse,' retorts Sganarelle.

George Dandin is a lesson to roturiers who marry above their condition, and here again we get a saying which has become a household word: 'Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin,' the wretched man says to himself, 'vous l'avez voulu.'

In all these plays we find what French people call 'l'esprit Gaulois,' that is to say, wit and mirth, and an outspokenness which does not shrink from a loose jest or a coarse word, and is never romantic nor sentimental, nor heroic. When Molière left this vein for a more high-flown one, as in *Don Garcie de Navarre*, he is comparatively unsuccessful. It is very curious to compare his treatment of love with that of either Racine or Corneille; of course it makes part of all his comedies, but as a slight and trivial thing, a passing passion, vehement while it lasts, but of the earth earthy.

In classic literature, the farther back we go, the smaller place love, as a sentiment between man and woman, seems to take. To the lofty Æschylus it seemed a feeling which weakened and even degraded a man; the ancients regarded it as effeminate, and even impure; the chorus sometimes sing of it indeed passionately, as in the hymns which they chant to the Antigone of Sophocles, but with a kind of terror at the dread power of Venus. It is Venus whom Helen blames for driving her to leave her home with Paris, and though Hecuba sternly tells her that she needed no impulse from a divinity to make her fly with beautiful Paris, and that the impure passions of mortals are in truth the Venus whom they adore, this is not the general view taken by antiquity. Phædra is hurried along by mad passion sent upon her by Venus, who is wroth because Hippolytus scorns her worship. Hæmon indeed kills himself for love of Antigone, somewhat like Romeo on Juliet's tomb, but he says very little about his feelings, and to compare the scene in Sophocles' tragedy with that in Shakespeare's gives the measure between the view of a classic and a modern writer on love. 'It is a strange thing,' Plato says, 'that though so

many poets have sung in honour of the gods, none have lauded Love, who yet is so great a god.' And he shows how love in its noblest form, love sovereign and immortal, is the inspirer of great deeds and artistic works. But he spoke to a deaf generation, and the banquet ends with the arrival of Alcibiades, half tipsy, his beautiful head crowned with ivy and violets, and behind him a troop yet more drunken. Fontenelle's comment on the absence of love on the Greek stage is, 'Some have praised the ancients for not lowering the drama by such a poor, mean sentiment; my own impression is that they were unaware of what love can do, and had no knowledge of the heart.' He might have added that the seclusion in which modest girls were kept in Greece was as unfavourable to romances as the like jealousy among girls in France has been to making their story begin until after marriage.

Christianity, destined to exalt and free woman, at first lowered her position, already so low. Aghast at the vice around them, the early converts saw only the lower side of love, and recoiled into austere monasticism, a needful protest, perhaps, but one which cast a slur upon family life and marriage in the eyes of many generations; and unduly exalted celibacy. In the *Shepherd* of Hermas, and later in the great epic of Dante, we find Love idealised to the highest degree, and then comes the love of ladies as set forth in chivalry and the *Amadis de Gaule*, then the *Astrée* with its pastoral and knightly sentiment, then *Clélie*, where a woman takes the pen, and love thenceforward becomes the staple of romances and plays.

We have seen, however, that Corneille viewed it with almost classic austerity; how Racine treated it as a grave and serious and tender thing, but with Molière it becomes commonplace, amusing and profoundly bourgeois, his *Misanthrope* excepted—and there we have a real lover and a real man, and in Célimène such a *charmeuse* as the great world of Paris then was able to produce; provoking, enchanting, smiling, and tormenting, with a salon where only a much-worshipped woman of the world could live. Is this indeed a portrait of Julie? We think not, but possibly we have the real Marquis who adored her—and yet is he not a deeper character, this Alceste, so honest and upright, with a noble heart sickened by the hypocrisy around him, which goads him into discourtesy? There is a touch of La Rochefoucauld in him, though the famous 'Maximes' appeared ten years later. He hates men, but Célimène . . . Célimène holds him captive. 'Morbleu! faut-il que je vous aime?' He is angered by her grace, her courteous welcome for others besides himself; her graceful acceptance of their admiration. She only laughs at him and tells him he is welcome to go. 'Hé bien! allez, sortez, vous est tout loisible,' and in come two fine gentlemen, Acaste and Clitandre, and others of the same stamp, and exhaust all the patience of Alceste, of which he had but a slender stock to begin with. These, with Chilante, a sensible, good girl, and prudish

Arsinoé, a lady 'sur le retour,' who feigns to accept approaching middle age, but would fain still be young, and Philante, the friend of Alceste, make up the portrait of a salon in those days, and how life-like the conversations are! how clever Célemène's arch critiques and portraits of their mutual acquaintance! But Alceste cannot stand the backbiting, and breaks out—

> 'Allons! ferme! poussez, mes bons amis de cour.
> Vous n'épargnez point, et chacun à son tour:
> Cependant, aucun d'eux à vos yeux ne se montre
> Qu'on ne vous voie en hâte aller à sa rencontre,
> Lui présenter la main, et d'un baiser flatteur
> Appuyer les serments d'être son serviteur.'

He suffers, forgives, reproaches, is insupportable, exacting, generous, despairing—how did it all end? Molière will not tell us.

The plot of *Le Misanthrope* is simple, but full of energy and human interest. There is a group of three chief characters, to which the rest serve as a background. Alceste is a great and provoking reasoner, but he is also impassioned and complex, not a type, but a real person. Shakespeare touches this kind of character in his *Timon of Athens*, but Timon is of a lower stamp; he is full of gall and humiliation and envy; there is none of Alceste's deep tenderness, no generosity; he would not have been happy poor and solitary if only a Célimène had loved and followed him into exile. Alceste would have been perfectly satisfied.

Paris did not at first appreciate the *Misanthrope*, and a flatterer hastened to tell Racine that it was a failure. 'You may believe me, for I was there,' he cried. 'You were there and I was not,' Racine answered coldly, 'but I do not believe a word of it, for it is impossible that Molière should write a bad piece; go back and examine it more closely.' These words redeem much of the pettiness and unfairness which Racine showed at other times towards Molière, to whom he owed much.

If we had those twelve little volumes of which Miss Mitford speaks before us, we should see that his plays fall naturally into four divisions. First come his Pastorals, little trifles interspersed by singing and dancing, written for royal fêtes—Louis Quatorze himself often suggesting the subjects. Then come farces, laughable and unrefined; then comedies ridiculing some special foibles, and lastly those masterpieces, such as *Le Misanthrope*, and *Tartuffe*. In *Tartuffe*—if we except its dénouement, we have one of the finest comedies in any language. It is not a weakness here that Molière attacks, but a vice, and he strikes the shield with the sharp end of his spear. This bourgeois was no respecter of persons. He mocked the great as well as the small; in *Les Précieuses ridicules* he brings in two noblemen, aped by their valets; in the *Impromptu de Versailles* we have the airs and assumption of courtiers who know everything

without having learned it. 'Le marquis aujourd'hui est le plaisant de la comédie,' he says, with incredible audacity; 'et comme dans toutes les comédies anciennes, on voit toujours un valet bouffon qui fait rire les auditeurs, de même dans toutes nos pièces de maintenant il faut toujours un marquis ridicule qui divertisse la compagnie. Il est vrai; on ne s'en saurait passer.'

It is not to be supposed that the nobles all had the good taste to laugh at Molière's presentment of 'les marquis ridicules.' The Duc de la Feuillade, who had been personally attacked in the *Écoles des Femmes*, meeting him in the great gallery of Versailles, revenged himself with inconceivable bad taste and brutality. Seizing Molière's head as the dramatist bowed to him, he rubbed his face up and down against the buttons of his own coat until it was covered with blood. This was the more unpardonable that a comedian could not call a noble to account; but Louis Quatorze, hearing of it, reprimanded the duke with severity, and bade Molière bring absurd aristocrats on the scene to his heart's content.

It was well indeed for Molière that the King befriended him when *Tartuffe* was acted, for now he had enemies more dangerous even than the noblesse swarming round him; the clergy and the 'dévots' all declared it an impious work, and the Jesuits had every reason to consider it aimed at them. Yet in this play, with its wonderful picture of hypocrisy as incarnate in Tartuffe, we have a really beautiful portrait of the truly religious man in Cléante. Only party feeling could have aroused such a storm as broke forth when this piece was given to the public. 'I wish I knew,' said the King to the Prince de Condé, 'why the people who are so shocked at Molière's comedy, say nothing against Scaramouche?' 'The reason is,' answered Condé, 'that Scaramouche mocks only at Heaven and religion, which they care nothing about, while Molière's comedy mocks at them, which they cannot stand.'

Tartuffe is indeed the finest of all Molière's works. With what energy he attacks hypocrisy and unmasks false piety; how individual the characters are, and what excellent comedy it is! Tartuffe, poor and wretched, has, by his apparent piety, altogether fascinated the weak Orgon and his mother, Mme. Pernelle. What a picture we get of this imperious woman, whose rigid piety and narrow-mindedness suggest that she is atoning for a youth not too respectable by making every one uncomfortable in her age under pretext of religion! The first scene of the play strikes the key-note of her character, when she lectures her gentle daughter-in-law, Elmire, her grandson, her granddaughter, and the servant Dorine, apropos of whom we may remark that the confidante has now developed into the soubrette, who is a creation of Molière's. Madame Pernelle is a master-piece from this first scene to the last act, where Orgon's own obstinacy meets with poetical justice, and his mother absolutely refuses to hear his accusations of her well-beloved saint. No, she really cannot believe he could

mean to do wrong; good people are always envied, and every one in the household is against this poor man; how often she had told her son when he was a child, that virtue is always persecuted; the envious die, but envy, never! Orgon has listened to false reports. Vainly Orgon breaks in and tells her 'j'ai vu de mes yeux,' she will not listen.

'Je l'ai vu, dis-je, vu, de mes propres yeux vu!
Ce qu'on appelle vu!'

To which she replies loftily that one must not always judge by what one sees. What! Orgon exclaims in a passion, is he to suppose that Tartuffe wanted to kiss Elmire, Orgon's wife, from the highest motives?

'Il est besoin
Pour accuser les gens d'avoir de justes causes;
Et vous deviez attendre à vous voir sûr des choses,'

is all that he gets from Madame Pernelle.

Molière is strong meat, and we must not be understood as recommending his plays unreservedly for general reading; a more careful father than Miss Mitford's would certainly not have placed all those twelve volumes in a girl's hands; but it would be much to be regretted if students of French literature were content to know his delightful comedies only through the poor medium of a manual, or a single play with English notes, holding up their farthing candle to the sun, and studied for that deceptive thing, an examination. Let at least the *Misanthrope*, *Les Précieuses ridicules*, *Les Femmes savantes*, and for broad farce the *Fourberies de Scapin*, be read, and if read, surely enjoyed. Molière appeals much more to the English reader, than do Corneille or Racine, who require a special education, and that a French one, thoroughly to appreciate and enter into their merits.

Competition Questions.

19. What is Hallam's judgment of Molière?

20. Analyse the character of *Célimène* in the *Misanthrope*.

21. Explain why Louis Quatorze supported Molière against the noblesse.

22. Give a short account of *Les Femmes savantes*.

21. In what comedy do we find the character of *M. Jourdain*? Analyse it.

24. Criticise the style of Molière.

[Will *Mignonette* kindly send her address?]

FRENCH COMPETITION.

July List.

First Class.

Mignonette	100	Geduld, Helen	70
Feu-Follet	95	Southern Cross	65
Doris	75	Emma	60
Aslanga, Faria	70		

Second Class.

Phil	90	Atalanta	40

August Class List.

First Class.

Feu-Follet, Geduld, Mignonette	95	Southern Cross	80
Aslanga	90	Faria	77
		Helen	60

Second Class.

Phil	80	Atalanta	30

'BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD.'

THE last mist, curling up the mountain side,
Had fled, and left in dewy grace revealed
Each moulded form which raised in modest pride
To heaven the joy which mantling night concealed.

The air was all aglint with rosy light,
The lark's loud song was mounting to the sky,
The hare was running races for delight,
And life was in the fern she scampered by.

All things around were full of active life,
Nor less was that still lake which, sheltered, lay
A calm expanse, apart from noise or strife,
Where not a ripple stirred, or died away.

Life calm and true; for in that lake profound
The azure depth of heaven's unbounded love
In stillness gliding, a sure home had found;
The pure deep welcoming the deep above.

But while the hours of morning fleeted by,
Clouds gathered blackness; winds in strife allied
Roused stormy waves which ruffled angrily;
Heaven's love withdrew—it might not there abide.

Anon when all that boisterous force was spent,
And peace returning stilled each murmuring wave,
While sober eve her softening influence lent,
Then heaven once more his pure reflection gave.

Who could with heart unmoved those changes mark,
Nor learn the lesson Nature loved to give?
Nature whom God hath set to cheer the dark,
And bid the languid soul revive and live.

For thus in youth, when all around is joy,
And innocence the soul unruffled keeps;
No storms of worldly strife that peace annoy;
And dreams are pure, and sin, unroused, yet sleeps.

Then whatsoe'er of glory God hath given
To earth, reflections of eternal love,
Finds entrance to the soul, as the blue heaven
To that calm lake, whose surface nought did move.

'Beauty, a living presence of the earth,' *
Floats round us, and a glory in the air
Brings visions that to noble deeds give birth,
As that fair beauty of the earth as fair.

Then shadows that on sloping uplands lie,
The clouds that in heaven's compass onward sweep,
The silence of the stars, the deep on high,
Where in their stations they their watches keep;

All find a home, wherever a heart pure
A welcome gives to claim of sympathy.
The heavenly image ever rests secure
In 'waters that in perfect stillness lie.' †

But let earth's ruder storms disturb the soul,
Or brooding mists their exhalations spread,
Heaven's light is blotted out from pole to pole,
A vanished glory from the earth is fled.

Ah! happy he who shall, through mercy, gain
Peace after strife, though given in after days.
Angels for him with joy to weep are fain,
For him again upon the mountains plays.

A radiance divine, that shall not fail
Bright memories to wake, and hopes of joy,
Heaven's glory-gleamings lightening through the veil,
Telling of beauty that shall never cloy.

But happier he, when his the blissful part
For aye to dwell within the Light Divine;
Blest the unclouded soul, the pure in heart,
Whose eyes shall see the Unveiled Beauty shine.

* Wordsworth. † Trench.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Elaborate Services.

So many papers have now been sent in, that only extracts can be given from most. The *Ayes* most decidedly have it. *Lucciola*, *Bath-brick*, and *X. Y. Z.* being the only ones which have definitely put the opposing view. *Spermologos* treads the ancient *via media*, and her paper appears to Chelsea China to be at once tolerant and practical, making allowance for differing temperaments, and knowing how hard it is for sinful man to wind himself very high in this world of many motives.

(Chelsea China would point out, in answer to *Dandelion*, who puts forward a point of view somewhat neglected in other papers, that the burning question of the day is not whether ritual is to be symbolical or merely ornamental, but as to *what the symbols used ought to mean.* This point is of course quite outside the debate, and, very properly, has not been touched upon, but besides the fear that the thing symbolised may be forgotten in the symbol, it may show forth a false doctrine, or *bring a true one into undue importance.* This is a digression, and is only mentioned in answer to *Dandelion.*) What *is* being discussed is not *symbolism*, but *ornament.* Anthems, flowers, banners, 'services' (using the word in a technical, musical sense), numerous lights, etc., are only remotely symbolical. They may be offerings 'for glory and for beauty,' or they may not.

The practical question really is, and it must be a matter of degree: Does a large amount of non-essential ornament so tend to edification, as to be worth the amount of commonplace fuss, and the great attention to small externals, which it requires in the managers?

The debaters, as a whole, have decided that it does. It is the decision of the day in which we are called upon to live—and worship. But there used to be such a thing as 'high doctrine, and plain practice,' like Wordsworth's 'high thinking and plain living;' and it made some very good Church people in its time—not to say Saints.

Papers received from *X. Y. Z.*, who would like, in ordinary places: 1. Psalms read to preserve their rhythm. (Query. Is good rhythmical reading much commoner than good singing?) 2. Soft singing. 3. No anthems, and careful practice of chants and hymns.

Blackbird and *M. H. T.* both send excellent defences of elaborate services, papers which justify themselves, and are in themselves a proof of the good gained. They come, however, to much the same

thing as *Pyllycrochan* in the last number. *Blackbird* says, very truly, that it is much easier to note the deserters from an elaborate service, than the absentees from a dull one. *Atheline* takes the same line rather less unreservedly.

Lucciola repeats her objections to difficult music, as being uncongregational.

Dandelion's paper defends ornamental ritual as a teaching power, appealing to the intellect. Part is given.

By some of those who contribute to the debate in August, it seems to have been too much taken for granted that ritual was optional, and that its aim was to please. This is a quite wrong view. No mere sensuous enjoyment, whether religious or not, can ever be properly termed devotion.

The Church has Rites and Ceremonies (see the title-page of our Book of Common Prayer); whenever you have a rite to perform, there must of necessity be ritual, where there are ceremonies there must be ceremonial of some sort or another. Ritual has ever been and *still is* the great educating medium of the Church. The burning question in our branch of the Church to-day is *not* whether there shall be rites and ceremonies, but whether these shall be performed 'according to the use of the Church of England,' that is, whether ritual shall *mean* something, or whether it shall be 'ornamental' alone.

In order that elaborate ritual shall conduce to devotion, two things are necessary.

1. That the ritual shall not be fancy, but that the outward act or symbol shall really express and set forth the doctrine embodied in it.

2. That the body of lay worshippers shall be instructed in the significance of *every symbol* and act, that they may be able to enter into the spirit.

When the Spirit is right, we should be very tender over the failure. What is our *best* that we can offer to God? Yet He accepts it. Is it too much to ask that we shall sometimes bear with an offering, which is perhaps more fervent than artistic. DANDELION.

There have ever been two classes of minds in the Church, the lovers of simplicity and the lovers of beauty, the Puritan and the Ritualist. The hermit and the monk of the desert burst away from the high ritual of the primitive Church. Later we have the contrast of Citeaux and Clugny, and by-and-by of the Jansenist and Jesuit. Dangers lie behind each custom, and each again has support on the greatest authority. The bareness of all adjuncts of worship aids the spiritual sense of some, and makes their feeling of devotion purer; but it alienates others, and rouses a certain indignation at what can be easily neglect and parsimony. Ornament for glory and for beauty may well be felt to have the very noblest precedent. It was enjoined

upon the chosen people; it gives the opportunity of lavishing our best and most costly, it lifts the souls of many, and may well be a foretaste of Heaven.

But as 'noblest things find vilest usings,' the ideal being highest, it is open to the greatest abuses and perils. It can only be brought near perfection by a combination of circumstances—time, thought, talent, money, unremitting attention, and even thus, without the spirit within, it may realise the legend of the poor monks who sung badly, till they were charmed by the arrival of a chorister with a perfect voice, until an angel came down to ask why all their praises had been omitted that day. They had been admiring the chorister, he admiring himself.

There are places and occasions when such perfection can be established, and where the tone of the performers can be cultivated so as to give a hope that at least their minds are in a reverent state. The perils of the services being used as a spectacle must be for the frequenters to take to their own consciences, the subtle perils of rivalry with other Churches should be prayed against by those concerned.

In general, a service where the music and hymns fairly represent the aspirations *at the best* of the average congregation are the safest to cultivate. The old generation who could not follow a chant are nearly extinct, and no longer to be pained and alienated. Singing in schools has given early a power of following and enjoying. But therewith comes the terrible peril to be laid to heart by all concerned, namely, that to excuse absolute persistent ill conduct—not mere boyish thoughtlessness in members of the choir, is absolute encouraging of profanity.

Where voices are few, and the bad boy has (as he always has) the best musical gifts, the temptation is great; but the irreverence to the Highest, the harm to his own character, and the effect on all who know him, are terrible. SPERMOLOGOS.

Is love of personal adornment detrimental to the female character?

It is rather curious that the first contribution which Debatable Ground has received from an avowedly masculine source should deal with this feminine question.

We may form our views on verbal truth, courses of study, thought-reading, and other important topics for ourselves; but when it comes to Dress, we require the aid of a higher intelligence.

It appears to Chelsea China that the point to settle is when 'the law of diminishing returns' begins to act.

Papers received from *Taffy*, *Bathbrick*, *Beta*, *Fidelia*, *Stanzerl*, *Bildad*, *Lucciola*, and *Peter Piper*. Most of the papers take a moderate view of the subject, best expressed by *Lucciola*. *Bildad* is the most

severe. Chelsea China does not see what 'depths of meaning' there are in the expression 'a love of personal adornment,' as *Beta* thinks, nor does she agree with her that women are likely to make their dress pleasing and artistic without some touch of the quality.

George Herbert says, 'The more women look in their glass, the less they look to their house,' and there is without doubt much truth in this old saying. Love of personal adornment, whether in studied simplicity or the reverse, is apt to concentrate the thoughts too much on self, and is after all a form of vanity. The crushing of self in any form ought to be always before our minds, and self-pleasing must be put completely in the background if we would serve and please God. As long as we hug in our hearts a love of anything personal, we are prone to become selfish and self-concentrated. To look nice and picturesque to oneself is always pleasant, it is but human nature that it is so; but do we admire and respect those who are constantly thinking of their adornment? Hardly, I think. Fénélon, on the contrary, says, 'There is really nothing more beautiful and attractive than a thorough absence of self-consciousness,' and those who love to adorn themselves, in any class of life, can hardly be thought to be lacking in self-consciousness. It is, and ever will be, difficult to crush self-love in any point, and in our own strength an utter impossibility. It is only by absolute conformity to God's will, merging *our* wills in *His*, that we are filled with love for Him rather than for ourselves, and then, when He is remembered, self is forgotten. BILDAD.

'Bonnie bride—soon buskit,' says the sagacious old proverb. It is by no means the prettiest woman who takes most trouble over her 'busking.' But, taking the widest view of the question and excluding details, I can never condemn wholesale any universal instinct. Its universality attests it as coming from the Creator's hand. We have the best authority for considering this care for personal adornment as inherent in womanly nature: 'Can a maid forget her ornaments or a bride her attire?' And there is no suggestion that she is wrong; only a strong argument—*post hoc, propter hoc*—is based upon the accepted fact. If I am told that this love of adornment has been to woman a source of multifold evils, I can only reply that it is so with every natural instinct, affection, and passion of our complex nature, ever since Eden's gates were barred with the flaming sword. Yet to crush or destroy an instinct is unnatural and wrong. Educate it, cultivate it, put it into due proportion and fixed control. No doubt, some of the most subtle dangers of our weaker sex lie hidden beneath the surface of this inherent tendency. Selfishness, hardness of heart, every phase of rivalry and jealousy have budded and borne fruit under the folds of the silk attire; but it was not the wearer's dress, but her heart that

needed alteration. I call the love of personal adornment an integral part of every truly 'womanly' woman, needing only direction, wise and tender, as to its motive. If this be love in any right and praiseworthy form, the adorning will do the girl good, not harm. If 'thinking this will please him best, she takes a ribbon or a rose,' the busking of this bride is a sight for the angels who guard our path. May we not reverently see a further Scripture warrant for this 'instinct,' when, in her hour of consummated redemption, the Church, Jerusalem, appears in vision 'as a bride adorned for her husband?' If the instinct were a wrong one, could that exquisite parable be possible? LUCCIOLA.

The discussions in Debatable Ground are generally outside the capacity—or the interest—of a merely masculine intelligence. For instance, last month a question was raised about unselfishness. It was a foregone conclusion that the result of that would be all in favour of us. One felt it superfluous to explain that the comfort of man depends on the unselfishness of woman, and that therefore unselfishness is to be cultivated by the great majority of readers of the *Monthly Packet*. But this month, a far more important question is raised, with a more doubtful issue. There are so many ladies now-a-days who consider that a consideration for personal appearance stamps one as an effete believer in the subjection of women. They should appreciate the reference to political economy below. Well, it really is of vital importance that the larger half of humanity should arrive at a correct conclusion on this point, and I desire to enter a vigorous No! to the question propounded. (Were I the father of grown-up daughters I might take a different view, but that would be the result of an unseemly and merely mercenary bias.) Why *should* a proper regard for personal adornment be deleterious? It is the solemn duty of every one who is able to do so to make the world a little more beautiful (or a little less ugly), consequently, to make themselves a trifle more beautiful (or less ugly) than they would be without attention to personal adornment. Masculine opportunities for adornment are so limited that the duty hardly comes into play; but if an ordinary average girl realised the amount of positive pleasure that she can disseminate by merely looking 'nice,' and the positive irritation she causes by looking 'dowdy,' she would always look 'nice,' as a matter of principle. The thing is like the economic 'law of diminishing returns.' Ornament up to a certain point, and the satisfying effect increases in proportion to your adornment. Beyond that point, the proportion of satisfaction to adornment diminishes; the return is not in due proportion to the expenditure. Moral: up to the point where the 'diminishing returns' begin, the result to the community at large is worth the exertion; therefore the exertion is a duty. Beyond that point, the community *doesn't* profit duly, therefore the extra exertion and

expense is mere vanity. Then of course it is demoralising. If *Lalage* wants to look nice, she is acting on a virtuous principle. If she wants to look *nicer than Neæra*, she is going wrong. But anyway, please don't dissuade her from looking 'nice.' PETER PIPER.

A very good paper on Unselfishness by *Atheline* is squeezed out by the length of the debate on Church Services.

There will be no question set in October, in order that everything may finish in December, before the commencement of the New Series of the *Monthly Packet*.

Papers on any preceding debate may be sent in as usual to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before November 1st.

SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN OF 'VITTORIA COLONNA.'

I.

WHEN wearily mine eyelids close against the light,
And thought is gliding to the land of silent dreams,
Then is thine image brought before my yearning sight,
And like thy living, breathing self, the vision seems:
Thou who once lightened every thought of sorrow here,
Deprived the night of gloom, and made each joy more dear.

Oh! if these eyes must open still to weep,
Yet will night's closing shades my life renew;
And when Time's stealing steps shall silent creep
(Yet bear from me no memory of you),
Thy lovèd form shall yet more clear arise,
As earthly pleasures vanish from my eyes
And Faith its strengthening balm shall on me shed,
And Love Divine upraise my drooping head. M. A.

II.

FATHER Eternal! Heavenly King!
By bounty infinite, a living branch if I
May be of that true Vine that circleth everything,
Bend low Thine eye and see me fainting lie
Beneath the shade its leaves around me fling;
Till Spring's soft airs, renewed eternally,
To me their life-restoring orders bring.
Oh make me pure! and resting still on Thee,
My food each day shall be the holy dew
Of penitential tears, that, falling silently,
My dry and withered root may yet renew.
Truly, Thou said'st that Thou would'st be my rest;
Come, then, that I may ever-grateful yield the best
Of fruit most worthy of a Tree so blest! M. A.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AT THE CONQUEST.

Questions for October.

33. Compare the relations of William I. and Lanfranc, with those of William II. and St. Anselm.

34. Give a short account of (at least) four important points of William I.'s dealing with the Church (one being some account of the Domesday survey, in respect of Church property).

35. A life of Lanfranc.

36. The history of the conflict on Investitures in England (only).

Those who have access to it, should study Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Books vii. and viii.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by November 1st. N.B. Bog-Oak only receives the answers once a month from the Publishers. Members therefore should not write to ask for further time.

July Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda, Cocksmoor, Papaver	37	Firenze	34	Malacoda, Antigone	31
Andromache	36	Kentigern	33	White Owl, Verena, Δαμβδα, Maidenhair	30
Charissa, Sycorax	35	Sophy, De Maura, Veritas	32		
		Ierne	31		

Second Class.

Water Wagtail, Violets	29	Fidelia, Countess	27	Vörwarts	26
*Decima	28	Polypodium	26	Spider	25
				Bluebell	24

Third Class.

Scholastica, Honeysuckle	19	Ina	19	*Busy Bee	17
		Hegesippus	18	Trudel	14

REMARKS.

25. The Chronological Table has been done with varying ideas. Some only giving a dozen events in 330 years, while *Etheldreda*

* Three answers only.

has found over 60 with their dates, and contemporary kings and archbishops. Hers and *Andromache's* are the best; and there are many excellent tables from the others. *Polypodium* makes Alfred the Great, son, instead of grandson, to Egbert. *Busy Bee* gives 971 instead of 959 for St. Dunstan's accession to Canterbury.

26. This answer is only fairly done, the best on the whole being *Papaver*, *Polypodium*, *De Maura*, and *Decima*. For the origin of Tithes, *Etheldreda* reverts to the Early Church, *Cocksmoor* to the Mosaic Law. Bog-Oak agrees with *Firenze*, *Charissa*, etc., who go further still. Most ancient nations (e.g. Egyptians) paid tithe; and Melchisedek received it from Abraham. *The custom is immemorial*, as to the world, and as to England, though the legal enforcement of them may be dated to the Mosaic Law for Israel, and to this or that Council for Christians. Λαμβδα: Yes, tithes were paid in kind till the Commutation Act in this reign (23rd and 24th of Victoria). The tithe-barns attached to village parsonages were for the purpose of receiving them. Some writers do not make it clear that it was the tenth of the Crown lands for ever (and not of their produce) which Ethelwolf gave. A tithe of produce had always been paid. The Donation had nothing to do with legalising tithes, which was done already at the Council of Chelsea, 787. *Papaver* gives beautifully the exemptions of Ethelwolf, but not the Donation. Some writers think Peter's Pence was first paid in Wessex only, as a maintenance for King Ina's School at Rome; that King Offa extended it to Mercia. King Ethelwolf possibly made it sure for all England. Certainly it was very soon converted to general uses by the Popes. *De Maura* writes well on this head; but it was the tribute begun by John, not Peter's Pence, which was ended by the Parliament of 1366. The latter lasted till the Reformation.

27. Most people choose the Councils. The answer is best done by *Etheldreda*, *Cocksmoor*, *Firenze* (who gives the Danish martyrs), *Papaver*, *Charissa*, *Sycorax*, and *Decima*. It is interesting to know that when St. Edmund's oak fell about fifty years ago, and the arrow (now in the British Museum) was found within the rings of well-nigh 1000 years, the timber of the tree was bought for a church dedicated to St. Edmund. The true name of the Council of Eynsham (circa 1009) was Eanham. Moderns alter this, because they don't know where Eanham was, and try to identify it with Ensham in Oxfordshire. But this was not a usual abode or place for witans with the old English Kings. Now a village near Andover is still called King's Enham, and there is little doubt that this was the locality, as Andover was a royal residence, especially with King Ethelred; and several neighbouring estates were crown lands. Gratelea or Grately near Andover was the locality of another Council, A.D. 925. *Hegesippus:* Bog-Oak had hoped no one would omit our martyred Archbishop Ælphege (1011) from the list of martyrs under the Danes.

28. *Maidenhair* and others: Æthelm, Archbishop of Canterbury,

certainly died 928, so either Dunstan was born before 925, or it was his other uncle, Ælphæg of Winchester, who introduced him to King Ethelstan. Dunstan did more than establish Benedictine Rule in England (which, by the way, had never quite died out since St. Augustin brought it here), he *reformed* it; if not actually introducing Cluniacs, at least on the basis of the Clugny reform. *White Owl:* The branding of Elgiva, if it ever happened, was during Dunstan's exile in Flanders, so he is hardly personally responsible for that. *Trudel* must read up her history. Edwy was not murdered by his stepmother, but his nephew Edward was; and it was Edgar the Peaceable, not his son Ethelred, who followed Dunstan's counsel. Very few have noticed what Green says of Dunstan, that he was the first to follow a national and not a West Saxon policy. Was not this natural in our first ecclesiastical statesman, a man to whom one National Church had ever been familiar?

Bog-Oak sees with sorrow that *English* Church History is not popular. Why did several Members urge her to take up English and not general Church History? The lives of Dunstan are very well done, but otherwise there seems little interest and less reading this month.

Notices to Correspondents.

F. A. E. would be glad to know from whence the following lines are taken—

'Were I as tall as reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I would be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.'

Mull.—A translation of Madame de La Rochejaquelein's 'Memoir of La Vendée' was published by Constable many years ago. A second-hand bookseller would procure it.

Mrs. Langdon will be much obliged if the Editor or readers of the 'Monthly Packet' can tell her where the following lines are to be found, and the Author.

'Not gone from Memory
Nor from love,
But gone to our Father's
Home above.'

M. T. would be glad if any readers of the 'Monthly Packet' would kindly give her the remainder of the passage, commencing—

'With every good wish,
And every perfect wish,'

with authority.

The Monthly Packet.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES.

CHAPTER XI.

FETTERS BROKEN.

'How long and loud the victor shout,
From turret and from tower rang out,
The rugged vaults replied.'—*Scott.*

'SIR, I have something to show you.'

It was the early twilight of a summer's morning when Ringan crept up to the shelter of pine branches under which George Douglas was sleeping, after hotly opposing Gebhardt, who had nearly persuaded his master that retreat was inevitable, unless he meant to be deserted by more than half his men.

George sat up. 'Anent the ladies?' he said.

Ringan bowed his head, with an air of mystery, and George doubted no longer, but let him lead the way, keeping among the brushwood to the foot of the quarry whence the Castle had been built. It had once been absolutely precipitous, no doubt, but the stone was of a soft quality on which weather told, ivy and creepers had grown on it, and Ringan pointed to what to dwellers on plains might have seemed impracticable, but to those who had birds-nested on the crags of Tantallon, had quite a different appearance. True, there was castle wall and turret above, but on this, the weather side, there had likewise been a slight crumbling, which had been neglected, perhaps from over-security, perhaps on account of the extreme difficulty of repairing, where there was the merest ledge for foothold above the precipitous quarry; indeed, the condition of the place might never even have been perceived by the inhabitants, as there were no traces of the place below having been frequented.

''Tis a mere staircase as far as the foot of the walls compared with the Guillemot's crag,' observed Ringan.

'And a man with a heart and a foot could be up the wall in the corner where the ivy grows,' added George. 'It is well, Ringan, thou hast done good service. Here is the way.'

'With four or five of our own tall carles, we may win the Castle, and laugh at the German pock puddings,' added Ringan. 'Let them gang their gate, and we'll free our leddies.'

George was tempted, but he shook his head. 'That were scarce knightly towards the Duke,' he said. 'He has been gude friend to me, and I may not thus steal a march on him. Moreover, we ken na the strength of the loons within.'

'I misdoot there being mair than ten of them,' said Ringan. 'I have seen the same faces too often for there to be many. And what there be, we shall take napping.'

That was true, nevertheless George Douglas felt bound in honour not to undertake the enterprise without the cognizance of his ally, though he much doubted the Germans being alert or courageous enough to take advantage of such a perilous clamber.

Sigismund had a tent under the pine-trees, and a guard before the entrance, who stood, halbert in hand, like a growling statue, when the young Scot would have entered, understanding not one word of his objurgations in mixed Scotch and French, but only barring the way, till Sigismund's own, '*Wer da?*' sounded from within.

'*Moi*—George of Angus!' shouted that individual, in his awkward French. 'Let me in, Sir Duke; I have tidings!'

Sigismund was on foot in a moment. 'And from King René?' he asked.

'Far better, strong heart and steady foot can achieve the adventure and save the ladies unaided! Come with me, beau sire! Silently.'

George had fully expected to see the German quail at the frightful precipice and sheer wall before him, but the Hapsburg was primarily a Tyrolean mountaineer, and he measured the rock with a glistening, triumphant eye.

'Man can,' he said. 'That will we. Brave sire, your hand on it.'

The days were almost at their longest, and it was about five in the morning, the sun only just making his way over the screen of the higher hills to the north-east, though it had been daylight for some time.

Prudence made the two withdraw under the shelter of the woods, and there they built their plan, both young men being gratified to do so without their two advisers.

Neither of them doubted his own footing, and George was sure that three or four of the men who had come with Sir Robert were equally good cragsmen. Sigismund sighed for some Tyrolese whom he had left at home, but he had at least one man with him ready to dare any height; and he thought a rope would make all things sure. Nothing could be attempted till the next night, or rather morning, and Sigismund decided on sending a messenger down to the Franciscans to

borrow or purchase a rope, while George and Ringan, more used to shifts, proceeded to twist together all the horses' halters they could collect, so as to form a strong cable.

To avert suspicion, Sigismund appeared to have yielded to the murmurs of his people, and sent more than half his troop down the hill, in the expectation that he was about to follow. The others were withdrawn under one clump of wood, the Scotsmen under another, with orders to advance upon the gateway of the Castle so soon as they should hear a summons from the Duke's bugle, or the cry, 'A Douglas!' Neither Sir Gebhardt nor Sir Robert were young enough or light enough to attempt the climb, each would fain have withheld his master, had it been possible, but they would have their value in dealing with the troop waiting below.

So it came to pass that when Eleanor, anxious, sorrowful, heated and weary, awoke at daydawn and crept from the side of her sleeping sister to inhale a breath of morning breeze, and murmur a morning prayer, as she gazed from her loophole over the woods with a vague, never-quenchable hope of seeing something, she became aware of something very stealthy below—the rustling of a fox, or a hare in the fern mayhap, though she could not see to the bottom of the quarry, but she clung to the bar, craned forward, and beheld far down a shaking of the ivy and white-flowered rowan; then a hand, grasping the root of a little sturdy birch, then a yellow head gradually drawn up, till a thin, bony, alert figure was for a moment astride on the birch. Reaching higher, the sunburnt, freckled face was lifted up, and Eleanor's heart gave a great throb of hope. Was it not the wild boy, Ringan Raefoot? She could not turn away her head, she durst not even utter a word to those within, lest it should be a mere fancy, or a lad from the country birds-nesting. Higher, higher he went, lost for a moment among the leaves and branches, then attaining a crag, in some giddy manner. But, but—What was that head under a steel cap that had appeared on the tree? What was that face raised for a moment? Was it the face of the dead? Eleanor forced back a cry, and felt afraid of wakening herself from what she began to think only a blissful dream. All the more when that length of limb had reared itself, and attained to the dizzy crag above, a fairer, but more solid face, with a long upper lip, appeared, mounting in its turn. She durst not believe her eyes, and she was not conscious of making any sound, unless it was the vehement beating of her own heart; but perhaps it was the power of her own excitement that communicated itself to her sleeping sister, for Jean's voice was heard, 'What is it, Elleen; what is it?'

She signed back with her hand to enjoin silence, for her sense began to tell her that this must be reality, and that castles had before now been thus surprised by brave Scotsmen. Jean was out of bed, and at the loophole in a moment. There was room for only one, and Eleanor yielded the place, the less reluctantly that the fair head had

reached the part veiled by the tree, and Jean's eyes would be an evidence that she herself might trust her own sight.

Jean's glance first fell on the backs of the ascending figures, now above the crag. 'Ah! ah!' she cried, under her breath, 'a surprise —a rescue! Oh! the lad—stretching, spreading! The man below is holding his foot. Oh! that tuft of grass won't bear him. His knees are up. Yes—yes! he is even with the top of the wall now. Elleen! Hope! Brave laddie! Why—'tis—yes—'tis Ringan. Now the other, the muckle carle—Ah!' and then a sudden breathless silence came over her.

Eleanor knew she had recognised that figure!

Madame de Ste. Petronille was awake now, asking what this meant.

'Deliverance!' whispered Eleanor. 'They are scaling the wall. Oh, Jean, one moment——'

'I canna, I canna,' cried Jean, grasping the iron bar with all her might: 'I see his face; he is there on the ledge, at fit of the wall, in life and strength. Ringan—yes, Ringan is going up the wall like a cat!'

'Where is he? Is he safe—the Duke, I would say?' gasped Eleanor. 'Oh, let me see, Jeanie.'

'The Duke, is it? Ah! Geordie is giving a hand to help him on the ground. Tak tent, tak tent, Geordie. Dinna coup ower. Ah! they are baith there, and one—two—three muckle fellows are coming after them.'

'Climbing up there!' exclaimed the Dame, bustling up. 'God speed them. Those are joes worth having, leddies!'

'There! there—Geordie is climbing now. St. Bride speed him, and hide them. Well done, Duke! He hoisted him so far. Now his hand is on that broken stone. Up! up! His foot is in the cleft now! His hand—oh!—clasps the ivy! God help him! Ah, he feels about. Yes, he has it. Now—now the top of the battlement. I see no more. They are letting down a rope. Your Duke disna climb like my Geordie, Elleen!'

'Oh, for mercy's sake to your prayers, dinna wrangle about your joes, bairns,' cried Madame de Ste. Petronille. 'The Castle's no won yet!'

'But is good as won,' said Eleanor. 'There are barely twelve fighting men in it, and sorry loons are the maist. How many are up yet, Jeanie?'

'There's a fifth since the Duke yet to come up,' answered Jean, 'eight altogether, counting the callant Ringan. There!'

''Tis the warder's horn. They have been seen!' and the poor women clasped their hands in fervent prayer with ears intent; but Jean suddenly darted towards her clothes, and they hastily attired themselves, then cautiously peeped out at their door, since neither sight nor sound came to them from either window. The guard who had hindered their passage was no longer there, and Jean led the

way down the spiral stairs. At the slit looking into the court, they heard cries and the clash of arms, but it was too high above their heads for anything to be seen, and they hastened on.

There also in the narrow court was a fight going on—but nearly ended. Geordie Douglas knelt over the prostrate form of Rudiger von Balchenberg, calling on him to yield, but meeting no answer. One or two other men lay overthrown, three or four more were pressed up against a wall, howling for mercy. Sigismund was shouting to them in German—Ringan and the other assailants standing guard over them; but evidently hardly withheld from slaughtering them. The maidens stood for a moment, then Jean's scream of welcome died on her lips, for as he looked up from his prostrate foe, and though he had not yet either spoken or risen, Sigismund had stepped to his side, and laid his sword on his shoulder.

'Victor!' said he, 'in the name of God and St. Mary, I make thee chevalier. Rise, Sire George of Douglas!'

'True knight!' cried Jean, leaping to his side. 'Oh, Geordie! Geordie, thou hast saved us! Thou noblest knight!'

'Ah! Lady, it canna be helpit,' said the new knight. ''Tis no treason to your brother to be dubbed after a fair fight, though 'tis by a Dutch prince.'

'Thy king's sister shall mend that, and bind your spurs,' said Jean. 'Is the reiver dead, Geordie?'

'Even so,' was the reply. 'My sword has spared his craig from the halter.'

Such were the times, and such Jean's breeding, that she looked at the fallen enemy much as a modern lady may look at a slain tiger.

Eleanor had meantime met Sigismund with, 'Ah! well I knew that you would come to our aid. So true a knight must achieve the adventure!'

'Safe, safe, I am blessed and thankful,' said the Duke, falling on one knee to kiss her hand. 'How have these robbers treated my Lady?'

'Well, as well as they know how. That good woman has been very kind to us,' said Eleanor, as she saw Barbe peeping from the stair. 'Come hither, Barbe and Trudchen, to the Lord Duke's mercy.'

They were entering the hall, and, at the same moment, the gates were thrown open, and the men waiting with Gebhardt and Robert Douglas began to pour in. It was well for Barbe and her daughter that they could take shelter behind the ladies, for the men were ravenous for some prize, or something to wreak their excitement upon, besides the bare walls of the Castle, and its rude stores of meal and beer. The old Baron was hauled down from his bed by half-a-dozen men, and placed before the Duke with bound hands.

'Hola, Siege!' said he in German, all unabashed. 'You have

got me at last—by a trick! I always bade Rudiger look to that quarry; but young men think they know best.'

'The old traitor!' said George, in French. 'Hang him from his tower for a warning to his like, as we should do in Scotland.'

'What cause have you to show why we should not do as saith the knight?' said Sigismund.

'I care little how it goes with my old carcase now,' returned Balchenberg, in the spirit of the Amalekite of old. 'I only mourn that I shall not be there to see the strife you will breed with the lute-twanger or his fellows at Nanci.'

Gebhardt here gave his opinion that it would be wise to reserve the old man for King René's justice, so as to obviate all peril of dissension. The small garrison, to be left in the Castle under the most prudent knight whom Gebhardt could select, were instructed only to profess to hold it till the Lords of Alsace and Lorraine should jointly have determined what was to be done with it.

It was not expedient to tarry there long. A hurried meal was made, and then the victors set out on the descent. George had found his good steed in the stables, together with the ladies' palfreys, and there had been great joy in the mutual recognition; but Jean's horse was found to show traces of its fall, and her arm was not yet entirely recovered, so that she was seated on Ringan's sure-footed pony, with the new-made knight walking by her side to secure its every step, though Ringan grumbled that Sheltie would be far safer if left to his own wits.

Sigismund was proposing to make for Sarrebourg, when the glittering of lances was seen in the distance, and the troop was drawn closely together, for the chance that, as had been already thought probable, some of the Lorrainers had risen as to war and invasion. However, the banner soon became distinguishable, with the many quarterings, showing that King René was there in person, and Sigismund rode forward to greet him and explain.

The chivalrous King was delighted with the adventure, only wishing he had shared in the rescue of the captive Princesses. 'Young blood,' he said. 'Youth has all the guerdons reserved for it, while age is lagging behind.'

Yet so soon as Sir Patrick Drummond had overtaken him at Epinal, he had turned back to Nanci, and it was in consequence of what he there heard that he had set forth to bring the robbers of Balchenberg to reason. To him, there was no difficulty in accepting thankfully what some would have regarded as an aggression on the part of the Duke of Alsace, and though old Balchenberg, when led up before him, seemed bent upon aggravating him. 'Ha! Sir King, so a young German and a wild Scot have done what you, with all your kingdoms, have never had the wit to do.'

'The poor old man is distraught,' said the King, while Sigismund put in—

'Mayhap because you never ventured on such audacious villainy and *outrecuidance* before.'

'Young blood will have its way,' repeated the old man. 'Nay, I told the lad no good would come of it, but he would have it that he had his backers, and in sooth that escort played into his hands. Ha! ha! much will the fair damsel's royal *beau-frère* thank you for overthrowing his plan for disposing of them.'

'Hark you, foul-mouthed fellow,' said King René; 'did I not pity you for your bereavement and ruin, I should requite that slander of a noble prince by hanging you on the nearest tree.'

'Your Grace is kindly welcome,' was the answer.

René and Sigismund, however, took counsel together, and agreed that the old man should, instead of this fate, be relegated to an abbey, where he might at least have the chance of repenting of his crimes, and be kept in safe custody.

'That's your mercy,' muttered the old mountain wolf, when he heard their decision.

All this was settled as they rode back along the way where Madame de Ste. Petronille had first become alarmed. She had now quite resumed her authority and position, and promised protection and employment to Barbe and Trudchen. The former had tears for 'her boy,' thus cut off in his sins; but it was what she always foreboded for him, and if her old master was not thankful for the grace offered him, she was for him.

King René, who believed not a word against his nephew, intended himself to conduct the ladies to the Court of his sister, and see them in safety there. Jean, however, after the first excitement, so drooped as she rode, and was so entirely unable to make answer to all the kindness around her, that it was plain that she must rest as soon as possible, and thus hospitality was asked at a little country castle, around which the suite encamped. A pursuivant was, however, despatched by René to the French Court to announce the deliverance of the Princesses, and Sir Patrick sent his son David with the party, that his wife and the poor Dauphiness might be fully reassured.

There was a strange stillness over Château le Surry, when David rode in triumphantly at the gate. A Scottish archer, who stood on guard, looked up at him anxiously with the words, 'Is it weel with the lassies?' and on his reply, 'They are sain and safe, thanks under Heaven, to Geordie Douglas of Angus!' the man exclaimed, 'On, on, sir Squire, the Saints grant ye may not be too late for the puir Dolfine! Ah! but she has been sair misguided.'

'Is my mother here?' asked David.

'Aye, sir, and with the puir lady. Ye may gang in without question. A' the doors be open that ilka loon may win in to see a princess die.'

The pursuivant, hearing that the King and Dauphin were no longer in the Castle, rode on to Châlons, but David dismounted, and followed a stream of persons, chiefly monks, friars, and women of

the burgher class, up the steps, and on into the vaulted room, the lower part shut off by a rail, against which crowded the curious and only half-awed multitude, who whispered to each other, while above, at a temporary altar, bright with rows of candles, priests intoned prayers. The atmosphere was insufferably hot, and David could hardly push forward; but as he exclaimed in his imperfect French, that he came with tidings of Madame's sisters, way was made, and he heard his mother's voice. 'Is it—is it my son? Bring him. Oh, quickly!'

He heard a little faint gasping cry, and as a lane was opened for him, struggled onwards. In poor Margaret's case, the etiquette that banished the nearest kin from Royalty *in articulo mortis* was not much to be regretted. David saw her—white, save for the death-flush called up by the labouring breath, as she lay upheld in his mother's arms, a priest holding a crucifix before her, a few ladies kneeling by the bed.

'Good tidings, I see, my son,' said Lady Drummond.

'Are—they—here?' gasped Margaret.

'Alack, not yet, Madame; they will come in a few days' time.' She gave a piteous sigh, and David could not hear her words.

'Tell her how and where you found them,' said his mother.

David told his story briefly. There was little but a quivering of the heavy eyelids, and a clasping of the hands to show whether the dying woman marked him, but when he had finished, she said, so low, that only his mother heard, 'Safe! Thank God! *Nunc dimittis.* Who was it—young Angus?'

'Even so,' said David, when the question had been repeated to him by his mother.

'So best!' sighed Margaret. 'Bid the good Father give thanks.'

Dame Lilias dismissed her son with a sign. Margaret lay far more serene. For a few minutes there was a sort of hope that the good news might inspire fresh life, and yet after the revelation of what her condition was in this strange, frivolous, hard-hearted Court, how could life be desired for her weary spirit? She did not seem to wish, far less to struggle to wish to live to see them again; perhaps there was an instinctive feeling that, in her weariness, there was no power of rousing herself, and she would rather sink undisturbed than hear of the terror and suffering that she knew but too well that her husband had caused.

Only, when it was very near the last, she said, 'Safe! safe in leal hands. O tell my Jeanie to be content with them—never seek earthly crowns—ashes—ashes—Elleen—Jeanie—all of them—my love—oh! safe, safe. Now, indeed, I can pardon——'

'Pardon!' said the French priest, catching the word. 'Whom, Madame, the Sieur de Tillay?'

Even on the gasping lips there was a semi-smile. 'Tillay—I had forgotten! Tillay, yes, and another.'

If no one else understood, Lady Drummond did, that the forgiveness was for him who had caused the waste and blight of a life that might have been so noble and so sweet, and who had treacherously prepared a terrible fate for her young innocent sisters.

It was all ended now, there was no more but to hear the priest commend the parting Christian soul, while, with a few more faint breaths, the soul of Margaret of Scotland passed beyond the world of sneers, treachery, and calumny, to the land, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'

(To be continued.)

For those who have eyes for the tiniest of type, the Finger New Testament, printed at the Clarendon Press, and sold by H. Frowde, will be a prize. The reward books of the National Society are peculiarly charming this year. *The Green Girls of Greythorpe*, by C. R. Coleridge, are a set of damsels of an old asylum in course of transformation; and with some curious adventures connected with illicit stills in the mountains. Miss Lee's *Family Couch* is a delightful account of the misadventures of a family who surreptitiously take their pet animals abroad with them. *Dangerous Jewels*, by Miss Bramston, belong to some poor little fugitives from the French Revolution, who are robbed by English smugglers. *The Slaves of Sabinus*, by C. M. Yonge, resuscitates the sad true history of the heroism of Eponina, backed by a Jew and a heathen slave. *Peckover's Mill* is likewise historic, and of Jacobite days. So is Miss Debenham's *Little Candle*, which deals with the Claverhouse period, and tells of a rabbled clergyman. Miss Peard's *Locked Desk* is a very striking story of morbid endeavours to hide a family skeleton; and Esmé Stuart's *Vicar's Trio* tells of the cure of a selfish lad through three children; who are so very comical, but meddlesome, that we should have shared his aunt's aversion to them. Add to these *Shreds and Patches*, by E. Leigh Fry (Smith and Innes), and we have an unusually good collection. The Molyneux Family, are full of fun and sweetness. Miss Peard's *Mademoiselle* (Smith and Innes) is a really beautiful story of the Siege of Paris, full of noble self-devotion. *The Doll's Drama*, by Constance Milman (Smith and Innes), will supply plenty of Christmas diversion in the way of acting.

EVELYN WOOD'S ORGAN LESSONS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

It was, after all, a good many days before Janet could fulfil her promise of calling on Mrs. Wood. The weather was bad, and she suffered much pain in her back, and was kept, as she often was, by changeable weather, a prisoner to the sofa. Evelyn, mindful of her promise, did not go near the organ all the week.

'You will have me at home all this afternoon,' she said to her mother. 'I am going to have a real holiday this Wednesday; teach nobody, and practise nothing. I am afraid you must not come out. It is very cold; but we will have a regular cosy afternoon together.'

'I am thankful to hear it. I have seen little enough of you lately, child.'

Evelyn was much restored by the few days' comparative rest, and came home to dinner at two o'clock in high spirits. It had lifted a great weight from her mind that she had confided her hopes to her master, and that he seemed to think it not unlikely that she might succeed in carrying them out. She felt that now she would work with less anxiety, and consequently less fatigue. This holiday afternoon she threw off all thought of the future, and set herself to amuse and interest her mother, whom she rightly suspected had missed her a great deal lately. They worked and chatted. Then Evelyn read aloud for a while. Then she seated herself at the piano.

'I have not played to you for an age, mother, and I have had no time to practise.'

She played for a good hour, passing on from one composer to another, entirely from memory. 'Now,' she said, suddenly turning round on her stool, 'I'll give you an organ lesson,' and with a laugh, she began one of the heaviest and dullest of Bach's fugues.

'But, my dear,' said Mrs. Wood, 'it's frightful! How can you waste your time on anything so ugly?'

'Yes, I knew what you would say. You should just hear Mr. Falconer praise it up, and point out its beauties: "Observe, Miss Wood, the beauty of the theme."' A rap at the door brought Evelyn's recital to a close. 'Oh, do you think it can be a caller? I long for a breath from the outside world,' said Evelyn. 'But we could not have anything so exciting as a caller, could we, little mother?'

The door was thrown open, and the landlady announced—

'Mr. Falconer.' Evelyn rose with a smile and a blush.

'Good evening,' she said. 'Mother, I have often wished to introduce Mr. Falconer to you.'

'I told Miss Wood I should avail myself of some half-holiday to come and see you,' said Mr. Falconer. 'I hoped to have brought my sister; but she is ill, and not able to come.'

Evelyn gave a start; Mrs. Wood was right then, after all; and there did exist a man who took home flowers to his sister.

'I hope Miss Falconer is not a permanent invalid,' said Mrs. Wood kindly.

'Yes she is, but she is much better some days than others, and gets about in a chair. She will come as soon as she is able to see you. You have been playing,' he said, turning to Evelyn. 'Surely I did not mistake, but as I came near the door I heard the well known "S. Anne."'

'I was giving mother an organ lesson,' said Evelyn, mischievously, 'and she was unappreciative. She called it frightful.'

'I only mean that Bach requires a special education,' said Mrs. Wood apologetically, whilst Evelyn was wondering a little nervously if Mr. Falconer had also heard her imitating his manner. Mr. Falconer, however, took little more notice of her, but devoted his entire attention to her mother, passing on pleasantly from one topic to another. At the end of half an hour he rose to go.

'You will be ready for your lesson on Friday?' he asked, as he took Evelyn's hand.

'Yes,' she said.

'I wish you would tell me if my daughter is practising too hard,' said Mrs. Wood anxiously.

For one moment Evelyn raised her eyes, and, plainly as eyes could speak, they said—

'Please don't say yes.'

'Organ-practise is always hard work,' he said evasively, 'and Miss Wood is getting on well. She will be able to take things more easily after the first year. By the way, you never told me where you practise.'

'At St. Luke's, close by. The clergyman there was a friend of my father's, and so he gave me leave to use the organ in his church.'

'Why, Evelyn,' said Mrs. Wood, when her guest had departed, 'you never gave me a notion what a pleasant man Mr. Falconer was. I don't know when I have enjoyed talking to anybody as much.'

'Well, you see, Mr. Falconer, in his public and private capacity, happens to be two different people,' said Evelyn, quite unabashed; 'but I call it rather provoking of him not to be married. I had made up my mind so thoroughly on the subject, that the other night I chattered away to him all the way home with that thorough confidence that one only bestows upon a married man.'

Mrs. Wood laughed.

'It all comes of jumping at conclusions,' she said.

After this Evelyn's lessons became an unmitigated source of enjoyment. A thorough understanding having been arrived at between master and pupil, there seemed no longer any reason for Evelyn to preserve the rather defiant manner she had hitherto adopted, and John became much interested in his ready and attentive pupil.

As the spring advanced, Mrs. Wood and Miss Falconer saw a good deal of each other; but it was not till late in April that Evelyn was able to make her first call there. She had always been out when Janet had called at 14, Victoria Road; but her mother's account of Miss Falconer had awakened all Evelyn's sympathies. So one day, when her mother had not been out all day, and Evelyn had come home rather earlier than usual, she proposed that they should go together to call on her. A strange thrill of pity ran through the girl when she entered the room where Janet lay on her sofa, and, with a slightly heightened colour, put her hand out to reach her crutches to enable her to rise and welcome her visitors. Instinctively Evelyn ran forward.

'Will you please not get up? Mother thought I might come as late as this because there is no other time that I can well get away from work.'

Janet looked with pleasure into the pretty eager face.

'It was good of you and Mrs. Wood to come,' she said, looking from daughter to mother, and thinking that they were a strikingly pretty picture. 'Will you bring two chairs near me?'

The window looked out into a pretty garden, gay now with hyacinths and tulips, and inside Miss Falconer was surrounded with everything that could interest and amuse in books and magazines. Evelyn's eyes rested a little enviously on some of them.

'I have wanted to see you,' said Janet kindly. 'My brother has often mentioned you to me. It was curious finding ourselves such near neighbours, after all. I hope you will come and see me as often as you can, now the longer days are coming; but you are a very busy person, I am told.'

'I am busy now,' said Evelyn, 'but at Easter there is a short breathing-space, if I may come again then.'

'Ah, my brother runs away for a day or two then. I wonder if you and Mrs. Wood will come and spend the day here on Easter Monday, and keep me company in my solitude.'

'Oh, mother, it will be too delightful!' said Evelyn rapturously. 'Much nicer than a drive!'

Mrs. Wood laughed.

'Evelyn and I generally indulge ourselves on a Bank Holiday by going into the Park,' she explained. 'We do not often go further afield, but we sometimes find it rather a doubtful pleasure,

don't we, Evelyn? only it gives us a breath of fresh air. I think we shall much like to come here instead.'

'It will be very dull for you, but I shall be glad of your company.'

'John,' said Janet Falconer to her brother that night, 'I have invited Mrs. and Miss Wood to spend Easter Monday here, when you will be off to Hertfordshire. I have never seen Miss Wood before. She came with her mother this afternoon. You never told me how pretty she was. I think she is quite lovely.'

'Do you?' said John laconically.

'I really could not help staring at her at first. I think I shall like her.'

'Mother, I would rather be the most over-worked little music-teacher in the world than have to lie always on the sofa like Miss Falconer,' was Evelyn's comment on her visit; 'and is not she good to have a face like that?'

'She did not make her face, Evelyn,' Mrs. Wood answered, smiling.

'She makes the expression of it then. I wonder what I should look like if I were laid on my back for six months?'

'My dear, you do the work that comes to hand very bravely now,' said Mrs. Wood, 'so if suffering were at any time to be your lot, I expect you would take that bravely too.'

Easter passed very happily to Mrs. Wood and her daughter. The acquaintance with the Falconers had brought a new and interesting element into their lives, and it soon became an established custom that at frequent intervals the Woods would wander up in the sweet May evenings to see their new friends, and if they kept away for long together Mr. Falconer was sure to saunter to their lodgings with some message from Miss Falconer. Evelyn grew very soon to regard her with almost passionate admiration. The great beauty of her character, her perfect unselfishness and her quiet heroism under almost constant pain, were qualities that to a young girl of unusually quick and sensitive feeling seemed almost divine.

One evening in May, when Evelyn had finished her lesson and was drawing on her gloves ready to go, Mr. Falconer said—

'Are you going to walk any of the way home? If so, I will come with you.'

'I always walk the first mile,' said Evelyn. 'Then I often get into an an omnibus. I shall be glad, if you are going my way.'

'If not regarded as too great curiosity, may I ask what you are going to do with yourselves at Whitsuntide?' began Mr. Falconer, a little hesitatingly.

'We ought really to go out of London. Mother has not been well, and I have been urging her to let us go, if it is only for a day or two; but she won't go.'

'She does not feel strong enough?' asked Mr. Falconer.

'Partly that; but not wholly. I suppose, if we go away at all, it

ought to be for a longer time, and I must be back on Whitsun-Tuesday to be ready for work next day. I think we must wait till August, and then we are going for a fortnight to the seaside. I think we must content ourselves with our drive in the Park.'

'You find it an exhilarating amusement.'

'It is a change,' said Evelyn shortly.

'I was going to ask if I might go home with you to-night and ask Mrs. Wood a great favour?'

'Whatever favour could we grant you?' said Evelyn laughing.

'I was really asking about your Whitsuntide plans to see if it would not be possible to make them coincide with mine. Janet cannot go with me anywhere for a short time. It is horribly dull going about alone. I was half hoping that if your plans were still in abeyance, I might persuade Mrs. Wood and you to go with me—as my guests,' he said hurriedly.

Evelyn caught her breath.

'I would see that you were safely returned on Tuesday night. We could be away for Monday and Tuesday,' said John again.

'It is very good of you,' said Evelyn at last, with a little shake in her voice, 'and we shall not forget your kindness in thinking of it; but I am sure mother won't go.'

'And yet you admit it would be good for her.'

'Yes, it would be good for her,' said the girl with her habitual frankness.

'Possibly also pleasant to yourself.'

'Pleasant,' said Evelyn with sudden passion. 'If you knew how I loathe these dreary London streets, and sights, and sounds! How I feel as if the sight of green trees and fields, and the sound of birds singing and the smell of country air would make me a contented, happy woman for months to come.'

'And you might have it all and confer great pleasure in the having,' said Mr. Falconer, doggedly.

'Mother must decide, of course,' said Evelyn; 'but I do not possibly see how we could go. Why, we only have known you for a few months. It is not much over six months since I first worried you into taking me as an organ pupil.'

'A step I have not regretted,' said Mr. Falconer, quietly: 'I don't think friendships are always to be measured by length of time. I shall be greatly disappointed if Mrs. Wood refuses me, but I don't think she will.'

To Evelyn's utter amazement Mrs. Wood did not refuse. 'It is very good of you, and I am sure I don't know why you should wish it, but if you really mean that you would care for our company, we should greatly enjoy the outing.'

No schoolgirl ever reckoned more wildly on the first day of vacation than did Evelyn look forward to that Whitsuntide trip. [redacted]od, whose ready consent had been won by the thought of

how greatly her daughter needed rest and recreation, was convinced that she had done right as she saw the unconscious effect that the mere notion of the holiday, short as it was to be, was already having on Evelyn's spirits.

Whitsuntide fell late that year. Whit-Sunday was on the 6th of June. It was most beautiful weather, one of those foretastes of summer that sometimes cheat people into the belief that east wind and cold weather have finally disappeared for the year. If Evelyn looked once at the barometer on the Saturday she certainly looked a dozen times, and it answered all her hopes by keeping steadily at 'set fair.' Whit-Sunday was passed happily by mother and daughter. Mr. Falconer looked in for a moment on the way back from his own church to ask if they would be ready for an early start on the following morning.

'I shall call for you soon after nine,' he said; 'if that will not be too early for your mother.'

'I don't think it will,' said Evelyn; 'mother has been so well for the last few days. The warm weather suits her.'

Mrs. Wood could not help giving her daughter a glance of admiring approval when she came down next morning ready equipped for the start. Mrs. Wood had mildly insisted that for once in a way Evelyn should have the pleasure of a new dress. Evelyn had grumbled at the unnecessary expense, but Mrs. Wood's clever fingers had fashioned some soft-falling cream material into a graceful and most becoming gown at but little cost, and when Evelyn appeared arrayed in it, with a bunch of crimson ribbons that gave just the relief of colour needed, Mrs. Wood thought that you might seek far before you could find a more graceful or prettier girl than her daughter.

John Falconer gave a slight start when he arrived, and asked if the ladies were ready. He had never before seen Evelyn in anything but the quietest and plainest of dresses.

'The chrysalis has turned into a butterfly,' he said when they were on their way to the station, glancing at Evelyn's light dress.

'I am sorry that in everyday attire I only resemble a chrysalis,' answered Evelyn demurely. 'Will you now tell us where we are going?'

'You will know when you find yourselves there,' said John, watching with pleasure the girl's animated, excited face.

Arrived at Waterloo Station, he put them and their modest portmanteau under the care of a porter, and went off to get their tickets. Crowds of holiday-makers thronged the station, and Evelyn looked at them sympathetically, glad that others were bent on pleasure besides themselves, wondering if any two people were as perfectly happy as herself and her mother.

'I am going to take you to a village in Surrey which I found out once when I was on a walking tour during my summer holiday. There is a very pretty old-fashioned inn there where we can put up,

and I thought if you were not tired, in the afternoon we could go for a drive to the top of the hills there and put up for a bit, and wander about and find out our whereabouts.'

'It sounds very delightful,' said Mrs. Wood.

'It is so little known that I do not think we shall come across many holiday-makers besides ourselves.'

'I don't care if we do,' said Evelyn. 'I should like all the world to be as happy as I am.' She was looking out of the carriage window, gazing with rapturous enjoyment upon the green fields and the trees in their fresh summer beauty.

After about an hour's journey, they got out at a quiet country station, and there, waiting for them in the road, was a waggonette, into which John carefully handed Mrs. Wood.

'We are about a mile from our village,' he said, and away they drove through a lovely country lane with hedges full of dog-roses and wild honeysuckle.

'Oh, mother, look—there's the village! I see the church spire peeping through the trees!'

They turned rapidly to the right down a sharp hill, passed several deeply-thatched cottages with gardens in front of them, and drove into a large old-fashioned paved courtyard, where they drew up and dismounted. The inn lay far back from the road, and had in days gone by been the old Manor House; but as the Squires had increased in money and lands, they had abandoned the old homestead and built a much grander mansion out of the village, and the old house had gradually been turned into an inn.

It looked very picturesque this morning, as it lay bathed in sunshine. Up and down the courtyard in front of the house a peacock strutted, spreading its tail and turning itself round as if for admiration, which was freely given as the party crossed the yard to the house. A smiling landlady appeared to welcome them, and showed them up an old oak staircase to their rooms at the back of the house, overlooking a quaint garden, where grass walks divided the long straight flower-beds, where the early summer flowers grew in rich profusion. Evelyn rushed to the window and threw it wide open.

'Oh, mother, have you ever seen anything half so lovely? Look at the pinks and the roses, and the hills far away, and listen to the birds! The air is full of their singing.'

Mrs. Wood sank into a chair by the window with quiet enjoyment over Evelyn's happiness.

'It is extremely pretty,' she said; 'and this room, with its faint scent of lavender and spotless dimity hangings all seems in keeping somehow.'

They found John awaiting them downstairs in an oak-panelled room, long and low, where many little tables were set, and on every table there stood a bowl of flowers.

'Do you like it?' said Mr. Falconer.

'One could not imagine a prettier place!' said Mrs. Wood.

That afternoon the waggonette was again chartered, and they drove to the top of the hills that they had seen from the inn. Gradually they left the wooded lanes behind them and began a long and steep ascent, gaining each moment lovelier views of the different ranges of hills about them and of the smiling valley that lay beneath.

'I want to walk up,' said Evelyn; so the carriage stopped, and she and Mr. Falconer wandered along together. There was just enough breeze to prevent the day being sultry. 'It is the eternal silence of the hills, I think, is so beautiful!' said Evelyn, who had been too happy to talk.

'It is all the more striking after the noise and never-ceasing hum of London,' said Mr. Falconer.

'One is too busy to think much about it in everyday life,' Evelyn went on; 'but I think it is good of mother never to grumble.'

'Always mother,' thought John; but aloud he said, 'How very fond you are of the country!'

'I lived in it all my life till eighteen months ago,' said Evelyn; 'but I get on better in London than I expected to do. I could very well put up with my life as it is, but it is killing mother. That is why we must get back into the country. In some ways it is easier to be in London, where nobody knows us. I sometimes think we shall find it a little hard if we move into our old neighbourhood.'

'Why not try to go somewhere else?' asked Mr. Falconer.

'Because I have no influence anywhere else, and a good deal down there; and I think mother does not mind the notion of going back, even if we take up rather a different position. She is lonely sometimes, I think, but she will never confess it.'

Mr. Falconer was touched by Evelyn's passionate devotion to her mother. Evidently the thought of putting her own wishes before her mother's never crossed her mind for an instant, and he caught himself wondering how it would feel to have anybody so young and pretty bound up in your life, heart and soul. He fancied Mrs. Wood must be, notwithstanding her reverses of fortune, a very happy woman. The waggonette was waiting at the top of the hill.

'There, this is the highest point of this range of the Surrey hills. There is a little inn there where I will send on the horse to rest for a while; and, if you will not be tired, Mrs. Wood, we will walk on a little further and then sit down. I think I can show you nearly all my favourite hills by name. This part of the country is familiar to me.'

'I shall be glad to walk a little.'

An hour later the driver appeared, carrying all the requisites for tea; and nothing would satisfy Mr. Falconer but that they should make their own fire and boil the water—a tardy but very amusing process; and when with blackened hands they at last sat down to drink the

smoky mixture, they all were convinced that they had never tasted such delicious tea before.

'It all comes of doing things for yourself,' said John.

'Or of drinking tea on the top of the prettiest hill in Surrey,' suggested Mrs. Wood.

It was getting late, and the driver was sent to fetch the carriage and return the borrowed utensils.

Mrs. Wood was very tired, and there was little talking on the homeward route.

Mrs. Wood went upstairs in the evening to rest, and Mr. Falconer suggested that Evelyn should come out for a saunter in the garden. Far away a nightingale whistled; the falling dew made the scent of flowers sweeter, and Evelyn's cup of joy was full to overflowing. Years after she looked back on this Whit-Monday as a day of perfect, unclouded happiness from beginning to end.

The next day was cloudy and a little showery, so that no expedition was possible. Indeed, had it been fine, Mrs. Wood was too tired to do anything but rest in preparation for the journey home, so Evelyn went down into the general sitting-room and sat down before a piano there and began strumming by herself; and presently Mr. Falconer joined her, and, in discussion of music and musical composers, the morning passed away. As they started for the station Mr. Falconer pointed to the bunch of flowers that Evelyn held fondly in both hands.

'You look like a real holiday-maker!' he said, laughing.

'They are for Miss Falconer,' said Evelyn earnestly. 'I wish I could give her any notion of all we have seen and enjoyed in the last two days.'

'Indeed, I wish I could thank you for the pleasure you have given us,' said Mrs. Wood, as they sped along in the train on their homeward journey.

'No,' said John; 'you have helped to make a lonely man's holiday very pleasant.'

'The worst part of a holiday is its coming to an end,' said Evelyn. 'It will seem so queer to go back to work to-morrow.'

'You are not sorry you came?' said John a little eagerly.

'No,' said Evelyn simply. 'One can only be thankful for days like yesterday. I shall look back upon it with joy all my life.' And John Falconer was content.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not wonderful that after the exaltation of feeling to which Evelyn was worked up by her holiday and complete change of scene, there followed a time of intense physical and mental depression. The summer was a particularly hot one, and the exhaustion of teaching, at all times great, was simply overpowering. It required no little

courage to sacrifice all her spare time to the organ-practise that was absolutely necessary if she was to fulfil her purpose, and her tired body often reacted on her mind and made her fancy that all her efforts were thrown away, and that she was wasting her time and strength over a castle in the air. John Falconer watched the struggle with keen interest, although never a word of complaint passed Evelyn's lips. He saw that to try and turn her would be worse than useless, so he only helped her on as best he could, giving her encouragement often, and now and then a word of warning when he thought she was taxing her powers overmuch. She found his quiet friendship a great help, and her chief recreation was to go and see Janet Falconer in the long summer evenings, and, seated by her sofa, to enter into an entirely different atmosphere of thought. The summer vacation brought the rest and change she so sorely needed, and she and Mrs. Wood returned to their lodgings after their fortnight by the sea with renewed health and spirits. The months slipped by in their regular routine of work until once more winter was there, and it was very nearly a year since Evelyn had received her first organ lesson. She waited one October evening at the end of her lesson.

'May I speak to you for a moment?' she said.

'Certainly,' said Mr. Falconer. 'Come into the vestry.'

'I have had a letter to-day,' said Evelyn impulsively. 'Is it not wonderful? Miss Gordon resigns at Christmas.'

'And Miss Gordon is——?' asked John Falconer, smiling at the abrupt communication.

'Oh, I beg your pardon! I told you once that there was one particular village near our old home where I had a hope of obtaining the situation of organist.'

'Yes.'

'And Miss Gordon plays there now, but she gives up at the end of this year.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Falconer rather blankly.

'I was afraid you would think I was not ready,' said Evelyn dejectedly.

'But I think nothing of the sort. I think, as far as playing goes, you are quite ready to undertake any moderate-sized organ and to play it well.'

'Then it is the choir training you think me incapable of doing?'

'I cannot tell anything about your powers in that line, but as you teach music, and understand it, I should think there ought not to be any overpowering difficulty over that.'

'Then why did you say "Indeed!" like that?' said Evelyn petulantly.

'I think it was a very innocent expression of personal regret that I was so soon to lose my pupil.'

'Oh, is that all?' said Evelyn, with a sigh of relief. 'But you see, that must have come very soon. My last quarter, the com-

pletion of my year's lessons, comes to a close in the third week of November.'

'You seem to have it all very much at your fingers' ends,' said John a little drily. 'There is always a reduction on taking a quantity. Shall we agree that our last quarter shall terminate with the year?'

'No, it is not fair,' said Evelyn, shaking her head.

'It is one of the primary principles of trade, and I utterly decline any other arrangement, so you may consider it settled.'

'I have tried so hard to be independent,' said Evelyn doubtfully, 'but it is no good. I owe you such a huge debt of gratitude.'

'How dare you say such a thing? Our lessons have been conducted on strictly business principles.'

'Well, anyhow, I have to ask you a favour to-night.'

'The first you have ever asked me, so it shall certainly be granted if possible.'

'I want you to give me a testimonial.'

'For diligence? for independence? or what? I could testify to both these characteristics.'

'Please don't laugh at me. I am going to apply for that situation to-morrow, and if you would not mind writing down how far you consider me qualified for such a post, I should indeed be grateful. Your word will go a very long way in my favour.'

'I shall be glad to speak truthfully of your powers,' said Mr. Falconer. 'You shall have my written acknowledgment of them to-morrow. Can I do anything else for you?'

'Yes—and please be very careful to speak the exact truth to the question I am going to ask you.'

John looked up at the girl's flushed face and shining eyes. 'You are frightening me a good deal,' he said, 'but I will be as truthful as I can.'

'Do you think I am worth fifty pounds a year?'

For one instant a wild impulse seized John Falconer to tell his questioner that to him she was worth all that he had—that to have her always near him he would be willing to sacrifice all that he had; but the impulse was only momentary. He took his eyes from her face and said quietly—

'Yes, you are honestly worth fifty pounds a year, if by that phrase I am to infer that that is the salary you intend to ask.'

'I can never thank you enough,' said Evelyn gratefully. 'It seems as if everything were going to turn just as I wish.'

'That child has heard of a situation, Janet,' said John to his sister that evening.

'Indeed!' said Janet, with ready interest, laying down her book. 'Is it what she wanted?'

'Yes, the very place she has been working for all along. It has been curious to watch the fight that she has made for it. I have

often thought she would break down under the strain. I think it is a good deal by your help she has pulled through.'

'By *my* help, John? How can I help anyone?' asked Janet, a little sadly.

'I might almost ask rather, whom do you *not* help that you ever came across. Miss Wood has come here time after time fagged to death, and I have seen her, at the end of an hour with you, regain all her elasticity and spirit. You are what I call a restful companion, Janet.'

'You have watched your pupil narrowly.'

'I have. It has been an entirely novel experience in my life, and not without its particular interest.'

'She has changed your views about lady-pupils,' said Janet, smiling.

'Individually, yes; generally, no,' said John, rising. 'I shall never take another.'

The weeks slipped by and Evelyn had received no definite answer to her application; but the clergyman's reply to her letter had been so kind that she was extremely sanguine. Mrs. Wood's health had flagged considerably since the November fogs had set in; but Evelyn felt that the time of deliverance from them was so near at hand that she did not fret herself as much as usual over her mother's illness.

'If I am only lucky, mother darling, we will be off and away by the new year, or soon after. I have given all my music pupils notice that I shall most probably not be able to continue their musical education. A good many of them were kind enough to say they should not be in a hurry to replace me, so if I fail I am not wholly cut off from earning my living here.'

On Christmas Eve Evelyn received a letter from Shenstone, announcing that she was accepted as organist, at the salary named; and that she was to be ready to begin her duties by the first Sunday in the new year.

'Mother,' she almost screamed, waving the letter over her head. 'Listen, I have got it. I am appointed organist of Shenstone.'

Mrs. Wood made no answer. She simply came across the room, and folded the girl in her arms. 'If ever anybody deserved a thing, you deserve this, Evelyn.'

'I must tell Mr. Falconer. He will be so glad,' said Evelyn at last. 'I shall go down to S. James's to-night to Evensong, and, mother dear, I forbid you to go out to-day. It is very cold, and I do so want you to be well enough to come to church with me to-morrow.'

Evelyn was waiting for Mr. Falconer after Evensong that night.

'I am going to see you home to-night,' said John. I may, may I not?'

'Yes, if you do not mind my stopping at one or two places on the

way. I want to buy some things for mother. She is ill to-day, not able to get out.'

'Nothing serious, I hope?' asked John, a little anxiously.

'O, no, I think not. At any rate, I do not feel as anxious as usual. I am too happy to be anxious. I have got the situation.'

'You are appointed organist of Shenstone?'

'Yes, I got the letter this morning, telling me of my good fortune. I thought I must let you know to-night. I knew how pleased you would be.'

'I congratulate you very heartily,' said John, rather constrainedly.

'It is scarcely given to anybody to get what they strive for. I did not know till to-day how my heart was set on this,' said Evelyn.

'When do you begin?'

'In about a fortnight.'

'And you leave London without a regret?'

Evelyn suddenly looked at Mr. Falconer's face as they hurried along the streets. Was it the gaslight that made him appear so ghastly white? 'Our only regret in leaving London is to say good-bye to such kind friends as you and Miss Falconer,' she said gently. 'But we shall not lose you. Shenstone is only sixteen miles away from town. You will come and see us sometimes, won't you? We must go into lodgings until we get a cottage to our mind; but when we are settled, shall you not come and see how I am ruling or misruling my choir?'

'Yes, I shall come if you ask me.'

'I have some holly to buy,' said Evelyn. 'Come in here and help me to choose a bit with berries.'

'I see reckless extravagance is to be the order of this day,' said John, smiling.

How happy the girl was, how wholly unconscious that to the man who was walking along at her side listening to her merry chatter she had become the one absorbing idea of his life.

'You must come in and wish mother a merry Christmas,' said Evelyn, when at last they arrived at 14, Victoria Road, well laden with packages. 'Mother, here is Mr. Falconer, helping to carry my parcels.'

'I have only come to offer my congratulations to you upon your daughter's well-earned triumph,' said John, carefully depositing his burdens on the table, 'and to ask if you have sanctioned this enormous outlay?'

Mrs. Wood laughed. 'There are certainly a great number of parcels; but I fancy they are bulky, but not expensive. Yes, I am very proud of Evelyn to-day. I think she really has deserved her success.'

'I need not wish you a happy Christmas. You both seem as happy as anybody could wish you to be,' and so saying, John Falconer departed.

'We must always feel indebted to him,' said Mrs. Wood.

Evelyn was like a bird that night. She could not keep quiet. She unpacked the parcels, and arranged their simple gifts ready for the morrow. 'There is this holly, mother, not much of it. It was awfully dear, but some we *would* have, I said. Where shall I put it?'

'Anywhere you like, darling.'

'Listen mother. There are the bells calling, calling! Do you hear? It seems just like angel-voices.'

'Evelyn,' said Mrs. Wood suddenly in a faint, gasping voice, 'can you get me some water? I feel faint.' Evelyn turned, sprang to her mother's side and violently rang the bell.

'Mother, darling mother,' she cried, but no answer came; Mrs. Wood lay back in her chair dead. The angel voices *had* called her to the 'city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

* * * * * *

About eight o'clock that evening there was a ring at the Falconers' door bell, and a queer little crumpled note was put into John's hand. It was blurred and blotted.

'What does it mean, Janet?' he said in a bewildered voice, handing it to his sister. There was neither beginning nor ending. 'Mother has fainted'—so the words ran, 'and I cannot wake her, can some one come to me? I don't know what to do.' Janet rose and rang the bell.

'Is anyone here?' she said.

'Nobody, ma'am. A boy brought the note and did not wait.'

'Get me my bonnet and cloak, and put up quickly my things for the night, Susan. I may be away all night. John, will you call a cab?'

'You are coming?' asked John, gratefully.

'Of course I am. I think Mrs. Wood is dead.'

'Heaven forbid,' said John, turning white. 'It will kill Evelyn.' He used her name involuntarily. Janet held out her hand in silent sympathy.

In less than half an hour the brother and sister reached Victoria Road. Mrs. Wood had been carried upstairs and the doctor was already there. Janet slowly and painfully made her way up the staircase, leaving John in the sitting-room, but the sight that greeted her made her heart bleed. Kneeling by the bedside was Evelyn holding one of her mother's hands, chafing it, covering it with kisses. Her back was towards Janet, and she did not see her enter. The doctor looked up and shook his head. Janet knew that life was extinct.

'Evelyn,' she said gently, 'Evelyn, come with me—I want you.'

Evelyn dropped the lifeless hand. 'Janet, speak to her, wake her,' moaned the girl.

'My darling,' said Janet, holding her close to her heart, 'that is beyond your power or mine. God has called her.'

Evelyn made no further appeal. With wild, startled eyes, clinging closely to Janet, she suffered herself to be led from the room. All through that miserable night Janet stayed with Evelyn. Her terrible tearless calm frightened Janet. They talked sometimes, but oftener they were quiet.

'Have you nobody you could send for?' asked Janet.

'Nobody whom mother loved. We had so few near relations.'

'Then would you rather be alone?'

'Much rather,' said Evelyn, 'I want to think. I cannot think now. I feel dazed and stunned.'

Early in the grey dawn John came to see if he could be of any service.

'I think you must do everything, John' said Janet. 'Look after her as if you were her brother. She seems to have nobody to send to.'

'Of course I will. Has she slept?'

'No, we have not slept, either of us.'

'You will go home to-day?' said Evelyn presently.

'No, dear, I stay with you.'

'You must not leave Mr. Falconer alone on Christmas Day,' said Evelyn.

'My dear, he would rather leave me here.'

'I shall be alone all my life,' said Evelyn again. 'It will not hurt me more to begin now than any other time, to begin to get used to being alone,' and suddenly she broke into a passion of sobbing. Janet was almost thankful.

The next day Janet was quite knocked up, and Evelyn insisted on her going home. She tried to persuade Evelyn to go with her, but quite unsuccessfully.

'Mother would miss me,' she said. 'I shall stay with her as long as I can. You can come and say good-bye to her if you like.'

Janet's tears fell fast as she looked at the sweet calm face, beautiful in death. Between the quiet folded hands was laid the sprig of red-berried holly that John had helped to choose.

Two days afterwards a very simple funeral left 14, Victoria Road. Janet Falconer had hoped to be able to be with Evelyn that day, but the strain of Christmas Day had told upon her so severely that she was a prisoner to her room. To Evelyn it made little or no difference whether she had anyone with her or not. Her kind-hearted landlady offered to go with her, but she very gently refused—so that only one desolate mourner followed Mrs. Wood to her last resting-place. To Evelyn it all seemed like a ghastly dream—the cemetery, the rather dreary service in the mortuary-chapel, and the words seemed to float over her head like echoes from a distant land. She did not know that in a corner, hidden from view, John Falconer

knelt, and that he would gladly have given his life to save the mother whose loss she was bewailing. When she reached the gate of the cemetery, she got out of the mourning-coach.

'We had better take you back, miss,' said the driver compassionately; 'you are miles away from home.'

'No; I must walk,' said Evelyn, and she dismissed the carriage, walking on quickly and sadly alone, a slim, girlish figure in deep mourning, always kept in view by John Falconer. He dared not intrude upon her grief, but he never let her out of his sight until, after the long dreary tramp in the December night, he saw her safely into her lodgings. There awaiting her was her landlady.

'My dear,' she said, 'you have very nearly frightened the life out of me. What has made you so late?'

'I walked home,' said Evelyn. 'I wanted to tire myself out so that I may sleep.'

'Why, my lamb, you look tired enough to-night,' said the old lady. 'You sit down, and I will take off your things for you.'

That night Evelyn slept, worn out with the nervous tension of the last few days. The next day the full extent of her sorrow dawned upon her. Life stretched before her blank and purposeless, her ambitions shattered, her hopes wrecked, and the light of her eyes taken from her. One course of action was alone plain before her. She could never go to Shenstone. If she had had a few weeks before her to think the matter over, she might have decided differently, but the whole scheme had hinged on getting her mother away from London.

John Falconer found her that evening with paper before her, trying to write a letter.

'How are you?' he asked anxiously.

'Quite well. I told you once I was strong. Now I have proved it. I am strong enough to live and bear pain that would kill many people.'

'Hush!' he said. 'I cannot bear to hear you say it.'

'I won't say it any more then. I am trying to write a letter, but this is my third failure.'

'Can I write it for you?'

'If you would. It is to refuse Shenstone. I cannot go there now.'

'Is it not better than staying here alone?'

'No; the whole joy of the plan hinged on going there with mother. It is not wrong not to go, is it?'

'No. I think nobody would hold you to your promise under the circumstances. I will write and explain.'

'There are so many things I think and puzzle over.'

'What things?'

'Who has paid for everything lately? I have mother's will, but I don't understand things. Will you see about it?'

'Yes,' said John.

'If her money is mine I ought to be able to get some of it and pay for everything. That is all I want. I can earn my own living.'

'Will you trust me to do the best for you in this matter?' said John.

'Yes.'

'As soon as I can arrange it, everything shall be paid. If I pay without interfering with your fixed income, you can pay me back by instalments.'

'Mother said that once in her married days she did not know that she and my father were living beyond their income. So when we were left, she and I alone, she told me never to owe a farthing for anything. Then, however poor we were, we never could get into debt. I want to do just what she wished about things. If I owe you money, what then?'

'It is different, I think, when a sudden heavy expense falls on you, and you are certain to pay me if you live.'

'Quite certain; within a few months.'

'Then do you mean to stay here?'

'I think so,' said Evelyn wearily. 'I shall teach directly the holidays are over. Forgive me; I am growing very selfish. How is Janet?'

'She is very poorly. I have to go away on business for a week or two. I suppose you could not possibly come and look after her?'

Evelyn shivered.

'You have invented the business because you don't want me to be here alone.'

'Yes, I have,' said John immediately, 'but I do honestly think you could wait upon Janet; and I am quite sure that if there is a human being who can help and comfort you, that being is my sister Janet. I wish to go away and leave you with her.'

'I cannot leave here yet.'

'It is now I want you to come. I ask it as a favour. Janet is too ill to come to you.'

Suddenly Evelyn stretched out her hands to him. 'You are so good to care what happens to me. If Janet wishes it, I will come to-morrow.'

John took and held her hands for an instant.

'It is a compact, then.'

(To be continued.)

A LUCKY MAGPIE.

BY W. WARDE FOWLER.

'So you've kept old Mag safe all this time,' I called out, as I came through the little croft under the apple-trees, and caught sight of the farmer sitting at his door and smoking his evening pipe; and not forgetting my duty as became a midshipman in Her Majesty's Service, I took off my cap and made three bows to the magpie, whose wicker cage was hanging just over the farmer's head.

Farmer Reynardson and his magpie and I had always been great friends. Ever since I was a little fellow I had had a great liking for the farmer's friendly face, and a still greater reverence for his bird, for he never would let me come within sight of it without making my obeisance in due form.

'It's a lucky magpie,' he always said, 'and I don't know what mightn't happen if you didn't treat him with proper respect. Honour where honour is due, my boy!'

So I always made my three bows, which seemed to please both the bird and his master. I say 'master' now, but in those days I never thought of him as the magpie's master, nor of the bird as his property. I considered Mag as a member of the family, about whom there was something rather mysterious. It was only when I grew older that I began to think of asking questions about him, and it was not till the very last evening before I left to join the training-ship that I ventured to ask the history of my revered friend. But the farmer would not tell me then. 'When you're ready to fight for the Queen, then I'll tell you the story,' he said.

So I had to wait a pretty long time; and whenever I came home from the *Britannia* and called at Slade Croft, I felt my curiosity increasing. The story must be worth hearing, or I should not have been kept waiting for it so long. And when I was gazetted midshipman, and ran home to my grandfather's for a week before joining my ship, I slipped off to the farm the very first evening after dinner.

Farmer Reynardson rose, shook hands warmly, and slapped me on the back. Then he turned me round and inspected my jacket and Her Majesty's buttons carefully.

'Now for the story,' I cried. 'It's all right, you needn't look at

my boots too, you know,' as his eye travelled down my uniform trousers. 'Now for the yarn of the lucky magpie.'

'George,' said the farmer gravely, putting his hand on my shoulder, 'you shall have it, my lad, this very evening. But I must show you something first.' He walked me through the orchard to a shady corner by the hedge, and showed me a little stone set upright in the ground, on which I read this inscription—

Here lies the body of
a lucky Magpie
and an
attached
Friend. (J. R.)

'It's a new one, he in the cage,' he said, quite sadly. 'Neither I nor missis could get along without one. Old Mag died quite easy, of nothing but old age, and old he was, to be sure. He'd have died years ago, if he'd been any one else's bird. He'd have been shot years ago if he'd lived his own natural life. They say it's cruel keeping birds in cages; but if ever a bird was happy, that one was. And what's more,' he said, with a touch of pathos in his voice which I have often remembered since then, when I have been telling his story to others, 'he had his share in making others happy, and that's more than can be said for some of us, my boy. However, come along, and I'll spin you the yarn (as you seafaring folks say); and, indeed, I'll be glad to tell it to some one, for poor old Mag's sake. Honour where honour is due.'

We sat down on the bench by the front door, and Mrs. Reynardson, bonny and bright-eyed, came and gave me her hand and sat down with us. The farmer paused a bit to collect his thoughts, while he pensively tickled the newly-installed genius of the house with the sealing-waxed end of his long pipe. The genius seemed not unworthy of his venerable predecessor, for he showed no resentment, and settled himself down comfortably to hear the tale—or to roost.

'Now then. Once upon a time,' said I, to jog his memory.

But that dear old fellow never did things quite like other people; perhaps that was why I was so fond of him. He withdrew his pipe-stem from the cage, and patting the back of his wife's hand with it in passing (an action I did not then understand), he pointed it in the direction of the hills which bounded our view.

'If you were to go up there,' he said, 'just where you see the gap in the long line of trees, you would see below you, on the other side, a small village, and on beyond the village you'd see a bit of a hillock, with three big elms on it. And if you got near enough, I'll be bound you'd see a magpie's nest in the tallest tree to the right. There always was one, when I was a boy there, and there has always been one whenever I've happened to be over there since; and it was in that nest that my old Mag was born, and I was born within sight of it.

'Of course, we knew of it, we boys of the village, and we'd have

been up there often, only that tree was a bad one to climb, as the magpie knew very well. Easy work when you got to the branches, but unlike most elms, this one had fifteen feet of big broad stem before you reached them. None of us could get up that fifteen feet, though the bark was rough and we could get some hold with fingers and toes; sooner or later we were sure to come slipping down, and it was lucky for us that the grass was long and soft below.

'Well, when it's a matter of fingers and toes, a girl is as good as a boy, if she has some strength and pluck, and it was a girl that showed me how to climb that tree. Nelly Green was her name; we were fast friends, she and I, and it was between us two that the solemn treaty and alliance—as the newspapers say—was concluded, by which we were to get possession of a young magpie. First it was agreed that when we had got our bird (we began at the wrong end, you see), I was to keep it, because Nelly's mother would have no pets in the house. Secondly, she was to go no higher than the first branch, because girls were not fit to go worming themselves up to the tops of trees in petticoats. And then—let me see—she was to climb the bark first, because of her small hands and feet, and was to carry a rope round her waist, which she was to tie to a branch to help me in coming up after her. Fourthly, we were only to take one nestling, and to leave the others in peace.

'Nelly said that this treaty was to be written out and signed with hedgehog's blood. Where she got the notion from I can't tell, but no hedgehog turned up in time, and we were neither of us too fond of writing, so we let that plan drop.'

'What a dreadful tomboy she must have been, John!' said Mrs. Reynardson.

'Well, I won't say she wasn't a bit of one,' said the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye; 'but she turned out none so badly—none so badly, as you shall hear, my dear.

'We knew very well, of course, how the magpies were getting on, and when the eggs were hatched; and a few days after that, we got our rope and reached the hillock by a roundabout way, not to attract notice. Nelly had been studying the bark of that tree for many a day, though I never would let her go up lest she should come to grief coming down again. Up she went just like a creep-mouse, got a good seat on the branch and tied the rope round it. Then up I went too, hand over hand, and in five minutes more I was at the nest; a huge bit of building it was, roofed all over with sticks. The old birds flew round screaming, but I put one young bird in my pocket, and came down safely to where Nelly was sitting. Then the bird was put into *her* pocket, and she let herself down by the rope; and lastly I untied the rope (for it would never have done to have left it there), and wondered how *I* was to come down.

'At last I resolved on climbing out on my stomach to the very end of the branch, where I could bear it down with my weight, and then

dropping. But my weight was too little to pull the big branch down far, and as I came to the ground, I sprained my ankle badly.

'However, there was the bird all safe, and that was the great thing. Nelly helped me home, and Mag was put into a wicker cage we had ready for him. Of course we got scolded, but I was in too great pain to mind, and Nelly was used to it from her mother, so we got off pretty well.

'Of course, too, I couldn't go to school, and Mag was my companion all day long. He had a tremendous appetite, and it was as much as I could do to find food for him. If I let him out of his cage he would follow me about, opening his bill and crying for food; and at night he slept outside my bedroom window. I had never had a pet before, and I got to love that bird better than anything in the world, except Nelly; and, indeed, I'm not sure that Nelly was not a bit jealous of him those few weeks.'

'*I* should have been,' said Mrs. Reynardson.

'Of course you would, my dear,' said her husband. 'Men were deceivers ever, as they say; and boys too. But Mag was to be Nelly's property as much as mine, by that treaty of alliance, for ever and ever; and that treaty was *never* broken. But I must go on.

'When my ankle was getting well, there came a neat maidservant to the cottage one day, and said that Miss Pringle wished to see me at six o'clock precisely; and wondering what she could want with me, I made myself uncomfortable in my best clothes and limped up the village to her back door. I was shown into a very neat parlour, where Miss Pringle sat in a stiff chair knitting.

'She was the old maid of our village, and when I've told you that, you know a good bit about her. She was a tightish sort of an old maid—tight in the lips, and tight in her dress, and tight, so they said, in her purse-strings too; but you shall form your own opinion of that presently. She had neat curls on each side of her head, and a neat thin nose, rather large, and she sat a bit forward and looked at you as if she'd found a speck of dirt on you somewhere. I always felt as if I had a smut on my nose when Miss Pringle was speaking to me.

'"Come in, John Reynardson," says she. "You may stand on that bit of matting by the door. What is the matter with your foot?"

'"Sprained my ankle, ma'am, climbing a tree with Nelly Green."

'"With Nelly Green?" says Miss Pringle. "Then Nelly Green ought to be ashamed of herself! Boys may be monkeys if they like, but not girls. Tell Nelly Green I'm ashamed of her!"'

'Did she say that?' asked Mrs. Reynardson.

'She did, and she never liked Nelly Green too much after that. She asked me several times afterwards if that monkey-girl was ashamed of herself.' Here the farmer stopped a minute to laugh. 'And I always told her she wasn't. No more she was—not a bit!

'Well, she told me frankly that she didn't like boys—and that was very kind of her!—but I could have told her so myself as soon as ever I was put on the matting and had my face looked at for smuts. Miss Pringle was not one of that soft kind of single ladies who think all boys angels—not she! But, bless her old soul! the Jackdaw, as Nelly and I used to call her, because of her grey head and her black dress and her pecking way—the jackdaw was nearly as lucky a bird for me as the magpie—in the long run, that is.

'She told me she wanted a boy to look after her pony and carriage, and as I was recommended by the Vicar, and was strong and active, she would offer me the place. But I wasn't to climb trees, and I wasn't to spin halfpence, and I wasn't to do this, and I wasn't to do that, and, lastly, I wasn't to keep animals about the house. "Mind," she said, shaking her nose and her forefinger at the same time, "I allow no pet animals about this house, so if you take my offer you must give up your rabbits."

'"Yes, ma'am," says I, though I hadn't any; but her nose was so tight when she said that, that I knew I had better hold my tongue.

'Then she took me through her garden, making me pull up some weeds by the way, and lay them neatly in a heap in a corner, with a spadeful of ashes on them to keep the seeds from flying; and so to her little stable, where she showed me the pony and harness, and a little whitewashed room upstairs where I was to sleep. It was as neat as herself, and over the bed was a large piece of cardboard with three words on it—"Tidiness, Punctuality, Obedience." Very good words for a lad just beginning to serve the Queen,' added the farmer, 'and very good they were for me too; but if I'd stuck hard to them all three I shouldn't be here now, as you shall hear.

'So I said very humbly that I was very thankful to take the place, if my parents agreed; and when I got home they were very thankful too. And then I went off to find Nelly, and hold a council of war about poor Mag.

'We went up to the hillock and the three elms to be out of the way. Nelly cried a bit when she heard that our climbing days were over, and that I was to be what she called slave to a Jackdaw; but she dried her eyes on her frock on my telling her that she should come and see the pony when the Jackdaw was off her perch; and then we had our council of war. I told her exactly what Miss Pringle had said—that she allowed no pets about the house. Nelly's mother was just as bad, and no one at my home could be trusted to feed a young bird regularly; so we were rather beaten, and I was for giving Mag his liberty.

'Nelly gave her hair a toss over her face, and sat down on the wet grass to think for a minute. Then she tossed it back again, looked

up, and said, "Johnny, you old noodle, the stable isn't the house, is it now?"

'She was a sharp one, you see—always was, and always has been. Men are a bit half-hearted and shy-like; but it's the women that know how to find a hole in your hedge, and make a good broad gap for us to jump through.'

'Do you know Nelly Green still, Mr. Reynardson?' I asked.

'Yes, yes, my boy, I know her,' he answered; 'and she's not grown blunt yet. Well, she it was that decided that, after waiting a week to see if the Jackdaw would come poking about the stable or not, she should bring Mag to me there, if all went well, and see the pony too; and in the meantime she was to go twice a day to our cottage and feed him. And when she had made the hole in the hedge, I jumped through, and never minded a prick or two I got—meaning in my conscience, you know—from the brambles.

'All did go well; Miss Pringle—I really don't like calling her the Jackdaw now she's dead and gone—soon found I was handy, and as she disliked the smell of stables, she gave up pecking round there after the first day or two. So Nelly brought round Mag by the back way through the fields, and I hung up his cage in the hayloft, by the window looking away from the house and garden.

'And now my story really begins,' he went on; 'and I'd be glad if you'd give me a flick with the whip now and again, for I'm as bad as my old mare at a jog-trot.

'I settled down into my place with a good heart, and soon got fond of the pony. Mag, up in the hayloft, escaped Miss Pringle's notice, and though the cook found him out, she was a good-natured body and held her tongue. Nelly paid me many visits, stealing round to my stable by the fields; and she made the gap in our hedge so much bigger that once, in the Jackdaw's absence, both she and Mag had a ride on the pony in the paddock.

'Mag grew to be nearly a year old, and the cleverest bird you ever saw; I had hard work to keep him in his wicker cage, for he was always pulling away at the door-fastening with his bill. One warm morning in spring I was sent for to take Miss Pringle's orders, and found her sitting at her desk in her parlour, with the window open, and the garden scents coming into the room. I stood on the matting as usual while she wrote a note. She then gave it to me, and told me to take it to a village three miles away, but first to get the carriage ready, as she was going for a drive, and should be away all the morning. She was very gracious, and less tight about the lips than usual, I fancied.

'"If I am not back after your dinner, John," she said, "come and tidy up this bed under the window, for I shall have to sow my annuals soon."

'I got the pony ready, and off she went, holding the reins and whip as if ponies were almost as unruly animals as boys. Then I

started for my walk, delivered the note, and turned homewards by a field-path to try for a look at the hounds, for they had met that day near our village. I missed them, however; but on getting over a stile I saw a gentleman in scarlet trying to catch his horse. He had been thrown, and his horse was having a fine time of it; grazing quietly till his master was within a yard or two of him, and then throwing up his heels and scampering off. Of course I joined in the chase, for I was pretty well used to these tricks from our pony; and the gentleman, who was out of breath, sat down and watched me. It was a long job, but at last I pinned him in a corner, and brought him, well pleased, to his master, who praised me kindly, and put his hand in his pocket as he mounted.

'He had only a sovereign, which seemed to puzzle him. First he put it back again, and was beginning to tell me to "come over to his place and I should have half-a-crown."

'"But it's far," he said, "and I'm off to London to-night. I can trust you, can't I?" he added, turning a pair of very pleasant blue eyes on me. "Whom do you work for?"

'"Miss Pringle at Cotteswell," I answered, touching my hat.

'"Very well," he said; "you take the sovereign and get it changed, and I'll send my groom over for the change to-morrow."

'I thought he might have sent the groom over with the half-crown; but I fancy he liked trusting me, and thought he might forget to send the groom, as in fact he did.

'He was off before I could get any words out; so home I went, thinking I should like to be his groom, such a pleasant way he had about him. On my way I passed the village shop, where I got the change, which I put safely away in a drawer with my ties and collars. Miss Pringle had not come back, nor did she come till the afternoon. I had my dinner, and saved a bit as usual to give Mag when my day's work should be over. Then I worked in the garden, and tidied up the bed under the window. When she returned I had a good long job with the pony and carriage; and before it was over I was sent for suddenly into the house. The maid who fetched me was crying.

'In the parlour Miss Pringle was again at her desk, with her bonnet on, looking very tight and stiff indeed; the cook was wiping her eyes with her apron, and on my matting was standing a policeman, who moved me on to the front of Miss Pringle by the window, and then retired to the door.

'"John," she said, very distinctly and slowly, "I have missed a sovereign, which I accidentally left on this desk this morning. Do you know anything of it? You have been at work outside. The other servants know nothing of it, and they and their rooms have been searched."

'I was dreadfully taken aback, but I denied all knowledge.

'"Policeman, search him," said Miss Pringle, shaking her curls sadly.

'The policeman turned my pockets out, but only found a small curtain-ring, with which I had been betrothed to Nelly a day or two before. (She had another like it; we couldn't wear them on our fingers, so we kept them always in our pockets.)

'"Cook, take the policeman to search his room," said Miss Pringle, with another shake.

'Cook and policeman went down the garden. Miss Pringle locked the door and pocketed the key. "I don't accuse you," she said, "but I must take precautions."

'It was now that I first thought of the money in my drawer. I turned hot all over, and felt my head swimming.

'"Please, ma'am," I stammered, "there's money in my room, but I was given it by a——"

'"Don't incriminate yourself," said she, coldly and precisely; "there are no witnesses present. Silence."

'The cook and policeman came up the garden; I can hear their footsteps on the gravel now, and the ticking of Miss Pringle's neat-faced clock. It was half-past four by that clock, I remember—my tea-time, and the time when I usually fed Mag. The thought rushed into my head, if I am taken up what will Mag do? How am I to tell Nelly?

'They knocked at the door, which Miss Pringle unlocked. The policeman put the money he had found on the desk in front of her, and put his hand on my shoulder. The cook sobbed, the clock ticked; no one said anything; Miss Pringle looked away from me, and I really think she was sorry.

'At last she looked up and opened her tight lips, but what she was going to say I never knew, for at that moment I made a bolt through the window, upsetting the neat geraniums in their pots, and tumbling headlong into the flower-bed which I had tidied in the morning, I scudded down the garden into the yard, over the gate into the paddock, through the hedge, and away at full speed in the direction of Nelly's cottage.

'I can recollect all quite clearly now, up to the moment when I saw the policeman running after me and gaining ground while I struggled through a hedge. Then I got wild and heated, I suppose, and I remember nothing more distinctly. But Nelly says that I came rushing into their garden, shouting to her, "Look after Mag," for the police were after me for stealing. She thought at first I was at one of my games, and told me to run off and and climb up a tree, and she would bring me food; and I was just going off towards the three elms when the policeman ran in and collared me, and then she fought him and called him names till her mother came out and dragged her away. This is what she told me months afterwards.

'That was the last I saw of Nelly for a long, long time. I was locked up, and the magistrates made short work of me. Of course they laughed at my story of the sovereign and the gentleman, for I

neither knew his name nor where he lived. All went against me; the shopkeeper proved that I had changed a sovereign, Miss Pringle proved she had left one on her desk, the housemaid proved that I had been gardening at the window, the cook that the money was found in my drawer, and the policeman that I had run away, and that the groom never came for the change. The parson gave me a good character, and Miss Pringle asked them to be merciful. How could she help it, poor soul? She really had begun to like me, I believe, but I spoilt it all by telling her that I wanted no mercy from her, as she believed I was a liar. So they sentenced me to be imprisoned for a fortnight, and then to be sent for three years to the Reformatory School which had lately been opened in the county.

'The gaol I didn't mind so much, though it was bad enough, but that school took all the spirit out of me. There's no need for me to tell you what I went through there, the washings and scrubbings, the school dress—a badge of disgrace; the having to obey orders sharp, or get sharp punishment; the feeling that all the boys thought me a thief like themselves, and up to all their low ways and talk; and then the bad things I heard, the sense of injustice rankling in my heart, and making me hate every one. I think I should have soon become as bad as any young thief in the place, but for the thought of Nelly and Mag, and even they were beginning to be less in my thoughts, and I was beginning to get hammered down by hard work and punishment into an ordinary dogged young sinner, when something happened which brought the old life into me again, like a shower of rain on a crop in August.

'One day, when I was working at the bottom of the big school field, with a squad of young criminals, under the eye of a task-master, I heard from the other side of the thick hedge the note of a yellow-hammer. Yes, it *was* the yellow-hammer's song, "a little bit of bread and no che-e-se;" but I knew in an instant that it was not the voice of a bird, and I knew of only one human creature who could whistle the song so exactly. It was the signal by which Nelly used to make me aware of her arrival, when she came over the fields to see me and Mag at Miss Pringle's.

'My heart, as they say, nearly jumped into my mouth. I can't describe to you how it was; I only know that I went on digging with my eyes full of tears—for of course the first fancy that Nelly was really there, fled away almost at once, and left me feeling as if I had had a dream. But then it came again, twice over, and louder, not twenty yards away from me.

'The dream was gone now, and I edged myself down as near as I could to the hedge, keeping my eye on the master. Luckily for me at this moment one young rascal contrived to dig his spade into another's heel, and got a blow in the face for his pains; and the master was down on the boy that hit him, and marched him off to the house for punishment. I seized the chance, and was at the hedge

in a moment, carrying an armful of weeds to throw away in the ditch, so as not to attract the notice of the others. Sure enough there was my own dear old Nelly's face peering up through a tiny opening which some rabbit had made in coming to feed on our cabbages.

'"Johnny," she whispered, "give me a kiss."

'I scrambled into the hedge and gave her half-a-dozen; but I couldn't speak; I was far away in a dream again. Nelly, however, was wide awake and knew the value of her time.

'"I'm staying with Uncle Jonas, in the white cottage next to the turnpike. It's not a mile away. And look here, Johnny, Mag's there too. He's all safe; I've put a bit of wire on his door-fastening ever since you were taken up. Do you know, it was open when I took him away that day, but there he was all safe, and I've taken such care of him for your sake. We talk about you a great deal, Mag and I do. And, Johnny, you come down and see him. Uncle Jonas says you're to run away. You're innocent, you know, so it doesn't matter. I've arranged it all, clothes and everything. We'll go to America till it's all blown over, and then——"

'"Reynardson, down there, what are you doing?" calls out the master, as he came back to look after his charges. And Nelly's head slipped away in an instant, leaving, in the hurry, as I noticed, a wisp of her brown hair sticking on a thorn; which, by the way, I managed to secure later in the day, and put away in my trousers pocket for want of a safer place.

'I suppose it was from her Uncle Jonas that Nelly got this notion of America, and waiting there "till it's all blown over." Anyhow, Uncle Jonas, like many of the neighbours of the new Reformatory, were on the side of us boys, and aided and abetted Nelly in her scheme for getting me away. He never thought, poor man, he was laying himself open to the law. And that good uncle would have got himself into a serious scrape if things had turned out as they ought to have done, for I contrived to slip away from the school the very next day, and was hidden in the white cottage all that night.

'I had got quite reckless; for, as Nelly said, when one is innocent, what does it matter? And she was so exactly her old self, and took such care of me—burying my school dress in the garden, and rigging me out in some old things of her uncle's, and laughing at me in my big coat, that I soon felt my pluck coming back again, though I cried a good deal at first, from fright as much as joy. And Mag, too, was exactly his old self, and was not a bit ashamed of me; it was some one else he ought to have been ashamed of, as you shall soon hear.

'Our good time was soon over. It was the turnpike-keeper who did the mischief. He had seen me come down to the cottage, and he couldn't resist the reward they offered early next morning to any one who caught me. He sent up a message to the school, and at nine o'clock the master and two policemen walked into the house. Nelly didn't try to fight this time, but she spoke up and told them it was

all her doing, and neither mine nor Uncle Jonas's. She told them that she had brought Mag to see me all the way from home, and that she was sure I wouldn't run away any more if I might have Mag with me there.

'It was well for me that my wonderful Nelly kept her senses and could use her tongue, for my luck began to turn from that time forwards. The sergeant of police patted her on the head, and took Mag's cage himself; and the other policeman put into his pocket the handcuffs he had begun to fasten on my wrists, saying they were "too big for such a kid;" and even the master said that though I was in a bad scrape, he would speak for me to the magistrates.

'So we went back in procession to the school after I had kissed Nelly, and my clothes had been dug up in the garden, brushed, and put on me again; and when they locked me up in the whitewashed cell, where refractory boys were confined, the sergeant winked at the master, and put Mag's cage in with me. When the labour-master unlocked the door to give me my dinner of bread and water, he brought something for Mag, and said a kind word to both of us.

'I was quite happy in Mag's company all that day and night. Nelly's pluck had made a man of me, in spite of all her fine schemes being upset. And I had a sort of dim hope that the magistrate, who was coming to see the runaway boy, might bring me some kind of good luck.

'Next morning I heard a carriage drive up, and in a few minutes I heard the key put into the lock. I stood up, and put my hands behind me, as we were always made to do when visitors arrived. Mag's cage was on the floor at my feet.

'The door opened, and there stood the long-lost gentleman who had given me the sovereign, looking down on me with the same pleasant face and the same lively blue eyes! He recognised me at once; to him it was but the other day that I had caught his horse for him; but it had been long years of misery and disgrace to me. But he had been in London and in foreign parts, and had never thought of me since then—so he told me afterwards.

'"Why, who's this, and where's my change?" he said at once. "Didn't I ask you if I could trust you? And how did you come *here*, I wonder, with that honest face?"

'It was too much for me, and for all the pluck I had got from Mag and Nelly. I burst into a fit of crying, and leant against the wall, heaving and sobbing. "The groom never came," was all I could get out at last.

'"Bring me a chair here, Mr. Reynolds," said he, "and leave me alone with him. I know this boy."

'The master went away, and my kind gentleman and I were left alone. I won't tell you all that passed,' said the farmer tenderly, 'it was only the first of a long string of kindnesses he has done me, and made me the happy old fellow I am. He got it all out of me by

degrees. He heard all about Mag and Nelly, and all about Miss Pringle and the robbery. He took particular notice of Mag, and seemed very curious to know all about his ways. And when he went away he told the master to treat me as usual till he came back the next day.

'And now I've nearly done my yarn,' said the farmer; 'she must be tired of Nelly and me by this time,' he added, looking at his wife, but it was getting too dark for me to see the twinkle that I know now was in his eyes as he said it.

'My gentleman came early, and to my astonishment, both I and Mag were put into his carriage, and he drove us away. Still more taken back was I when we stopped at Uncle Jonas's, and out came Miss Nelly and climbed into the seat next me. We were too shy to kiss each other or talk, but after a bit I pulled out the wisp of hair from my trousers pocket and showed it her. Nelly couldn't make it out, then, but she knows now how I got it. She knows —she knows,' said the farmer; 'and here it is now,' and he showed me a locket, attached to his watch-chain, with some brown hair in it.

I looked, and was going to ask a question, when he held up his hand to hush me, and went on.

'We drove many miles, the gentleman asking questions now and then, especially about Mag, but for the most part we were silent. At last I saw the three elms and the spire come in sight, and I had hard work to keep the tears in. I sat with Nelly's hand in mine, but we said never a word.

'We dropped Nelly at her mother's cottage, and she was told that she would probably be sent for presently. Then we drove on to Miss Pringle's, and went straight to the stableyard; there was no pony, and the grass was growing in the yard. Miss Pringle, I found afterwards, would have no more boys about the place.

'"Which was your room?" said the gentleman, and I showed him upstairs.

'"Stay here till I come for you," said he. "Can I trust you?"

'He did not wait for an answer, but went away, taking Mag with him. I sat down and looked out at the garden, and at the window where I had jumped out that terrible day, and wondered what was going to happen; and what happened is the last thing I am going to tell you.

'He went round to the front door, and presently came out into the garden, still carrying Mag's cage. Then he put down the cage on the lawn, leaving its door open. Then he went back into the house, and I could see him and Miss Pringle come and sit at the open window of the parlour. He kept his eye on the cage, and seemed to say little; Miss Pringle looked rather puzzled, I thought, and shook her curls pretty often in a fidgetty sort of way.

'Mag sat there in his cage for some time, though the door was wide

open, as if he didn't quite see what it all meant; and I sat at my window, too, as much puzzled as the bird or Miss Pringle.

'At last Mag began to stir a bit; then he came out and looked carefully all round, hopped about a bit, and at last got upon the garden chair, and seemed to be thinking of something, with his head on one side. All of a sudden he gave his long tail a jerk, and uttered a kind of a knowing croak; then he came down from the seat and hopped away towards the flower-bed under the window. The gentleman pulled Miss Pringle behind the curtain when he saw Mag coming, and I couldn't see her any more; but I should think she must have been more puzzled than ever, poor lady.

'From my window I could see Mag digging away in the earth with his bill just in the corner of the flower-border by the house; and it wasn't long before he got hold of something, and went off with it in his bill down the garden, as pleased as Punch, and talking about it to himself. And well he might be pleased, for it was the saving of me, and I believe he knew it; bless his old bones down yonder by the hedge!

'As soon as Mag began to hop down the garden I saw my gentleman do just what I had done before him; he jumped straight out of the window, and down came the flowerpots after him. I saw Miss Pringle give a jump from behind the curtain and try to save them; but it was too late, and there she stood in the window wringing her hands, while Mag and the gentleman raced round the garden, over the neat beds and through the rose-bushes, until everything was in such a mess that I can tell you it took me a good long time to tidy it all up early next morning.

'At last he got Mag into a corner by the toolhouse, and a minute later he was in my room, with Mag in one hand, pecking at him till the blood came, and in the other a sovereign!

'"Here's the thief," he said; "shall we send for a policeman?" But Miss Pringle had already done that, for she thought that every one was going mad, and that somebody ought to be taken up; and when I had been taken over to the house, feeling rather queer and faint, and had been put on the sofa in the drawing-room, in came the neat maidservant and said that the constable was at the door. And when I heard that, I went straight off into a downright faint.

'When I woke up I was still on the sofa, the neat-faced clock was ticking, there were steps on the gravel path in the garden, Miss Pringle was sitting there looking very sad, and there were tears in her eyes, and I thought for a moment that that dreadful hour had never come to an end after all.

'But there was no policeman; and who was this sitting by my side? Why, it was dear old Nelly! And as she laid her head against mine, with all that hair of hers tumbling over my face, that kind gentleman came into the room from the garden, where he had

been trying to quiet himself down a bit, I think, and patted both our heads, without saying ever a word.

'After a bit, however, he made us sit up, and gave us a good talking to. It was not Mag's fault, he said, that we had got into such a terrible scrape, but mine for disobeying Miss Pringle and keeping the bird in the stable; and Nelly's, too, for leading me on to it. And we must take great care of Mag now that he had got us out of the scrape, and keep him, to remind us not to get into any more.

'And we kept him to the last day of his life; and as for scrapes, I don't think we ever got into any more, at least, not such bad ones as that was—eh, Nelly?'

And seeing me open my eyes wide, he laughed, and asked me whether I hadn't found it out long before the story came to an end, and then, putting his arm round his bonny wife, he added, 'Yes, lad, here's my old Nelly, and she'll climb a tree for you to-morrow, if you ask her.'

I gave my old friend Nelly a good kiss (with the entire approval of her husband), made my bow to the magpie, and ran home to my grandfather's. And as we sat together that night, I got him to tell me the story over again, from the moment when he took a fancy to the boy who caught his horse, to the time when he gave him his best farm, and saw him safely married to Nelly.

'I gave her away myself,' said he, 'and I gave her to one of the best fellows and truest friends I have ever known. Miss Pringle gave him £50, and left him £500 more. But he always will have it that the magpie was at the bottom of all his luck, and I never would contradict him.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXX.

1713–1715.

THE ENDS OF TWO REIGNS.

THE peace of Utrecht, though a relief to Europe, could not bring back joy to either of the sovereigns of France or England.

The English nation were furious, chiefly out of dread lest the Queen and the Tories meant to bring back her half-brother, and likewise because so little had been gained by all their glories. Such monstrous libels and lampoons went forth that Anne complained of them in her speech on opening Parliament, in 1713. Swift, who is said to have composed the speech, was certainly not behind others in venom, though his writings always had the salt of real wit, such as theirs had not. He was, as a political partisan, recommended by her Ministry to the see of Hereford, and Anne, who never read anything she could avoid, mentioned him to Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York.

'Ought not your Majesty to ascertain whether Dr. Swift is a Christian before making him a bishop?' was the suggestion.

Upon which Anne asked what was meant, and the Archbishop showed her some of the grossest passages in the 'Tale of a Tub;' and the Duchess of Somerset likewise brought forward a spiteful libel, accusing her (the last of the direct line of Percies) not only of red hair, but of having, at fourteen, been privy to the murder of her betrothed husband, Mr. Thynne, by Count Konigsmark.

'England, dear England, as I understand,
Beware of carrots from Northumberland.
Carrots sown *thin*, a deeper root may get
If so be they are in *Summer set.*
Then *Cunning's mark*—for I have been told
They assassin when young and poison old—
Root out these carrots, O thou whose name
Spelt backward and forward is always the same,
And keep close to thee always that name
Which backwards and forwards is almost the same;
And England, would thou be happy still,
Bury those carrots under a *Hill.*'

Anna was the name always the same, Masham the name nearly the same.

The Queen was greatly shocked and refused the bishopric to Swift, who learnt the cause from Lady Masham, and revenged himself by

equally atrocious libels, in which he called the Archbishop a crazy prelate, the Queen a royal prude, and as to the Duchess—

> 'Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
> On Swift's reproaches for her murdered spouse;
> From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
> And thence into the royal ear distils.'

Nevertheless, instead of being prosecuted for libel, Swift was made Dean of St. Patrick. Indeed, Lord Bolingbroke hated and dreaded the Duchess of Somerset quite as much as Swift did. The last of Hotspur's line was not so amenable as the promoted waiting-woman. The Queen, too, was much out of health, suffering continually from gout, which at times attacked her stomach, and gave immediate fears for her life. She could take no active exercise, and would not be prudent in her diet, so that her existence hung on a thread. At Windsor, she was even moved from one storey to another in a lift.

Every one dreaded her death. The Jacobites, indeed, the Tories, were anxious for time to bring about some arrangment with her brother, just grown to manhood, and the Whigs were desirous of inviting to England the Electress Sophia and her son, so as to secure the succession. The poor Queen herself yearned after her own nearest kin, and dreaded nothing so much as having to receive her German cousin. She seems to have staved off an invitation by publicly denouncing the pretended Prince of Wales, and setting a price of £5000 on his head, if he were found in Great Britain or Ireland.

In the midst, on the 10th of June, 1714, the Electress Sophia died. She was eighty-four, but had long been in so much better health than the Queen that she had fully hoped and expected to write herself 'Sophia, Queen of England.' The Queen was only fifty, stout and high coloured, and had not lost her sweet, powerful voice, so that when she reopened what proved to be her last Parliament all were delighted to see how well she looked. She was thought to have dismissed the Parliament early in order to prevent a debate when the death of Sophia was formally announced, on the substitution of her son's name for hers, in the prayer for the heir-apparent.

There were further annoyances. Oxford, the Lord High Treasurer, was at issue with Bolingbroke, being apparently less willing to go all lengths with the Jacobites; and Anne began to repose the more confidence in Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, a man of such winning manners that William III. had termed him 'King of Hearts'; but, though he had once been an ardent Whig, he had been alienated by the disdain with which his young Italian wife had been treated, and had gone over to the Tories. The Queen had made him Lord Chamberlain, and liked him personally.

Lady Masham considered that Oxford, her cousin, owed everything to her; but a quarrel broke out between them—apparently

about some shares on the profits on the South Sea trade, in which the treasurer disappointed the lady. Whenever they dined together, she showed her displeasure, and at last told him, in the Queen's presence—

'You never did the Queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any.'

'I have been abused by misrepresentation,' returned Harley, 'but I will leave some people as low as I found them.'

This wrangling went on for two hours, the poor Queen having no spirit or power to check it. However, a day or two later, she demanded Oxford's staff of office; but there was such a lack of ability and integrity among public men that it was very difficult to fill up the post, and Harley had to retain the white staff for some time while a successor was sought.

Things were in a miserable state. The nation was restless and uneasy lest the Queen should be about to deliver them over to her brother, who in their view represented Popery, tyranny and persecution; and the Bishops, not being Non-Jurors, were all of the same mind. The Whigs wanted the Electoral Prince of Hanover to come to England to secure his claim, and were greatly disappointed that he, being a dull man, who loved his ease and had no mind for forcing himself on an unwilling country, gave no signs of intending to come.

The poor Queen was torn to pieces. Her conscience bitterly reproached her for the part she had taken towards her father and brother; and, a widow and bereaved mother, she was alone, without a being of kindred blood near her. She yearned after her brother, and, while natural affection and conscience on one side bade her recall him and make restitution, her religious feeling and her duty to her engagements to her people inclined her towards the Protestant succession.

On the 25th of July a fierce dispute arose in the Cabinet Council as to whether the post of Lord Treasurer should be put in commission and who were to be the commissioners. Hot and indecorous wrangling went on from nine o'clock at night till two in the morning before the poor, worn-out Queen, who at last fainted. She was carried to bed, and wept bitterly all night. On the 28th there was an attempt at a Council, but she was too ill to preside, and it was adjourned to the next day. She was in absolute terror of the scenes that took place before her, and said to Dr. Arbuthnot: 'I shall never survive it.'

It was just before the hour fixed for this dreaded Council that Mrs. Danvers, an attendant who had been with her from early girlhood, coming into the presence-chamber, saw her standing before the clock which told eight, gazing in such a strange, fixed manner that the good woman approached and asked whether her Majesty saw anything unusual in the clock.

Anne turned round without a word, but with such a miserable, bewildered stare that Mrs. Danvers declared she saw death in the look

and called for help. She was carried to bed, and some of her doctors were summoned, but not all, for one of the chief, Dr. Mead, was a strong Whig, and the poor Queen, half delirious, was muttering, 'My brother, my poor brother, what will become of him?'

She had eaten in the course of the day a great number of black-heart cherries, and this might have added to the effects of her distress and terror at the prospect of the Council about to take place in causing an attack of apoplexy. She was cupped, and somewhat relieved, but a fresh attack came on in the morning and it was plain that she was dying.

The confusion of the Cabinet became worse confounded when her state was known, but the Whig Dukes of Somerset and Argyle appeared there by their right as privy councillors, though not ministers, and taking the lead, sent summonses to all the other privy councillors to attend if they wished to save the Protestant succession. The matter of the Lord Treasurer was imminent, and Shrewsbury, though of late a Tory, was known to be strong against the Stewarts. So Bolingbroke went to the bedside and told the Queen that it would be for the public good to appoint him. She assented, but Shrewsbury would not take the office without her conferring it. He stood by her and asked if she knew him, and to whom she gave the white wand.

'To the Duke of Shrewsbury,' she said, and touched the staff, adding, 'For God's sake use it for the good of my people.' They were nearly her last fully conscious words. The Bishop of London was with her, not her old friend and tutor, Henry Compton, who had recently died of a fall downstairs, but Dr. Robinson, and to him she seems to have unburdened her conscience, intending to receive the Holy Communion the next day, but for this she was far too ill. She continued to moan, 'My brother, my poor brother,' as long as her utterance could be distinguished, and thus gradually sank into unconsciousness.

Meantime the Great Seal was set to a document long ago prepared, appointing a Council of twenty-four to act as Regents in an interregnum. Secretary Craggs was sent off to Hanover with tidings of her extremity; the Whigs were collected; the trained bands had orders to be ready to be called up at any moment; and, on the other hand, the Jacobites within the palace held council, and sent for Lady Masham from the Queen's bedside.

'We are undone,' she told them, 'the Queen is a dying woman. Nothing can save her.'

'Could no one speak to her,' they asked.

But this was impossible, she was either delirious or torpid, and incapable of speech.

'That is hard,' said one. 'Could she but speak to us, and give us orders and sign them, we might do the business for all this.'

The Duke of Ormond said that if he only had authority from her

he would at once proclaim her successor. He could answer for the army.

'Do it then,' said Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. 'Let us go out and proclaim the Chevalier at Charing Cross.'

On this, however, they did not venture, and finally decided that they had better proclaim the Elector of Hanover, as the proclamation must take place instantly on the Queen's death, and thus they would gain time to make opposition. During this night of turmoil all around, the Queen lay unconscious, breathing heavily, and growing colder, till between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, 1714, when she expired, not quite fifty years of age.

Poor Queen Anne! She was a pious and conscientious woman, a beneficent Queen according to her lights, but her whole self had been surrendered to a violent and unscrupulous woman, and the conduct towards her father, into which she had been led, brought on her a mournful retribution, in her piteous later age, when the favourite she had fostered became her tyrant, and her final emancipation from that yoke had only brought further misery upon her: misery that all the affection of her people could not alleviate, in her desolate home, where she was really done to death by the dissensions of the rude and vehement partisans who disregarded her weakness.

The Duke of Shrewsbury remained master of the situation, the Jacobites durst not move, and George I. was proclaimed, while Addison, then clerk of the council, was employed to write the invitation to him. It is alleged that he was so overpowered by the thought of the greatness of the occasion that he could only couch his letter in the driest and most formal terms, and certainly anything else would have been lost on the 'wee German lairdie,' as the Jacobites termed George Louis of Hanover, a most unwilling king.

The sands of life of another sovereign were running out. Louis XIV., who had seen six English monarchs on the throne, had reached his 77th year when the peace of Utrecht brought some repose to France. Family sorrows did not, however, cease to pursue him. First, his grandson, Philip V. of Spain, lost his bright young wife, Marie Louise of Savoy, early in 1714, and in May, the Duke of Berry bruised his chest against the pommel of his saddle, and died from the internal injury a few days later. There only remained the frail little great-grandson, the child of the Duke of Bugundy, for the Duke of Berry left no heirs, only a widow, the Duke of Orleans' daughter, and the scandal of the court. The legitimated children as they were termed, of Louise de la Vallière and Athenaïs de Montespan had all died, except the two sons of the latter, who both were good and able, and studious men, but the Duke of Maine had been lame from his birth, and the Count of Toulouse was in bad health. The Duchess of Maine, a daughter of the Prince of Condé, was a tiny being, full of wit, liveliness and ambition, holding a little court at Sceaux, which was full of amusement but terribly extravagant. They

had lost their only child during this melancholy year. The King of Spain had two little sons, Louis and Fernando, to the younger of whom France began to look for the future in case the sickly little Dauphin did not survive.

Philip shut himself up in his despairing grief, with the Princess des Ursins, who seems to have contemplated making him marry her; but was afraid of the old king. She, however, took care to choose him a wife so rapidly, that there was no chance of previous interference. She thought that the daughter of the Duke of Parma, Elizabeth Farnese, would be easily amenable, as coming from a petty court, and being very young. So the young lady was brought to Spain, and the Camerera mayor went off to receive her in state; but, instead of accepting her civilities, Elizabeth turned round to the guards, saying, 'Take away that mad woman,' and caused her to be put into a carriage and conducted to the frontier in the most summary manner. Philip showed himself very glad to be thus freed from his tyrant, and became instantly devoted to his new wife. Madame des Ursins repaired to Italy, and her latter days were spent in managing the affairs of James Francis Stewart.

Louis XIV. was hurt at his grandson's emancipation from his authority, and manifested his displeasure by an act which placed the Duke of Maine and Count of Toulouse on a level with the Princes of the Blood Royal.

No well wisher to France, or to the little heir, could wish to see Philip of Orleans at the head of affairs, though Louis had never believed all the harm reported of his nephew, and called him *Le fanfaron de crimes;* but evidently under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, he made an attempt to prevent all power from falling into such unprincipled hands, by drawing up a will in August, 1714, arranging as best he could for the welfare of the poor child, his great grandson, by appointing the Duke of Maine to watch over the boy's safety and education, and failing him, the Count of Toulouse. Both had seats in the Council of Regency. The Duke of Orleans was necessarily nominally to be at the head; but the king closely restricted his power, without, however, much hope that the dead hand would be respected.

A niche, closed by an iron door, in the Palais de Justice, received the will; Louis saying as it was placed there, that no one, save himself, knew the contents, and adding, 'I have purchased my rest.'

Afterwards he said these same words to Madame de Maintenon and Queen Mary Beatrice, whom he found with her, adding, 'I know its impotence and uselessness. While we exist, we can do as we will. Afterwards, we can do less than private individuals. See what became of my father's will, and those of other kings. I know well; but it was required of me. So, Madame, it is done. Come what may, I shall no longer be tormented.'

All the next winter and spring, he continued his usual habits—as

in the prime of his vigorous age: he still rose early, in full state heard Mass, sat upright, working hard with his ministers, and attending to everything, as of old; gave audience to ambassadors, showed all his keenness and resolution; took his drives to Marly; hunted the stag in his carriage, spent his evenings in Madame de Maintenon's room, playing at lansquenet, and hearing music, or conversing but wearily and sadly; and Madame de Maintenon, older than he was, was known to sigh out that no one knew how hard it was to amuse an unamusable king. He missed the Duchess of Burgundy; and Madame de Berry, trying to take the same place, only disgusted him, for her wit was spiteful satire, not innocent mirth; and her share in the orgies of her father, the Duke of Orleans, shocked him. Indeed, the Orleans party sneered and derided the strict religious observances of the Court; and no doubt in many there was much hypocrisy, and, at the best, much narrowness of mind, and tyranny over men's consciences.

Louis had long been pressing for a more crushing condemnation of Quesnel's Commentary on the Gospels, therewith of Jansenism, and, at last, in September 1713, it was extorted from Pope Clement XI., in the form of what was called, from its opening words, the Constitution *Unigenitus Dei Filius*. It condemned a hundred and one sentences in Quesnel's book, as agreeing with the five propositions ascribed to Jansen. They mostly were founded on the incorrect doctrine of the irresistibility of grace; but they could not in more impartial times have been convicted of heresy. In the committee of bishops who were appointed to report on the Constitution, and compose a letter of thanks to the Pope, nine, with Cardinal de Noailles at their head, expressed their dissatisfaction with the Bull, though forty accepted it submissively. Parliament registered it, though not without a dissentient voice; and at the Sorbonne, the theological college where De Noailles was provisor, there was the same request that reference might be made to His Holiness for explanation. The King sent down positive orders for unqualified submission, and four of the chief dissentients received *lettres de cachet*. Cardinal de Noailles still resisted, and it was felt that to put a blameless man, much revered and loved by the whole country, under censure for asking an explanation was going too far. A National Council was talked of, and M. Amelot, a Councillor of State, was sent to Rome to confer with the Pope.

Clement XI. declared then in a private interview that he greatly regretted the putting forth of the Bull, and he had only consented because the King and his Confessor Le Tellier had assured him that there would be no opposition. Then Amelot asked why such a long catalogue of extracts had been put forth, such as to provoke controversy. The Pope burst into tears and caught the envoy by the arm. 'O Monsieur Amelot,' he cried, 'what would you have had me do? I struggled to the utmost to curtail the list, but Father Le Tellier

had told the King that there were more than a hundred propositions meriting censure. He did not choose to be shown to have spoken falsely, and they forced me at the point of the bayonet to condemn more than a hundred to prove him right. I only added one! You see, M. Amelot, how impossible it was that I should act otherwise.'

However Clement dreaded a council, yet he sent orders to Noailles to submit within fifteen days under penalty of being degraded from his Cardinal's office, but the message never seems to have been communicated. The King had decided on his own authority on convoking a National Council, but the end of his reign and life prevented this. He was not strong enough to hold the *lit de Justice* for convoking the Council, and it was remarked that he had grown much thinner and his legs were swelling, but he did not give way till the August of 1715, when he nearly fainted while giving audience to the Persian ambassador.

Black spots appeared on his legs, but he kept his Court round his bed, and had his meals in public. On the 24th he found it difficult to swallow, but on the next day, the Feast of St. Louis, when the drums came as usual to salute him, he ordered them up under his window, and afterwards had the door opened into the ante-chamber to listen to four-and-twenty violins and hautbois. In the evening, however, after a sleep, he felt so ill that he spoke of receiving the last Sacraments, and for the next five days he was sinking, though fully conscious and as dignified and resolute as he had always been. To the Cardinals of Rohan and De Bissy, in the presence of Le Tellier and Madame de Maintenon, 'I die,' he said, 'in the faith and obedience of the Church. I have not sufficient learning to understand the questions which trouble her; I have simply followed your advice. I have done what you required. If I have done wrong you are answerable for it before God, and for this I call Him to witness.'

The Confessor at least seems to have had no doubts. The dying King wished to see and be reconciled to the Cardinal de Noailles, whom he had always esteemed, but Le Tellier clogged the message with the stipulation that the Bull *Unigenitus* should be accepted unconditionally, and to the extreme grief of the Cardinal, he was excluded.

On the 26th, he sent for all who had the entrée of his apartments. 'Messieurs,' he said, 'I ask your pardon for the bad example that I have set you. I have much cause to thank you for the manner in which you have served me, and the attachment and fidelity you have always shown to me. I am very sorry not to have been able to do for you all that I wished. The bad times have been the cause. I ask for the same attention and fidelity towards my grandson. He is a child who may have many reverses. Follow my nephew's orders. He will govern the kingdom; I hope he will do so well. I hope all will contribute to union. I feel that I am agitating myself; I am agitating

you, also, I beg your pardon. Adieu, messieurs, I hope you will sometimes remember me.'

The princesses then came in, giving way to noisy grief.

'You must not scream so,' said the King; and after bidding them farewell, he sent for the little Dauphin. The boy was brought by his governess, the Duchess de Ventadour, who put him on the bed. 'My child,' said the old man, 'you are about to be a great king. Render to God what you owe to Him. Know your obligations towards Him; make your subjects honour Him. Try to keep peace with your neighbours. I loved war too well. Do not imitate me in that matter, nor in my over-great expenses. Take advice about everything, and try to follow the best. Try to relieve your people, as I have been so misfortunate as never to have done.' Then, kissing the child, 'Mignon, I give you my blessing with all my heart;' and then called him back a second time for a fresh tender embrace and blessing, with hands uplifted, so that every one wept at sight of the half-bewildered orphan, with fair face and golden hair, thus lifted away from the dying man, the only person who loved him by the ties of blood.

The King saw two of his attendants sobbing in a corner. 'Why do you weep?' he said. 'Did you think me immortal?'

Madame de Maintenon had been close to him all the time, and to her he said—

'I have always heard that it was difficult to resolve to die—I do not find it so.'

'Ah, sire,' she said, 'it may be so when there is great attachment to creatures, hatred in the heart, or reparations to make.'

'Ah, reparations,' said the King, 'I have not to make to individuals. As to what is due to the kingdom, I hope in God's mercy.'

He sent again for the Duke of Orleans.

'When I am dead,' he said, 'you will have the young King taken to Vincennes, where the air is good. He will stay there till all the ceremonies are over at Versailles, and the castle well cleaned afterwards, then you will bring him back.'

He even gave orders for the furnishing of Vincennes, and had a case opened where there was a plan of the castle; because, as the Court had not been there for fifty years, the present grand marshal of the chambers had never arranged the accommodations. Several times he said: 'When I was king.' When the curé of Versailles told him that prayers for his life were being offered in all the churches, he said: 'That is not the concern; it is for my salvation that ought to be prayed for.'

While he spoke to others, Madame de Maintenon was in a room close by, and she was with him whenever he was alone. Once he said: 'What comforts me in leaving you is that we shall soon meet again.'

She could not answer.

'What will become of you?' he asked. 'You have nothing.'

'Do not think of me,' she said, 'I am nothing! Think of God.'

She remained beside him till he became unconscious, and then went away to St. Cyr. She has been much blamed for this, but at her great age she was entirely worn out; and in her unrecognised position there were difficulties avoided by going when she could no longer be of any service to him, and all supposed there would be no more power of recognition.

When, however, the priests were chanting the prayers for the dying, his voice was heard joining in. '*Nunc et in horâ mortis*,' he was heard to mutter several times. Then aloud, 'My God, come to me; haste Thee to help me.'

These were his last words, and at eight o'clock in the morning of the 1st of September, 1715, he died, the day before his seventy-seventh birthday, after a reign of seventy-two years.

The next day, the Duke of Orleans brought Madame de Maintenon an order for a pension of sixty thousand livres, 'rendered necessary by her generosity,' the preamble said; and she lived four years longer in peace and devotion at St. Cyr.

It is impossible not to compare the deathbeds of the two sovereigns whose armies had so hotly contended, and whose reigns both alike completed an era.

Queen Anne in her piteous desolation, was certainly the most melancholy, but did she not carry with her a deep repentance for the great error of her life, the hard-hearted levity with which she had been led to treat her father and deny her brother? It is hard to judge what would have seemed the duty of a wiser, more far-sighted woman, for the dangers to Church and State were very near; but there is no doubt that Anne erred greatly in the unnatural part that she acted, and that she suffered a bitter retribution. Had she been passive, the revolution would equally have been accomplished, and the ends gained. Had she adhered to her father and refused the crown, she would have been remembered with honour; but here there is no judging. As it was, she could honestly and conscientiously reign by the choice of the nation, and weak, illiterate, and even silly woman as she might be by nature, there is no question but that she was a good sovereign, whose reign had an excellent effect on her people. Hers were quiet, homely virtues, but they had their influence. The appointments to Church benefices were conscientious, and there was an effort to raise the nation from the slough into which Charles II. had plunged it, though unhappily the next reign plunged it back again.

And, alas, many of the corruptions of those times were chargeable on the example of Louis XIV. So brilliant a personage, on such an eminence of success, and with so many really high qualities, could not sin without imitators, and princes found it easier to follow his vices than his virtues.

He was a man who, with better training, might have been a true glory to his country and benefactor to Europe; but under his good, but narrow and ignorant, mother, and the intriguing Mazarin, self-idolatry and mechanical religion grew up with him, and he never had such cultivation of his powerful intellect as to enable him to enter into great questions of religion or politics. Thus, in private life, he followed his inclinations though against his conscience; in religion he gave himself blindly to his leaders, and used his despotic power not only to persecute those whom they denounced, but even to force the hand of the Pope; and, in his government at home, he sincerely believed that any amount of sacrifice of his subjects was due to himself and to the glory of his kingdom, and that abroad all nations should bow to France. Yet with all his errors, and all the fatal harm he did, there was a certain uprightness of heart, honesty of purpose, and rectitude of will, that, joined to the majesty and graciousness of his demeanour, might well win the hearts of his people, who, from first to last, almost adored him. He died with great dignity, and as nearly repentant as he knew how to be. Fenélon, the noblest, most blameless, and perhaps the most unjustly-treated of all his contemporaries, had preceded him by a few months to the grave, falling ill first after Christmas. His nephews, the Marquis de Fenélon, and the Abbé, his brother, had hastened to his side, and brought the best physician in France, manifesting the most tender affection, but nothing could prolong his life. 'Thy will, not mine, be done,' was his prayer, as he suffered until the morning of January 17th, 1715. It is said that Clement XI. wept, not only for the loss, but for his own weakness in not having made the saintly man a cardinal for fear of Louis XIV.

Both reigns had been times of great progress in literature, meriting in some degree their title of Augustan ages, but the chief writers in France had belonged rather to Louis's zenith than to his decline, and he had outlived most of them, whereas most of the greater writers of Queen Anne's time were in their prime at the time of her death.

Swift had taken up his residence at Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's, and there continued to write his most memorable works. George Berkeley, the admirable Christian philosopher, whose schemes far outran his time, was Bishop of Cloyne. Alexander Pope, the Roman Catholic poet, small in person but keen in intellect, was writing his epigrammatic couplets at Twickenham, as full of ability as of bitterness; and in 1711 Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele commenced the 'Spectator,' which, by its criticism on literature, the examples it held up, and its gentle satire, did much to purify and renovate the taste that had become degraded.

SKETCHES OF OLD NORSE LITERATURE.

X.

STURLA THE HISTORIAN AND THE STURLUNGA SAGA.

We have now touched upon the most important of the old books of Iceland, those which are said to belong to the Golden Age of its literature; and we come to works produced in a literary Silver Age of greater cultivation if of less original power. The chief author of that age was Sturla Thordson the historian, who has already been alluded to as the nephew of Snorri Sturlason, Thord's brother. Thord Sturlason was a wise and peaceful chieftain, who died soon after the civil war began which devastated Iceland for twenty-five years. Sturla, his son (born 1214), was also a man of peaceful disposition; but he was thrown by circumstances into the midst of this struggle, which caused the ruin of the powerful Sturlunga family. Sturla's life was spared when several of his relations were put to death; but he was forced to fly friendless and penniless to Norway, where he was for some years in the service of King Magnus Hakonson, Sverri's grandson. At different times he passed several years in Norway, but finally returned to Iceland, where he enjoyed renewed prosperity.

Sturla's chief work is the 'Islendinga Saga,' a history of Iceland from about A.D. 1196 to 1262, which, together with several contemporary biographies by unknown authors, is known under the general name of the Sturlunga Saga, and forms in itself quite a little historical collection.

The clearness with which in this fine Saga the story of Iceland stands out from the dimmer history of the rest of Europe, is like that of a picture illuminated by a strong electric light compared to one half shown by flaring uncertain torches. But it must be owned that it is not on the whole a pleasant picture that is thus revealed, being chiefly the story of a selfish war of ambitious and reckless chiefs striving with each other for power; robbery, arson, and murder, succeeding each other in fierce retaliations, till exhaustion rather than choice threw Iceland under the dominion of Norway.

The scale of events is small; few men seem to have been slain, considering the constant fighting. In the course of twenty-five years, probably under five hundred, because the leaders who made the quarrels also bore the brunt of the fighting, and were often slain,

after being made prisoners, while the common poeple were allowed to go free. This resulted in a survival of the *unfittest*, from which perhaps Iceland has never recovered.

The Sturlunga Saga unfolds like a great tragedy of which the personages are vividly portrayed, and stand out with life-like power. The subject is the fall of the aristocracy in Iceland; the clear style and the force of the narrative give it a certain fascination in spite of a sometimes cynical realism. Although sometimes extremely interesting, at other times it is overloaded with needless details, for Sturla had not his uncle's genius in the selection of facts to tell, and is a more unequal writer. A short *resumé* of 'Sturlunga' would hardly convey an idea of so long and complex a work; but as it is too important to be passed over without some notice, a few words about the chief actors, and one or two extracts, may serve to show something of its nature and style.

We have mentioned the character of Snorri Sturlason as seen by his nephew; he tells also of Snorri's daughters, who could not live with their husbands; of Orækja, his unworthy son, and of Gizur his son-in-law, who murdered the great historian. Gizur was a clever and popular man, and on the whole successful, as he was made Earl and Governor of Iceland under King Hakon, and even ended his days with outward respectability in a cloister. But he was the evil genius of the story, a worse man perhaps than his coarser and more brutal ally, Kolbjorn the Young—the bitter foe of the Sturlunga.

Then we have the mixed character of Sturla Sighvatson, the cousin of Sturla the historian his admiring kinsman. It would be hard, he writes, to see a handsomer cavalier than Sturla when mounted on Swanflight, the finest of horses, riding up to the Allthing. Sturla was brave, reckless, and unscrupulous, but not malicious or treacherous. Solveig, his wife, a fair and wealthy woman, was the ward of Snorri Sturlason, who meant to marry her himself when he had divorced his own wife; but the brilliant young nephew carried her off, much to his and her own satisfaction. He was nicknamed Frey of the Dales, from his good looks and love of display.

There is a fine portrait of Gudmund, the crippled Bishop, who was as brave as the best of the warriors, devotedly pious, full of enterprise and imagination. Men of all sorts were attracted by him, and, indeed, his generosity and indiscriminate regard for the poor led him to squander the resources of his see on troops of idle followers, who, when the troubles began, turned warriors and fought gallantly for their ecclesiastical chief in true church militant fashion. Gudmund had when young to be 'beaten to books,' and preferred life at sea.

There is a graphic account of the shipwreck, which, in his twentieth year, decided his vocation. He and his uncle, the Priest Ingemund, were sailing together at Michaelmas, when their ship got among

breakers, and matters looked so bad that the crew called for the ship's priest to confess and absolve them. Ingemund, who was busy with the rigging, rated them sharply; said he had often urged confession in vain in quiet times, and this was no moment for it, but for minding their business, which was to save the ship. Gudmund was working with the best when a heavy wave broke over them, sweeping all loose things into the sea and crushing the ship's boat on his feet, so that the bones were broken to bits, and he never walked again, but had from henceforth to be carried in a litter. Then he turned his energies to learning, became priest, and in due time Bishop. After his consecration he never enjoyed peace, owing to a legal quarrel concerned with the see, in which several chiefs, including the Sturlunga, made a league against him, imprisoned and maltreated him, till he turned at bay and fought them with their own weapons. The civil war in a great measure rose out of these quarrels; but the feuds which led to them began in the previous generation with the murder of Hrafn Sveinbjornson, a chieftain in the north. He belonged to a family famed for their surgical powers, his hand was deft and healing; sick and wounded men came from far and near to seek his help, and he never refused it nor took a fee, and would often keep poor people in his house till they were healed. Hrafn was a man of many accomplishments, an adept wood-carver, a brave warrior, and very popular with good men; but he had a jealous, malignant neighbour, called Thorwald of Vatzfjord. Little quarrels between servants about sheep and fishing, caused disputes between the masters. 'Small was the beak, but wide the feathers,' says the Saga; fights ensued; twice Hrafn spared Thorwald's life, but at last he was taken at unawares and murdered in cold blood by his brutal enemy, and hence came disturbances which contributed to the civil wars.

Many years afterwards retribution fell on Thorwald; Hrafn's sons, now grown-up men, surprised him when sleeping in a small farm with few followers; they fired the house, but allowed free egress to all the inhabitants except the evil old man, who was burnt within it. This was in the summer-time; but the reprisal by Thorwald's sons was not long delayed. The following winter they collected a band of men, and soon after the Epiphany rode to attack the house of the handsome Sturla Sighvatson in the Western Dales. He, as it happened, had no share in their father's death, and was absent from his fair dwelling of Sawdafelz. We give a rather free translation of Sturla's account of this attack as a specimen of his writing, and if it seems an unpleasantly realistic description of a cruel outrage, one can only say that it is neither so vivid nor so pathetic as many other accounts in the Saga, and a mild specimen of the treatment the people of that day might expect from each other. Sturla the historian, himself probably saw in the morning the ruin wrought that winter night.

'All was quiet at Sawdafelz when a stranger from the North, who had lately joined the household, a spy we believe, left the house and took the bolt off the door. Sawdafelz was a fine house—the Hall was all tapestried, shields were arranged on it, and mail coats hung in front of the locked beds.* Solveig, the mistress of the house, who was in weak health, slept in the *stofa* with her mother Valgerd and others. Now Thord Thorwald's sons and the Vatzfjord men came sounding up to the township to guard every door that Sturla should not escape. Only the nurse of Sturla's little daughter was stirring, and she became aware that something was wrong; she put out the light in the Hall, ran to the bed where the child lay, and spread the down-quilt over her, and lay down with the child beneath her next the wall. She signed the cross on the child, and prayed God to keep her. Then Thord rushed in by the deer's-horn† door with twelve men; fifteen men assailed the ship's-prow door, five guarded each door, one mounted the roof, and four guarded the path to the church.‡ Then the men pushed into the Hall with blows and swearing, striking at all before them and breaking up the beds on either side, and there was no man to guard with weapons. Only where the nurse and child lay, no blow fell. The assailants outside kindled fire in the kitchen, and then first they bore light into the Hall. It was pitiful to hear the women and the wounded men. Thord broke up the master's bed, bidding Frey of the Dales not lurk there, and as the door fell in, he rushed in and struck the bed, but found no one. Afterwards he said that the best moment was when he came to the bed and thought Sturla was there—and the worst when he found he was not. He went further to where Priest Svein lay in the next closed bed; Svein took the pillows and warded the men off, and they aimed and hewed at him; they thought it was one of Sturla's fighting-men who warded so smartly. Snorri was the name of the man who lay next him—he called out, "Assault us laymen and leave the priest in peace." They turned on Snorri and wounded him so that he fainted. Solveig the mistress, and Valgerd her mother, woke up in the *stofa*, and spoke to each other, wondering whether it was a storm or the noise of war that they heard outside. They sent the man Thorid to see, but as he ran up he was felled by a blow that rendered him senseless. As he did not return Valgerd sent a woman, and she came back and said it was war.

'When the brothers found Sturla was not in the Hall they broke into the *stofa* with flaming brands, and ransacked both bedrooms and store-house. They went to Solveig's bedside with drawn and bloody

* The locked beds were shut beds in wooden enclosures or *cubiculæ*, which lined each side of the larger ancient halls. The *stofa* or stove room was a warmer sleeping room, often a separate building, with arrangements for heating baths.

† Ornaments above the chief doors, such as are still to be seen in Iceland.

‡ To prevent people from flying to the church, which was sanctuary.

swords and harassed her, saying, 'These were the weapons with which they meant to make an end of Frey of the Dales,' and because of it altogether and her weak condition she was somewhat affected by their words.

'Valgerd said, "You need not seek Sturla here under sheets or wedged up against the wall; in my opinion, had he been here you would have been more likely to leave this matter alone than when you have only women and workmen to deal with." They said they would never desist till they had his head. She said that what now had happened gave no proof that they would ever be able to stand above the head of Sturla. They continued to search through all the buildings for Sturla. The dawn now showed that in the Hall many men were wounded—some wretchedly mishandled. All the people were taken to the *stofa* and kept there, while the marauders broke open and plundered everywhere. They could not break up Sturla's weapon-chest till they had burnt out the bottom. Then they got named axes,* and gold inlaid spears—in all seven hundreds worth—out of that one chest. They forced Solveig's chest of valuables, but the Norwegian Evyind saw the jewel box, in which mother and daughter kept their gold rings; he took it and gave it to Christina, the beggar-woman. A man tried to snatch it from her, but she told him to beware of touching it, there was ointment in it for the wounded. He let it go, and she went to the *stofa* and restored it to Valgerd. The party took away all they could carry on all the horses they could catch; it was nearly broad daylight before they were ready. Thord went to the *stofa* and said—

"Two things have not gone as I intended; first, that I did not find Sturla, and next, that thou Valgerd remainest alive—and that should not be if I could get at thee." Then he went out and there was no friendly greeting at parting.'

When a messenger found Sturla on the following day, 'he merely asked if any harm had happened to Solveig; and when they said she was quite well, he inquired no further. He rode home and found a very chilly household. There were fifteen wounded, several being women, and three died of their wounds. The house had been of the richest for furniture, jewels, and clothing when the marauders came, and was poor indeed when they went away. There were some loose boards lying on the cross-beams above the Hall; Gudmund the Skald, when he heard the weapons clash, climbed up and lay there so quietly through it all that he was never found. Afterwards he made a song about it.' 'That Skald always slips out of it in every fray,' said Sturla afterwards, when Gudmund dropped apparently insensible from the blow of a stone at the beginning of a skirmish to revive at the end of it.

Coolly as Sturla seemed to take the raid on Sawdafelz, it was not long before he was the death of Thorwald's sons. He became, indeed,

* The choicest weapons often had special names, which are given here.

involved in so many manslaughters that to obtain absolution he made a pilgrimage to Rome, whence after severe penances he returned home apparently as turbulent as ever. He became a liegeman of King Hakon's, and in spite of the opposition of his wiser relatives, dragged them all into fresh strife. Then came the battle of Orlygstadr, the most important ever fought in Iceland, in which he was defeated by Gizur, and his father Sighvat was slain. When desperately wounded Sturla surrendered to some men who gave him quarter, but were unable to protect him from Gizur, who slew him with his own hand after the battle was over.

Sturla had attempted to establish Norwegian rule in Iceland, hoping himself to govern there as King Hakon's Earl. Snorri Sturlason had the same object in view, but chose as his patron Duke Skuli, who was descended from the old Norse kings and nearly succeeded in wresting the kingdom from King Hakon. Skuli's failure involved that of Snorri Sturlason, who was in Norway at the time of the battle of Orlygstadr. King Hakon forbade him to leave Norway, but he disregarded the command and returned to Iceland. After a while, as has already been mentioned, he was assassinated by Gizur, who not only took possession of his wealth, but so ingratiated himself with the King, that he finally succeeded in being made Earl and Governor of Iceland.

Sturla the historian was in the battle of Orlygstadr, and was taken prisoner; although his life was spared he was forced to fly to Norway, where he met with a far from cordial reception from King Magnus Hakonson, who ruled during his father's absence in the Scottish wars. Sturla gives a full account of it all—how he had almost no money, and a fellow-countryman, named Gaut, introduced him at Court.

'What man is that with thee?' asked the King. Said Gaut, 'He is the Skald Sturla Thordson, who begs for your mercy, and I believe him, sir, to be a wise man.' The King answered, 'We think that he would not have come here had he been wise in his own affairs, and that he may find out if he meets my father, King Hakon.'

Gaut said, 'But how if he makes a poem on you and also on your father the King?' The King answered, 'Most likely I shall not have him put to death, but he shall not enter my service.'

Gaut and Sturla withdrew; and Gaut said, 'The King took thy words very inauspiciously, though grace is given thee, and I expect thou hast been much disparaged to him.' Sturla said, 'I do not doubt that; but all is lost in Iceland, small and great.'

Gaut succeeded at last in getting an order for Sturla to sail south with the King, and he was enrolled in the ship's company. 'He brought his chest on board and sat forward on the deck, few having yet arrived. Presently the King with his suite came to the gangway; Sturla stood up and greeted him, but the King walked past him to the quarter-deck making no response. They sailed

southwards; in the evening, when the men took out their provisions, Sturla sat in silence, no man inviting him to eat. The King's serving-man now asked him if he had food and drink. He said he had neither. The man went and spoke low to the King, and then returning, said, "Thou shalt be messmate with Thori and Erlend here." They received him rather coldly. In the evening the King's page asked who should entertain. At that many were silent, and he continued, "Sturla the Icelander, wilt thou?" "As you will," said Sturla, and he told the Huldra Saga better than they had ever heard it before. Many thronged down on the deck wishing to hear—there was quite a press. The Queen asked what the crowd was, and was told that every one wished to hear the Icelander's Saga. The King bade her pay no heed to it but to go to sleep. She answered, "But I wish to hear the Icelander—he must be a good fellow and less guilty than is said." The King was silent. Next day there was no wind, so they were delayed in the same place. And in the evening, when the men sat down to drink, the King sent Sturla something from his own table; his messmates were glad and said, "Things go better with thee than we expected." After dinner the Queen sent for Sturla to recite to her the Huldra Saga. So he went upon the quarter-deck and saluted the King and Queen; the King took his greeting gravely, but the Queen kindly. When he had finished the Saga, the Queen and many others thanked him and praised his learning and skill. The King said nothing, but as he smiled a little, Sturla discerned that his humour was better than the day before. The Queen then urged the King to get Sturla to recite, because his fame as a poet was great. He did so, and the Queen was delighted; but the King said, "So you like to hear him recite?" "I would like you to think so, lord," she said. "I had already heard that Sturla could compose," answered the King.

'Next day the King sent for Sturla before he went to sleep, and ordered a silver goblet of wine to be brought; he drank a little and then handed it to Sturla, saying, "Friend should drink with friend." "Heaven be praised that it is so," said Sturla, as he drank. "And now," said King Magnus, "wilt thou let me have the poem about my father?" Sturla recited it, and the company praised the poem much, and most of all did the Queen. The King said, "It seems to me that thou art a better poet than the Pope." Sturla then ventured to say that his foes had misrepresented him, and the King replied that he now recognised him as the best of the Skalds, and would take him under his protection and into his suite. The Queen was always most kind to him, and the King also became so, and gave him a difficult task by ordering him to write the life of his father, King Hakon, according to the best information which should be given to him. Before the book was quite begun King Hakon died in the Orkney Islands; his death was thought the greatest loss in all the Northern Lands.'

Sturla wrote the life of King Hakon, and also of King Magnus, his son, of which more hereafter. He spent at least eight years in Norway, and then returned to Iceland, where he was reinstated in all his former possessions and dignities. He was twice the Law speaker, but seemed to care more for learning than for politics, and did not make much mark in his office. Latterly he gave his lands to his son, and lived in a house in the island of Fairey in Breidafjord, where he died on his seventieth birthday, the 24th of July, 1284. His kinsman Thord, who was also a writer, and probably edited his papers, calls him 'the very wisest and gentlest of men whom we have known;' and, indeed, he seems to have inherited the genius without the waywardness of the Sturlunga family.

WINTER WORK IN THE COUNTRY.

BY EMILY C. TAYLOR.

WINTER is the time for work among the country poor—there is no doubt of that. Summer-time provides plenty of interests for the labourer and his family. So long as the evenings are light, there are the gardens and allotments to be worked in, the sweet green lanes to be strolled through, the hedges and banks to be scoured for flowers, or blackberries and nuts. Other interests are unnecessary; they would not be taken up if you were to offer them. But when the winter comes—and a long winter it is too, for you may count it as beginning pretty early in October, and ending with the last day of March—then it is that the country poor begin to feel the need of something to break the monotony of their lives; then it is that they have leisure to be instructed, enlivened, and amused by those who are willing to devote themselves to the task of helping their poorer brethren. My object in writing this paper is to make a few suggestions for work of this kind—not with any idea that they are at all exhaustive, or even specially good. They have but this claim to attention—that they come from one who has worked for a good many years among the country poor, and gained a little experience, through disappointments as well as through successes. And, as a peck of experience is worth a bushel of theory, I am sure I shall be pardoned if I confine myself chiefly to speaking of plans which I myself have tried, thereby running the risk of seeming somewhat egotistical.

We have two objects before us—the education and the enlivenment of our country folk; let us first of all speak of the former. The Education Acts have doubtless been most useful in country as well as in town; but no one can pretend to think that they have done all that is needed—that the little urchin who leaves school at thirteen, or it may be even ten or eleven, and goes to work in the fields, is equipped with sufficient knowledge to make him a good and intelligent citizen—if such a word may be used of one whose dwelling is not in the city but in the village. And yet it is but right that he should begin to earn his daily bread. Hence the necessity which is so generally recognised for night-schools, by means of which the lads may at least retain some hold on their knowledge, so laboriously acquired, of the three R's. Wherever there is no night-school, then, the first step should be to start one. This done, however, we should take care that it does not lapse into mere classes for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic to boys who have just left school.

They must have their share, of course, and so must the three R's; but let us never lose sight of the fact that reading and writing are not education in themselves. They are merely means to an end; and unless we look to it, that end may not even be a good one. True, a man cannot acquire information for himself unless he has learned to read; but surely we should never be content with giving him this power, and then leaving him to use it as he will. If his mind and conscience are unenlightened, it may be but an additional tool in his hands for grubbing up what is foolish and evil. By all means give him the tool; but take care that at the same time you bring influences to bear upon him which may incline him to a proper use of this added facility for obtaining 'knowledge of good and evil.' His mind, again, albeit the dull and rather sluggish mind of the country labourer, needs and will have food, of some sort or other; and the fault will not be wholly his, if, finding no wholesome satisfaction for its natural cravings, he turns his thoughts to folly—perhaps even to sin. All endeavours, again, should be made to induce the older lads, and even middle-aged men, to attend the night-school. If possible, these older men should be divided off from the boys; and they at least will value what I may call our 'higher classes.'

I have had no personal experience of a night-school managed by voluntary workers, as in our village the schoolmaster has always taken the night-scholars at twopence a week, presenting them for examination at the yearly school-inspection. But I know of very successful night-schools in places where there is no schoolmaster; and if no more time could be spared, one or two evenings a week would be far better than nothing at all. And there can be no reason why the plans which I have tried for supplementing the schoolmaster's teaching should not succeed equally well (perhaps better), when made part of the regular night-school work.

For several years, one of the institutions of our village had been a Young Men's Evening Club, which met four evenings in the week in the class-room of the school, where there were newspapers and various games—a very useful institution, by the way, and one that might, I should think, be set on foot in almost any village. Of course it would be still better if one could have a cottage, with regular rooms for Men's and Boys' Clubs, and a man in charge who would provide coffee and such refreshments as might be needed—a favourite dream of mine, and one that can be realised in some fortunate parishes. But where this is unattainable, the school class-room is a very useful substitute in the evenings; and it was pleasant to see that our Evening Club was flourishing. It seemed a pity, though, that the young men's time should be spent on nothing but games (in fact, they had gradually fallen into the way of calling their club the 'Games Club'); and I proposed one day—I confess, with very little idea that the proposal would be accepted—that one hour twice a week should be given to more serious work. To my surprise,

they seemed to catch at the idea; and after that, the pipes were put out every Tuesday and Friday at eight o'clock; and I gave what I may call a 'geography and general information class.' Among the books used were 'Near Home,' by the author of the 'Peep of Day,' and Forster's 'Citizen's Reader'—a most useful book, which I have lent to two or three among the more intelligent of our people. A map of London, and a little informal lecture upon our metropolis, also roused much interest. As far as possible, I drew out what knowledge the members had, and made them think for themselves; and sometimes, when the 'Citizen Reader' brought us to politics (*party*-politics were of course avoided), we had some interesting talk. Sometimes, too, I took our daily paper up to the school with me. At the time of the old Emperor's death, we gave two or three nights to Germany and German affairs; and they were evidently interested in the subject. It was curious to notice how from amid the unfathomable depths of ignorance of some of these lads, a little spring of knowledge and intelligence would suddenly well up, when least expected. I remember how surprised and amused I was when one of the lads, whom I had always thought a little deficient, suddenly blurted out:

'They don't never do that' (I quite forget what 'that' was) 'in Russia, do they, miss?'

How he had picked it up, I never learnt; but he certainly did know something about that country; and very proud he was, when, pleased to find a subject which really interested him, I would laughingly turn to Grubby (that was his nickname among the lads) as an authority on Russian affairs.

I am sure that all opportunities of getting nearer to our people *in thought* should be taken and made the most of. They are naturally shy, and chary of expressing their thoughts upon politics and other subjects of interest, for fear of making mistakes, and exposing themselves to ridicule; but they *do* think; they *are* anxious for 'light and leading'; and if once you can get on terms of friendship with them, you will find them really grateful for the information which you are so much better able to obtain than they. Depend upon it, they will soon see the difference between a friendly chat upon politics, and the lectures of a perfervid electioneerer on either side. If they see that you are only bent on getting votes for your party, they will discount much of what you say—poor things! they are obliged to do that already, as they listen to electioneering speeches; and I have often felt grieved to think that one of the first lessons the agricultural labourer has had to learn, on his introduction to political life, has been this—how very little political speakers are sometimes to be trusted. But once let them see that you care for *them* more than for their votes, and they will gladly listen to what you say.

I know that politics and kindred subjects are supposed to be men's business rather than women's, and that many women find them dull

and uninteresting. Still, I have known one or two who have really had some influence in their own neighbourhood, and that, not by eagerly touting for votes, but by forming and guiding opinion. One of them, the daughter of a clergyman in one of the Eastern counties, is accustomed to write and 'hektograph' simple little papers on the questions of the day, which she gives away in the village; and from the accounts which she has given me of the conversations which she holds with the men when she drops in at their cottages of an evening, it is evident that they look upon her as a friend and adviser. Probably there are not many of us who would feel competent to write papers themselves, as this young lady does; but we might at any rate procure for our poor friends those written by others, or learn enough of the subjects to be able to talk a little upon them—it would be very useful for ourselves as well as for others. I may mention that the 'Citizen Reader' gives a good deal of information as to how the country is governed, which will be really valuable to the labourer, now that he has a share in that government.

On many another question, too, we may be able to give a little help. I was pleased and touched, the other day, when a man to whom I was teaching arithmetic (certainly, he was a little above the ordinary labourer) shyly pulled from his pocket a bit of paper with two or three words written upon it, asking if I would be kind enough to tell him how to pronounce them—he thought he knew pretty well what they meant, but to pronounce them was more than he could do.

But to come back to our classes. We should of course remember that the untrained mind must not be expected to make any long-sustained efforts, and that it takes in teaching with greater ease when the eye (aye, and even the palate) is called into requisition, as well as the ear. The lessons, then, must be short, full of change and variety, illustrated by pictures—better still, by actual specimens of the objects named, when these are procurable. In lessons on France or Italy, for instance, the passing round of a pair of sabots, or a mosaic brooch, will give a fillip to the spirits of the little company which will have the best effect. Or again, if there is to be a lesson on Scotland, could not some Scotch friend be asked to send down a little box of oatcake, scones, etc.—to give the young English labourers an experimental knowledge of the food of their Scotch brethren? At the risk of descending into what some may term trivialities, I cannot resist observing that the prospect of a club-night when lesson-books should be banished, and the teacher's 'pointer' should be mysteriously transformed into a spirtle for stirring a saucepanful of porridge simmering away on the club-room fire—that the prospect of this, and of the subsequent set-to, when plates would be brought out, and the 'parritch' flavoured, would be hailed with the liveliest interest and satisfaction by a class of simple young labourers such as mine were.

Another plan of ours may find brief mention here. One winter, many of the lads from sixteen to twenty-two were out of work for two, three, and even five, months; and, finding that they had nothing to do but loiter about at the favourite corner by the public-house, we invited some of them to pay us a visit every morning, or every other morning, as our time would allow. The parish-room fire was lighted, books and papers were brought in, and an hour-and-a-half or so spent in studies. First of all, they read in turn out of a simple book of geography; then the piece they had read was read *to* them (for I have often observed that, with people who read with some effort, it is more than they can do to read correctly, *and* take in the sense of what they are reading), and questions upon it were given. Next came sums—mental arithmetic, making out of bills, and so forth. After this, they wrote letters of various kinds, special attention being paid to the beginning and ending, and the addressing of the envelope. This gave a good deal of amusement and pleasure; but what the boys most looked forward to was the production of a sixpenny paint-box and some pictures. To paint the latter was a most engrossing occupation; and so much did they enjoy it, when once they had learned to handle their brushes, that when the class broke up, we presented each of them with a box of colours, thinking it would provide them with amusement in the evenings, or on wet days. I was fortunate enough to have a brother at home during a good part of the time, and he entered into the work with zest, often taking the lads off to our big barn, when lessons were over, for some gymnastics, or a game at fives in a improvised court. Some of them were members of the Evening Club, and from the occasional remarks which they would make to him and to each other about the subjects talked of at the evening classes, it was evident that they remembered and thought over what they had learned there.

But we must not forget to consider the girls and young women. In some respects it is almost more important to make friends with them than with the boys and young men; for I believe that the morals of a place are mostly in the hands of the women, and nothing can so incline them to adopt our ideas of refinement, purity, and uprightness, as can a real friendship between us and them. As to classes, we shall probably find that the afternoon will be the best time for them, because of the difficulties connected with the girls coming out at night. The most successful class in our village has been an afternoon one, at which the young women worked at quilts for themselves, made of odds and ends of woollen stuff, which were sewn into small bags, stuffed with snippings, and joined together. This was an unfailing interest to them; and while the work was going on, they were read aloud to, the class finishing with a tiny Bible lesson of a few minutes' duration. A cutting-out class, again, is valuable; and I am sure that a few simple lessons on plain cooking would be the greatest boon to our country-folk, whose ideas on the subject are

often hopelessly wrong, as well as insufficient, and who bring up their children on innutritive diet, just for lack of a little knowledge.

But boys and girls must meet sometimes; and now the question comes—Are we to make no provision for this? Is their intercourse to be confined almost entirely to times when we are not there? Are we to encourage the habit which they so generally fall into, and which the plans made for them by their teachers and helpers often tend to strengthen—the habit, namely, of keeping their friendships quiet, of doing their courting as though it were something which they were ashamed of, and which we should not like?

We have always thought *not*. So when we had gained some acquaintance with the people—their characters, their friendships, and so on—my sister and I began to give an occasional 'At Home' in the schoolroom, to which we invited from thirty to fifty of the young people, doing our best to ask only such as bore fairly good characters, and to ensure that if a girl was keeping company with a respectable young man, he and she should both receive invitations. We began our evening with albums, wheels of life, and such things as could be passed from one to another; then came a little music; then oranges and buns, or tea and buns, were handed round by the young men, who laughed very sheepishly at first, but soon fell into the way of it. After this we had games—the 'Old Family Coach' and 'French Blind Man's Buff' were more successful than any, I think; and then we finished up with 'Sir Roger,' which was entered into with great zest by a few to whom we had already taught it, and very soon picked up by the others. Altogether, we thought our parties a success; and, although circumstances have prevented our having many of them, we have always felt that they have brought us and the young people nearer together. There are two or three young men whom I very seldom see, and who once took hardly any notice when they met me; now they always touch their hats with a bright smile, and I say to myself—'They are thinking still of our evening party.'

For two winters we had a weekly singing-class, in which the schoolmaster gave efficient help. At first the young men were very shy; but we learnt one or two pieces in unison to begin with, going on to the round 'A Southerly Wind,' and they very soon picked up the parts of some simple glees, which we afterwards performed at some of our public entertainments. The subscription was twopence a month, the money going to buy the glees, of which each had a copy of his or her own. Whether they found it difficult to spare the twopence in winter time, when work is so slack, or whether they got tired of the class (village people have a great reputation for taking up things warmly at first, and then dropping them), I do not know; but the members fell off the second winter; and since then we have had no regular class, only calling a choir together occasionally to practise for some definite object.

Poor people, as far as my experience goes, are very fond of music,

especially sacred music. For the Jubilee Day, and for other special occasions, such as Harvest Thanksgivings, we have had a voluntary choir to supplement the usual Church choir; and very much interested they have been in practising the Psalms and other music. Services of Song are also very popular. Sometimes we arrange them ourselves; sometimes we use those published by the Sunday School Institute, or by Temperance Societies. Both practices and performances are always well attended. For the Services of Song we do not charge admission; for our concerts we do; and I find that by asking a penny for the back seats, and threepence and sixpence for the front ones, we can generally pay the expenses, not only of the concert, but of a Service of Song also. Some of the little children generally give us an action-song or two, and are always received with great applause; the older Band of Hope girls sing; the Drum-and-Fife Band plays; the schoolmaster and the young blacksmith amuse us with comic songs; the Rectory family contribute some songs and violin pieces; and with a glee or two, and the help of some kind friend, now from this village, now from that, who will give us a reading, a song, or a flute solo, we have a concert that certainly delights our village folk, which is really all that we want. Acting is more popular still; but this gives so much trouble that we cannot manage it more than once a year. 'Wax-works' were greatly liked; also a little fairy-play which we wrote ourselves, and in which, as in the wax-works, some of the village children figured.

While I am on the subject of entertainments, may I give a word of warning? Unless great care is taken, these village concerts are apt to degenerate—to become less and less refined, more and more vulgar and even coarse, until it is really a question whether they do not degrade rather than elevate the taste of the people. The comic songs are so much more loudly applauded, so much more keenly enjoyed too, perhaps—though it is difficult to judge of this, seeing that it is only a small section of the audience who express their feelings loudly—that it becomes a great temptation to secure the popularity of the concert by making it all comic. The comic becomes too often the coarse; one singer tries to outdo another by dressing up, by shouting and gesticulating, perhaps even by the coarseness of his songs; the tone of the audience is lowered instead of raised; and after all, it is not a bit better pleased (as I believe) than it would have been had the concert been of a better kind. I have heard songs sung at a village concert which would have raised shouts of laughter in our own school-room, but which hardly seemed to strike the people there as funny at all; only the very broadest burlesque could now excite any amusement, so satiated with would-be comicality had they become.

Another difficulty is this—that, however careful we may be about keeping the general tone of our concerts, *some* comic songs we must have, and these may be vulgar, if the rest of the concert is not.

Well, why not make it a rule that *all* comic songs must be shown to some responsible person before being sung? It is really the only way to ensure that nothing objectionable shall find its way into the programme; and if once it is known that the rule is always adhered to, whoever the singer may be, it will give little or no offence. Once, I remember, a farmer was somewhat vexed with our Rector because he declined a song; but generally speaking, we have had no trouble. The mere existence of the rule makes people careful; and in the few cases where we *have* had to request that another choice should be made, we have felt very glad to have been spared the vexation of seeing our people listening to a song, apparently countenanced by us, of which we really disapproved.

I cannot leave the subject of entertainments without a brief mention of the pleasant monthly gatherings of our Temperance Society. They have nothing of the formality of the concerts; there is no fixed programme, but each member has a standing invitation to contribute something to the evening's amusement or instruction; and with a bright and sympathetic President, the hours slip quickly and pleasantly by. One will bring a cutting from a newspaper, and either read it himself, or hand it to the President; another has found an attractive tale in a magazine; somebody has been up to London, and relates a few of his experiences. Then there will be a speech or two, some hymns and dialogues, an accordion solo, a song performed by two or three of the girls together, and another by a lad alone. The President should know how to encourage the timid, as well as to decline a piece, if it seems to him or her unsuitable. But speaking for myself, I can only say that it has never fallen to my lot to reject any piece except on the score of its being dull, or above the heads of the majority—as the schoolmaster's choice has occasionally been. The lads give us such ditties as 'The Little Green Leaf in the Bible;' 'The Ship that never Returned;' and 'Jenny's Soldier-Lad,'—songs without the slightest vestige of poetry, but appealing to emotions and experiences common to every rank of life—piety, filial affection, love, loss, and separation, and with a simple chorus that all can pick up and join in. They have no accompaniment, and sing in voices—well, to put it mildly, more lusty than melodious; nevertheless, I have known more than half the company melted into tears by the simple ditty of one of these lads—'Dear Mother, look down on your Boy.' Once, indeed, we had a song which I think must have been a version of Claude Duval's adventures, and which told us several times how 'He took her by the jolly white hand' (*lily-white* must, we imagined, have been the original rendering); but as the singer broke down before he had gone far, the song was never heard in its entirety.

I mention these little monthly meetings because I think that others who have Guilds, Temperance Societies, Bands of Mercy, etc., to cater for, may be glad to try them; and because I feel sure that the good they do is by no means confined to the evenings themselves.

Knowing as we do that the songs of the people are very often not merely foolish, but positively harmful, it is surely well to countenance those that are good, and more than this, to add to their number. But what I value quite as much is the interest which such meetings, with their little duties and expectancies, give to the colourless lives of many of our country people—the quickening of social life which will attend the discovery that they themselves can minister to the entertainment of others. There is far too much individualism in our villages; and nothing that tends to foster corporate life—to make the inhabitants feel that they are all 'members one of another,' should be neglected by those who have their true interests at heart.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

V.

THE MOUNTAIN HURRICANE.

After the ball we went further and further into the mountains, penetrating into a district more 'rolling' and much wilder than the country we had left; a land in which it seemed easy to understand how David, on one mountain-top, had conversed with his enemy upon another, while there was a valley between them. Bears abounded in this region. We might have promoted the growth of our hair and beards with unlimited quantities of what Peter called 'bear's lard,' and we often breakfasted on bear-steak. We made pens for wild turkies, with a covered way leading into them, along which we scattered corn. No bird who passed along that path, flaunting and pecking, ever had the sense to retrace his steps. All who got into the pen, passed under the keen edge of Peter's axe. There were wolves, too, and an occasional panther.

The mountaineers of that region were 'white trash' of a very low description; destitute of ideas, and barely civilised; with no religious standards as to conduct or belief, although they were by no means immoral in their lives, nor neglectful of their domestic relations. They were men and women reduced to the most primitive conditions of society; squatters upon lands that no one envied them; living by hunting principally, but raising by rude husbandry a little corn. The market opened by our camp for their small 'truck' was a blessing and a wonder to them. I met a mountain man one day going into camp with a dozen pheasants, and a superb saddle of venison that made my mouth water. I asked the price of his pheasants. He said they were a levy (i.e. twelve and a half cents) apiece. As to the venison, he inquired what we paid a pound for mutton, and when I told him that I had heard Peter say that he paid two and a half cents for it, he answered: 'Wal! venison ain't such a filling-up meat. I reckon I had better let your folks have it for two cents a pound.'

Such men hung around Peter's tent with things to sell for hours, and though they gave away the spoils of their guns or the produce of their 'patches' for a song, they consumed as much as brought the

price well up to market value, it being impossible not to ask a white man standing at your tent door to stay and eat the meal which he had watched through all the stages of its cooking.

There was one 'wet spell,' when the camp was kept inactive for a week, and Blake insisted we should all take turns at chopping firewood.

One night came suddenly one of those fierce and furious mountain storms, which are scarcely less terrible than a Western tornado.

The weather had been gloomy for the last five or six days; every night it 'gathered up' for something more than the mere ordinary summer 'gust,' which, in the Southen States, means a fierce and sudden rain-storm.

It was about the hour of sun-set, but no sun was visible. We clustered round the cooking tent and discussed the stale gossip of the camp and the unexciting incidents of an idle day, while we watched Peter's preparations for our supper.

A lurid cloud, blue-black, rose to the zenith. It split as if it were about to disclose some hidden form. Its two wings spread apart, and between them, to the west, shone a patch of greenish, greyish sky, tinged with metallic yellow. Suddenly one of the wings of the great bodiless storm-bird seemed to swoop round in our faces, hurrying across the patch of open sky at terrible speed. Then came the moaning of the coming rain. The storm was upon us. All sight of the inky heavens was obscured by a white mist. The wind and rain dashed through and round the tents, uprooting their fastenings, puffing and rending the canvas in spite of our efforts, though we held on to the tentsides with all our might.

'Let go the sleeping tents,' cried Blake, 'and hold on to the provisions!'

The downpour became furious; torrents of water, mixed with hail, poured from the open windows of an angry heaven. Tent after tent was lifted from the earth, collapsed, then filled again, and snapped its fastenings. At last, with sudden wrench, the storm tore the canvas of the provision tent out of our hands. Hams, barrels, men, stove, boxes, buckets, all the firewood, and Peter's kitchen utensils, were hurled into a general wreck.

As soon as we could recover ourselves we crawled out of the wet canvas. Men creeping forth in all directions. Some had been stunned; all were bruised. The storm lulled for a moment, then the whirl began again.

'Run for your lives into the woods!' bawled Blake.

Example did more than orders, for few of us could hear his words. Some crept, some crawled, some breasted the storm, and ran breathless for their lives into the forest. The rain and hail lashed us like whips; the wild wet boughs hit our backs or swirled into our faces. We struggled blindly through the undergrowth and grass, through the torrents that were everywhere hurrying to the creek, and through the wind.

The day, which had been sultry, suddenly grew cold. The rain lashed us and chilled us, while overhead the roar of thunder never ceased, and the darkness would have been impenetrable but for the constant flashing of jagged lightning in our eyes.

At last there came a thunder crash which made the forest tremble. Then all was still a moment. The storm held its breath. Another, and the thunder rolled away over the hills with growls and mutterings like an army drawing off from a lost battle.

We crept back to our late camp. We found it on the edge of an extensive lake, for the little stream on which it had been pitched had suddenly risen. No one had been severely hurt, though all showed rents and bruises. Peter had been entangled in the canvas of his cooking tent, and, fast bound hand and foot, was lying on the edge of the rising water. He might have been drowned, but for his cries which called attention to his peril. He was extricated, still holding a dish from which a cold wild turkey had disappeared as he was about to set it on the supper table.

Having put Peter on his feet we proceeded to collect the *débris* of our camp, an occupation which was not exhausted for two days. As our axeman said, 'It took every stick of firewood that we had chopped to dry our clothes and bedding.' With the last thunder crash the wet weather came to an end. Two days after we were in the field again.

I, however, being less of a woodman than the rest, had taken a bad cold from my wet clothes and exposure. The cold became an incessant hacking cough, very annoying to the camp at night, and I began to talk of throwing up my work, and going down to Baltimore. The party left the camp every day at sunrise, each man carrying his 'snack' and a portion of the instruments, and we returned, walking sometimes half-a-dozen miles homewards, after having been actively employed all day. Our way lay over hills, from whose thickets the October winds (the pursuivants of winter) shook the autumn leaves.

The survey was discouraging. Every man felt convinced that no practicable road could be laid out through those hills. Our labour was lost time. To get the survey over was the wish of every one.

One day our party had been out in a particularly wild tract of wooded country. The day had been a gloomy one, and a bleak wind blew the russet and orange leaves around our feet as we walked campward in the gloaming. Suddenly we heard the low cry of a panther. It came nearer and nearer. The animal was on our trail. The panther of those parts ('painter,' if we use the vulgar tongue) is a formidable animal. He is as large as a calf which has reached the age of veal, has claws like a huge cat, and a tail as long as his body. His colour is tawny, with a little white about the breast and belly.

Mr. Blake strongly discouraged firearms in the camp, and those were

not the days when every lad believed a cheap revolver essential to his manhood. There were three rifles, however, in the tents, and a couple of old shot-guns, but it was against orders for their owners to take them into the field. Blake could not afford time to have his fellows called off their work by the irresistible attractions of Bob White—the quail-partridge of Virginia.

Our party of course was strong enough not to fear wild animals. Wolves we despised, and bears furnished our larder with good eating; but we were all eager for a shot at the more rare and formidable panther. We hurried home therefore as fast as we could get along with chains and rods, theodolite and level, and the moment we reached camp we loaded our artillery.

The 'painter,' however, though he had followed our line of march, uttering cries and growls, was scared most likely by the camp-light, and could be heard no longer.

We sat down to supper, though Blake was restless and uneasy. Archer, one of our party, who professed to be a woodman enough to steer his way through any difficult country, had set off early in the day for the nearest place where he could find a 'store.' Several articles of grocery had given out, and Peter was importunate for new supplies. Archer was also to bring the mail, and was instructed, if possible, to get hold of a Baltimore paper.

'He ought to have been home by sun-down,' said Blake. 'He is staying out too late in these wild woods. He had no gun with him. What if he should fall in with the painter?'

While we were still at supper a near cry was heard.

'That's the varmint! Now for him!' cried an axeman, and started from his place at table.

All who had guns seized them.

'Steady!' cried Blake. 'Don't be rash, boys! It may be Archer!'

There were more cries, something like the wail of a lost babe.

'That's all right!' cried one of us. 'Archer's all safe. The noise comes from the west. There are no settlements for twenty miles in that direction; not so much as a squatter's cabin.'

'That's so,' said Blake, now satisfied; 'steady now. Don't scare him off. Let him come within pistol shot. I want to have my chance. I see him stirring. All ready? Now then, f——'

'Hold on! Great Scott! You seem to want to kill us!' cried a man, starting from the underbush.

It was too late. My rifle had gone off, and the ball passed through the cap that the man wore, which was of wolf's skin. He uttered a yell, and advanced upon me furiously. I stepped back with my eyes fixed on him, faint and trembling. Archer followed him out of the underbush. 'He is drunk,' he said; and indeed it was very hard to pacify him.

When that was done at last, and he consented sulkily to receive

my most heartfelt apologies, Archer explained how he had lost his way, and had stumbled on this mountain man called Jimber Joe, who said he knew the road to camp, and would guide him. They had made cries like owls, partly to amuse themselves *en route*, and partly in hopes that the owls would answer them. After which they had tried their skill in imitating the panther. They had come upon the camp quite unawares, and thus exposed themselves to a reception that might have been the death of both of them.

The mountaineer sat by the fire in the cooking-tent with his cap on, looking sullenly at us under his eyebrows, but growing sober as the night wore on. At bed-time he was put into the tent where I slept with a companion, that being the one least crowded. Roused during the night by my incessant coughing, he sat up in his bunk, and cried out, in mountain accents, 'I say, Britisher, I reckon it's your palate is fell down. I don't bear no more malice. I'll take you up the Back Bone Mounting, if you like, a day's walk if you will come along, to where a Dutchman, seventh son of a seventh son, has a charm that'll pull your palate up for you. I seen him doing it afore now. He lives up near what we 'uns calls the Glades, high as the top peaks of these Alleghany Mountings, a good piece away from where this camp is standing. But I reckon it's well worth your while to come along an' visit him, if you want ever to git a good night's snooze this side of Jordan. I'll show you a deer, too, maybe, if you bring along your rifle.'

I was growing very impatient to do something for my cough, and I saw no chance of medical assistance, so after a little hesitation I accepted the offer, though with some shamefacedness. The camp, however, did not seem to think it odd to visit a Wizard. Indeed, one of the axeman assured me that he knew that old Zink, who was an out-and-out good bone-setter; and even Blake advised me to go.

The next morning therefore, loaded with provisions by the forethought of Peter, we set out on our expedition an hour before day.

VI.

THE MILITIA FUNERAL.

I FOUND my companion, who had probably led a loose and lawless life, very reticent about his personal history. He had not always been a mountain hunter, and I judged that he might be a refugee from justice, or a deserter from the United States Army. Alone with me he threw off some of his mountain stolidness, and his anecdotes and his shrewdness amused me considerably.

Distances are always greater than they are represented to be by the inhabitants of a wild region, and we by no means reached the Great Back Bone Mountain that evening. About dark, however, we came to a log-cabin well known to my companion. As we approached

it, our arrival announced by the fierce barking of a troop of dogs, a woman came out on the porch. She did not receive us with the usual gush of hospitality, but hesitated to answer our request for a night's lodging.

There was death, she said, in the house. Her grand-dad, a pensioner of the War of 1812, lay there a corpse, and next morning they had 'fixed' to bury him. They had no bed but the one on which he lay, and that they wouldn't like to offer. The strangers might sleep upon the kitchen hearth, if that would 'do' them.

We said we would stay, and were shown into the kitchen, where sat several men, whose horses we had seen stamping at the horse-rack, or tied to the top rail of the fence of the yard.

These men got up and made room around the hearth for us. Jimber Joe introduced me as a British gentleman that he was taking to get his throat pulled up by Zink the Back Bone Wizard. All seemed to know about Zink, and to feel it a personal compliment that he should be sought out by a British stranger. They began to tell stories of his doings, of his big conjuring book, his cures of rickety children, his setting of bones, his spells, and his simples. Conversation was flowing in a full tide when the door of the house opened and in came a tall mountain man, who was addressed with deference as Captain Steinburgher.

He was dressed in military clothes; his big cocked hat had plumes enough in it for a major-general. His shoulders were adorned with yellow worsted epaulettes. His coat was blue with red facings, and he wore a pair of home-cured buckskin breeches.

'Happy to find so many of you here, gentlemen,' he said, waving his hand, and looking blandly round the circle. 'I am streaking around to give notice of a militia parade to take place to-morrow at this yard at nine o'clock, to see our good friend Colonel Sam McGinnis put under the ground with military honours. Our company may not get such another chance to turn out for a military display until my own death, gentlemen; and I'd like to prac*tise* just a leetle on this solemn occasion, so as to see how you'll all fix things when I am not around. I wouldn't like to think as none of you had had experience. There's nothing like doing a thing once or twyst to show how it oughter be done.'

'We thought as how maybe you'd be wishing some display, Capt'in. Miss Molly McGinnis was askin' us if we knowed where to find you.'

'Was the old man a Colonel? Did he fight in the war of 1812?' I asked in a whisper of my companion.

'Never got no higher than a private, ever I heerd on. But, you see, he was right old. They mostly puts them up a grade wonst in ten years.'

'Whar is they going to bury the old man, anyway?' was the next question of Captain Steinburgher.

'Gottlieb Fuchs has got a nigger or two at work down in the apple orchard diggin' the grave.'

'That's mighty near the house for a military funeral,' remarked Steinburgher. 'I reckon, since the company will be on horseback, we'd best tote the ole man round some. 'Pears like it were doin' him scant justice carryin' him no more than a quarter of a mile on his own farm, stickin' him inter his own soil, under an apple-tree.'

'That's so. Best take a little turn-about whilst we're at it, Capt'in.'

'Got the coffin all right?'

'Rex Mulhauser's at work on it out to the barn.'

'Why did'n he git it ready afore the ole man's death? There was plenty o' warnin'. There won't be no time to paint it black an' git the paint dry. It don't seem fittin' to my idees to have a military display over a white pine coffin.'

'He's makin' it out'n black walnut,' put in Miss Molly, who at that moment brought in a supply of apple-jack, with a great variety of cups and glasses. 'Grand-dad had a spell two years back, and he said then we had best cut down a big black walnut-tree, and have it sawed up ready into plank, as the hands about the place had slack work in winter-time. He was so long wanting it though, that some of the boards got took for the door of the new barn; but Rex says he'll make them answer. He'll take them out and put in pine.'

'Well, Miss Molly,' said Steinburgher, 'we's all 'greed that it's no mor'n right to the community to put your good grandfather away with military honours. It is voted by these gentlemen, that as Captain of the Horse Shoe Run Invincibles, I am to take charge of the arrangements. Our company will assemble here, with arms and horses and the band at daylight. Procession starts at nine o'clock, per'sactly. Strangers, I hope you'll do the old man the honour to stay an' jine his funeral. He fit you British all he could, an' conquered you, but we none on us bears malice. We'd be proud to have an enemy amongst us. We'd feel like Queen Vic-tory was sending a representative to do the last honours over the old man's grave.'

'I am no enemy, and undoubtedly I will stay over the funeral, if my guide can spare time for it,' I said.

'I never heerd a hunter's time was any 'count,' replied Steinburgher. 'Well then, gentlemen, I'll look for you all to meet here afore daylight. The muster will take place at dawn, the burying at nine. There's four on you here, and five more have got their notifications. Them, and myself and you compose the company.'

'How about the band? How will the band git word?' asked one of the party.

'Did you ever heern tell of a darkey as did not feel in his bones when there was going to be a muster? Four on 'em's free darkies, and the rest—their masters got to let them anyhow take holiday. There ain't no muster without niggers. Jus' sarve notice right an'

left 'twix now an' daylight. I reckon we'll have the holl county with us anyhow. Got any star-spangled banners in the house, Miss Molly? No? Then I reckon I'll have that there turkey-red curtain tooken down. Hain't you got no bolt of new muslin?'

'Yes; I was gwine this winter to make each of our boys three new biled shirts. Their Sunday shirts is gettin' old.'

I wondered at the idea of making shirts for working men out of muslin; but the 'bolt' being produced, turned out to be of the stoutest unbleached cotton cloth.

'And a strip of blue jeans? or osnaberg?' said Steinburgher, insinuatingly.

'Yes; I got that left over making overalls.'

'There, then you have them—red, white, and blue to twine-like round the coffin.'

'I thought as it would been proper to have had black,' suggested Miss Molly. 'Red, white, and blue don't 'pears to me like mourning.'

'That's bekase you doesn' know nothing, gal! Blue, white, and red at a man's funeral shows that our country is in mourning for your grand-dad. You can tie it up in loops if you like, with some scraps o' black calliker or ribbon. By the way, has any of you sent for any preacher? None on you, I 'specs, ever took heed o' that, now!'

It being proved, however, that the nearest minister—a Dunkard brother—had been notified, all just anxieties as to the religious part of the ceremonies were set at rest, and the whole attention of the assembly was again concentrated on the military preparations for the funeral.

The party separated on divers errands about midnight, after drinking the last drop of apple-jack, when Miss McGinnis, shutting the kitchen door and building up a rousing fire on the hearth, left us to pick out a soft place on the 'dirt' floor for our night's repose. All night, however, Rex from his coffin, and Gottlieb with his assistants from the grave, were coming in to gossip and to warm themselves.

By daylight the corpse of the old man, dressed in his uniform, by particular request (a request readily acceded to by the family, because soldier-clothes were less likely to prove serviceable than his Sunday ones to his survivors), was laid in the black walnut coffin.

Miss Molly, and the women who came flocking to the place, were busy baking funeral meats, and roasting and grinding and preparing gallons of rye coffee. Some of the women baked piles of buckwheat cakes half a foot high, glistening with butter. The coffee was sweetened with maple syrup. There was a great tin pail of milk with a gourd dipper, more apple-jack, hard cider, eggs, corn-bread, and fried middling, as Virginians call breakfast bacon.

All who come to the funeral are welcome to sit down to this meal, or to help themselves to liquor, which, in imitation of the side-boards of 'big houses,' was set out on a shelf, each man rinsing the glass after he took his drink, and tossing the rinsings out of the window.

The nine cavalry men who composed the Horse Shoe Run Invincibles punctually arrived; so did the negroes who made up the band. The musicians outnumbered the warriors, the band being a dozen strong.

One of the company, however, had come on an old mule; and when they formed in line he excited the wrath of Steinburgher.

'Couldn't do no better, Capt'in,' was the excuse offered. 'Our ole mare's got the botts. I was up giving her drench after drench of whiskey all the holl night. Couldn' git no other horse to come on!'

'Right wheel!' the Captain shouted. After a little confusion between right and left, eight of the company got their horses round, but the mule planted her feet firmly on the earth and shook her ears. All she would let her rider do was to pull her head round.

In vain her master kicked her ribs, and thumped her on her flanks with his steel scabbard.

'Hi, darkies!—you! Some of you behind there! Give her a rap on the rump, and keep on at it every time I give the word of command,' shouted the Captain to the bystanders.

A negro with an umbrella, under whose shade he meditated a display of lemonade and cakes, obeyed the order. In a moment he was outspread on his back behind the creature's heels, whilst her rider lay sprawled out on his face before the company. The mule, like a graven image, returned to her position.

'Great Scott! What thick-headed nigger did that?' cried the dismounted warrior, scrambling to his legs again. 'Don't you suppose I know how to manage my own mule without a umbrella? If it's a free nigger, I'll break his neck for him; if he belongs to any man, I'll fight his master!'

Here ensued a rough and tumble chase after the offender, that was not ended till a waggon, drawn by two more mules, with a horse in the lead, made its way slowly to the farmhouse door.

Mourners, male and female, all on horseback, had been flocking in since daylight. The women of each party went into the house; the men hitched their horses at the fence and gossipped together. Some sort of a religious service was after a while reported to be taking place inside, and the men removed their hats, nor did they put them on again till the Dunkard minister took his seat beside the driver of the team, and the coffin, muffled in turkey red, white cotton, and blue jeans, was borne by the men of the old soldier's family to the waggon, passing with difficulty through the cabin door.

'Crash up, band!' cried the Captain, and all the various instru-

ments blared 'Hail, Columbia!' As they did so, the Captain, who combined the duties of a cornet with those of a commander, unfurled the star-spangled banner. The elder horses stood it all with tolerable composure, the colts grew restive, backed and plunged. At last two broke out of the ranks and tried to run away. The rider of one of them, passing too near the mule, got a taste of her hind shoes in his mouth, which obliged him to live for the following week upon spoon victuals.

The mule and her rider were voted out; the company closed up, now only eight strong, and dashed after the band and waggon. The Captain, with his sword drawn in his right hand, his bridle and the flag of his country in his left, marshalled the civilians.

Male and female, two and two, they rode, except in cases where one horse or mule carried two riders. This irregularity had to be ignored by the Master of Ceremonies. The relations of the deceased being on foot, were not provided for in the procession. They trailed after it among the negroes. The procession made a circuit of about three miles, returning almost to the spot whence it had started. Then the coffin was lowered into the grave prepared for it. The red curtain, the blue jeans, and the belt of muslin were carefully withdrawn and handed over to Miss Molly.

'Now, boys,' cried out Captain Steinburgher, 'ride up close around the grave. Give him his last salute. Are you all ready? Steady then! Take aim. Fire!'

A rattle of musket-balls fell into the grave, and split to kindling wood the newly made coffin.

'You fools, I didn't say load up with ball cartridge!' called out the Captain, in what might be termed a roaring whisper. 'All of you fling down your guns, jump down out of your saddles, and shovel the dirt in quick with your hands. Be quick, I tell you! Do you suppose,' he added in a fierce aside, 'I want old man McGinnis' folks to know that we buried him with seven bullet holes through his body like as if he was a horse-thief? And if any of you here present makes any such a blunder when you come to fire a salute over me at my funeral, hang me but my spook shall come back and have it out with you! Now mount, and let the darkies finish it,' he cried aloud, when the grave was about half full. 'Band, give us something lively! Knock the dirt off your knees, men, and look as if you was proud of burying a soldier who fought the British Army.'

Assuming an air to match his word of command, and waving sword and flag to left and right, 'Richard was himself again.'

We now took leave of the McGinnis family. Miss Molly indignantly refused compensation for our night's lodging; but I laid the money where I hoped it would be found.

As we passed the Horse Shoe Run Invincibles, drawn up again in line, we saluted Captain Steinburgher, whose wrath had again

effervesced in the face of the mule rider, who had rejoined his comrades.

'Say, stranger,' he called after me, 'ain't it one of Queen Vic-tory's articles of war to court-martial any man who comes to muster riding a mule?'

'We have very few mules in England,' I shouted back to him.

'Good for you then! I never heern much as I liked about the old country, nor never thought her great for good sense nother, but she's got herself set right on one point if she ain't for employin' no mules!'

These were the last words that lingered on our ears as we turned the corner of a bluff, and went on our way through savage woods, following the crooked windings of the Savage River.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL READERS.

XXXVI.—MACBETH.*

Supposed date 1605–6; *published* 1623.

In opening *Macbeth* after any of the plays of Italian story, or even *Measure for Measure*, we find ourselves in a totally different region of Shakspere's kingdom. He leaves the representation of the life of his own day, with its virtues and vices, and goes back into an older world and a simpler form of society, where, indeed, the characters may be strangely complicated, but their histories are plain and straightforward. The mere story of *Macbeth* might be condensed into two sentences, and there is no doubt as to the point and intention of each scene in it which Shakspere wrote, however much fulness of meaning he put into passage after passage, and this distinctness may be part of the secret of the undying power of the play. If *Hamlet* is the best known of the plays as a whole, we may fairly say that *Macbeth* is the best known as a story. The two principal figures have laid hold of the world's imagination, and are recognised types of character even with people who would be puzzled to quote more than a single line of the play. The good folks who inform you that 'King Lear is a tragedy, you know,' have yet, as a general thing, some notion about Lady Macbeth. This knowledge does not come, in our time at least, from frequently seeing it acted, for it seems far more difficult to represent adequately than most of the Shakspere plays which appear on our modern stage. A very slight study of it shows that it requires very unusual physical and mental powers to fill either of the leading parts satisfactorily, and anything less would be intolerable. It is very possible that traditions of Mrs. Siddons unconsciously affect our idea of what Lady Macbeth should be, and probably they have also helped to fix the character so firmly in the popular mind. It is very unpleasant that we cannot go straight into the play without the tiresome question instantly jumping up as to whether Shakspere wrote it all, and if not, how much did he write? A critic of the present day who is much given to 'taking care of the sounds, and letting the sense take care of itself,' has described *Macbeth* as a 'mutilated fragment,' or words to that effect. It is not bad for a 'mutilated fragment' to succeed in fascinating the attention of the world, even if some inferior work is mixed up with it; but if we give up all the disputed passages, such as the second scene, for instance, and allow that perhaps another hand wrote part of the witches' scenes, we should

* We must apologise to our readers for a second paper on *Macbeth*, but it came in the regular course of 'Shakspere Readings,' and may still interest the students.

still have a very substantial play left, and it is far from certain that we need abandon as much as this. Some critics, again, stick out for every word of the play as it stands! For his story Shakspere went again to his old storehouse, Holinshed's Chronicle, where he found the necessary outline in one of the versions of King Macbeth's history (for accounts differ as to that personage), and also many details which he worked up in his own fashion, without minding whether they belonged together originally. For instance, most of the minor incidents connected with Duncan's murder are taken from the account of another king altogether. As in the other plays for which Shakspere consulted Holinshed, he freely made use of the Chronicle's vigorous and picturesque phrases whenever they happened to suit him. It may be fanciful, but there seems to be a difference where Shakspere elaborated some slight hint or transformed some foolish novel into a play, instead of, as in *Macbeth*, finding his outlines boldly, if roughly marked out for him by a kindred spirit, so that he could march on freely, not vexing his soul by needless trouble. It is easy to fancy how Macbeth's story, with the strong dash of the supernatural element in it, the dramatic turn of the incidents, the suggestion of the woman's character, would appeal to his imagination, as affording him a splendid field for the use of most of his powers. Not all of them, of course. The lighter and softer side of his genius hardly comes into play here, he seems not in the humour for it, and there is not room for this among the strong, fierce passions of the play, except in brief hints, which nevertheless suggest a world of concentrated meaning.

At the very outset of the play we find ourselves brought into an entirely new world, where facts and fancies change their shapes as the witches change and vanish into air. One point alone is certain about the witch scenes, whether Shakspere wrote them all or not, somehow they are different from witch scenes in other people's plays. Other writers, Middleton for example, brought on witches with caldrons, spirits, and all the rest of it; but they represent merely the commonplace conceptions of the time, wicked old women with magical powers. Now Macbeth's witches are wicked and malignant enough, but they have a vague mysteriousness about them which shows they belong to another region. It would be very interesting to know exactly what Shakspere thought about witches, or indeed about most things; but a poet is always at liberty to make use of the picturesque features of any popular belief, without being supposed to pledge himself to it. Yet we should like to know what was conveyed to his mind by the very suggestive sentence in Holinshed, which states that the common opinion was that the women who met Macbeth and Banquo, and prophesied to them, 'were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some Nimphes or Fairies endued with knowledge of prophesie by their nicromanticall science.' There is a delightful comprehensiveness about this which sets us recalling all sorts of irreconcilable

myths of Greek Fates, and Scandinavian Norns, and what not; and when we try to imagine how much Shakspere knew about all this, it takes a bold man to say positively what Shakspere could not have known, so we are no wiser than we were. Whatever vague ideas of undefined natures and their powers were in his mind, he distinctly meant these shadowy beings to be essentially evil, grotesquely evil certainly, but still entirely evil and unhuman. They are not precisely evil spirits, but closely connected with evil spirits, and deriving their power from them. Shakspere follows a very old superstition in making them have power, within certain limits, over winds and weather. They cannot absolutely destroy the ship of the sailor whose wife offends them, but they can cause it to be tempest-tossed, and the sailor himself to fall into a 'Life in Death' hardly better than that of the Ancient Mariner of a later song. The irrational spitefulness of this scrap of story seems to show the perverse natures of these mysterious beings, and to warn us against expecting anything reasonable from them. Why they trouble themselves about Macbeth at all is never explained, unless it is for the pleasure of deluding a human being, and the mischief which grows out of their prophecy. It is not, perhaps, possible to represent the witches on the stage without losing some of this sense of mystery which should enfold them. No stage illusion can give the wild, shifting lights and shades flitting over the blasted heath, in the stormy beauty of the day, which fitly symbolizes Macbeth's story, and is described by his first words, 'So foul and fair a day I have not seen.' Here begins the real action of the play, for the second scene is too confused and contradictory to be taken into account. Here is the brilliantly successful general, of undoubted loyalty, and unstained honour, passing triumphantly from the scene of his double victory, to receive his well-earned reward. He has just inherited one title, as we learn incidentally, and other honours are awaiting him; and just at this very point, when present and future seem alike smiling on him, comes the mystic intimation which changes the whole course of his life. This introduces the main interest of the play, the effect produced on Macbeth by this supernatural intercourse. It is exactly the reverse of the supernatural warning in *Hamlet*, though in each case the whole of the after-play is coloured by the supernatural communication, and in each case the mixture of good and evil in the hero's character makes the rest of the story possible. If Hamlet were perfectly strong and resolute, he would effect the Ghost's bidding without more ado; and if Macbeth were wholly evil, we should have none of the self-debate and wild remorse which interest us in his career, but in both cases there is a terrible struggle. With Hamlet duty wrestles against natural inclination and is finally victorious; with Macbeth ambition fights against honour and conscience, and alas, is victorious also. The struggle with him is sooner decided than with Hamlet, but we watch its fearful after-consequences to the end. Uncounted disserta-

tions have been written on Macbeth's character, but the fact remains that as we never see him till the moment of the encounter with the weird sisters, we cannot tell much as to his natural state, and can only follow his development from this point.

If the story had not required the presence of Banquo, Shakspere would probably have put in somebody like him, if only to bring out certain features in Macbeth's character by force of contrast. Banquo first seems to observe the strange figures gliding forward to meet his friend and himself, and notes their peculiarities in a cool, accurate fashion, quite in keeping with his usual calm demeanour. But the message is not yet for him, and the witches seem to wait for Macbeth to address them, though they leave his natural question 'what are you?' unanswered, and tell him instead what he is and is to be. Here, of course, we come to the difficult question as to whether Macbeth has entertained ideas of striking in for the crown before this point, and whether he 'starts and seems to fear,' as Banquo says, because the prediction corresponds to his guilty dreams. There are some things which countenance this view, especially in Lady Macbeth's famous soliloquy; but taking everything into consideration, including the story in Holinshed, it would rather seem as if the compressing of time which brings Duncan to Inverness so quickly after Macbeth's victories, has led to some confusion. If we could allow, as the Chronicle does, some considerable interval between the prophecy and the murder, we need not suppose that up to this time Macbeth has gone beyond contemplating the succession as a possibility, perhaps not as distant as it would seem to our notions, for the Chronicle states that if Duncan died before his sons were of full age, Macbeth would succeed as next of kin 'by the old laws of the realms.' Therefore Duncan's recognition of Malcolm as Prince of Cumberland and heir-apparent is an innovation and a fresh obstacle to Macbeth, which explains why he is so disconcerted by it in the next scene. The witches' greeting brings out what has thus floated more or less vaguely before Macbeth's eyes, into clear distinctness, and couples with it another dignity of which he has never thought at all, so that he is utterly confused and perplexed. How Banquo's grave adjuration, 'In the name of truth,' cuts through this mist of deception and bewilderment! He has no wish to be fooled by illusion, and on the other hand, if these strange beings have any word for him, he chooses to have it, though his instinct is that they are of the devil, and therefore probably telling lies. Their enigmatical response does not seem to affect him much, it is Macbeth who bursts in with impetuous questions, trying to wring confirmation or explanation from the weird speakers, who disregard alike his demands and his orders. Having sown the seeds of mischief, they leave them to grow. It is a curious thing that Macbeth always expects to master the witches; he never sees, till the last hour of his life, that they are playing with him. So here, he regrets their departure, vainly fancying he could have made them speak out. Half-

puzzled, half in jest, the two men repeat the strange prophecies to each other till interrupted by the news that one of them has been fulfilled. We should like, by the way, to know how the people who stand out for the whole play being Shakspere's reconcile the absolutely contradictory accounts of the thane of Cawdor in the second scene and this one, but that is not to our present point. The essential is that Macbeth gains the forfeited dignity, and at once the poison of the third promise begins to work in him. Perhaps we may notice now what is so plain in his character later on, the union of eager desire and faltering will; he wants Banquo to say out what they are both thinking about, rather than put it into words himself. Banquo's first startled exclamation, 'Can the devil speak truth?' has become almost a proverb; but, after a moment's consideration, he reflects that truth can undoubtedly be used as an instrument of harm, and he does not change his opinion of the witches. The matter is strange, but it does not discompose him. It does discompose Macbeth extremely, because he anxiously desires the prediction to come true, and sees no hope of its doing so without action on his part, from which he shrinks in horror. The mere idea of violently removing Duncan out of his way appals him now, and throws him into confusion, and the consciousness of his own emotion confounds him still more. He is not equal to concealing his agitation from his companions—indeed, to the end Macbeth has never much skill in masking his emotions—he either lets them have full swing, or over-acts his part in trying to hide them, and generally needs some one to invent explanations for him, as on this occasion.

Then we pass to the famous description of the thane of Cawdor's execution. The often-quoted lines suggest, among other things, that good old Duncan has no great perception of character, for the two men on whom he has most depended requite him with the worst ingratitude. We have no chance to learn much of the king's character otherwise—a general impression of kindliness, confidence, and generosity, being all that we get of him. He has just regretfully acknowledged his mistake in respect of the original Cawdor, when the new owner of that name appears before him, and he promptly shows that he is prepared to confide in him as implicitly. Nor could any one have the right to say that Duncan's frank and generous appreciation of his cousin's services is undeserved, so far. It is our consciousness of the thought latent in Macbeth's mind which makes the irony of the scene, and points the contrast between his exaggerated disclaimer of any merit, and Banquo's simple acknowledgment of the king's kindness. The appointment of Malcolm as Prince of Cumberland referred to above, though it passes so quietly, is really a turning-point in the play, bringing matters to a climax, and forcing Macbeth to make up his mind. Perhaps he might have waited on the chance that nature might take Duncan out of his path, but the introduction of this young rival arouses all those 'black

and deep desires' at which he shudders even while giving way to them. It is strange that while these fatal cravings are taking full possession of Macbeth, Banquo is occupying his moment of private talk with the king in praising his fellow-general, evidently gratifying the promptings of his own generous temper thereby, as well as pleasing the confiding Duncan, a passing touch which throws a strong light on the three characters.

Now the scene changes again, and takes us to that castle at Inverness where the central passages of the play are to be enacted, that pleasant-seated home of treachery and murder; and here meets us Shakspere's most famous woman of all, standing in the lurid light in which he has enveloped her and made her one of the immortal creations of the world. The shallow critics who lay down the law about Shakspere, on the strength of reading half-a-dozen plays, used to be fond of saying that all his women were cast in one mould, and were all of the gentle, yielding Ophelia hero type, and the notion has been echoed by people who should have known better than to talk such stuff, with the long procession of vigorous heroines, from Margaret of Anjou to Cleopatra, standing in Shakspere's gallery to refute them. But even these wiseacres admit the tremendous power of Lady Macbeth. No one else gives the same sense of the strength of a human will resolutely fixed on one object, and compelling everything else to give way to it; even her own woman's nature is forced to comply with her demands till her object is attained, even if it reasserts itself afterwards. This makes her character essentially a simple one, she makes use of art and plot and stratagem, she can feign and flatter and deceive, but in herself there is a terrible directness and consistency. Whether the idea of gaining the crown is a long familiar one, or only presented to her by Macbeth's letter—at all events, her mind is immovably made up from the first moment that we see her. She has determined not only that the prize shall be won, but also on the means of winning it; she absolutely rejects any compromise, or waiting for chance to crown her husband; she looks at the whole thing from beginning to end and is not daunted. The only thing for which she is unprepared is the rapidity with which the opportunity to murder Duncan follows on her determination to do so; this she could not anticipate, and for an instant it startles her. But for an instant, however, for then follows that terrific invocation of the powers of darkness, in which she deliberately flings from her all remains of womanly mercy and compunction which might hinder her awful design. None of the formal compacts with the Evil One of which the Middle Ages dreamed could be so appalling as this voluntary devotion of a human being of herself to evil, this renunciation of even the possibility of relenting. Lady Macbeth cannot be said to yield now to temptation, she wilfully chooses to be a fiend, if so be her end may be gained thereby. Unlike our modern analysing writers, who can't let their heroines lift a finger without a page of

explanations, Shakspere gives us no word as to the motives which urge Lady Macbeth on her terrible course. He does not even reproduce the statement of the Chronicle, that 'she was very ambitious, burning with desire to be a queen,' or what might be inferred from another statement in the same authority, that she had family wrongs of her own to avenge on Duncan. Rather Macbeth distinctly says their treason has no justification whatever, and we should gather that Lady Macbeth has so identified herself with her husband that her ambition is all for him, and the stronger possibly on that account. So we are left to conjecture, but we can easily suppose that when such a woman fixes her will on any object, from whatever motive, the strength of her determination becomes its own sufficient reason. Besides being quite clear whither her desires are leading her, Lady Macbeth is equally conscious of those points in her husband's nature which may cause her difficulty, for she has evidently watched and studied him to some purpose, and knows precisely where his resolution is likely to flag. It is strange that she does so comprehend him, for her own nature is a very different one from his, and the wavering between good and evil which goes on in him simply appears to her as irresolute weakness, almost contemptible. It would annoy her more, only she feels perfectly able to undertake the task of supplying his deficiencies both in the necessary determination and the art of covering the deadliest intentions with smiles of welcome. In the fearful strength of her will she proposes to take the whole business into her own hands, if only Macbeth will not awake suspicion by looking perturbed. There may be also some reason for her assuming as a matter of course that Macbeth has decided on committing the murder, she wants to keep his mind fixed, and knows the effect of a strong assumption.

In contrast to all this dark plotting comes the scene of the king's arrival in the pleasant evening, when the fresh breeze is blowing and the birds are flitting round from their nests in the crevices in the castle walls, lovingly noted by Banquo as he pauses on the threshold, one of the few touches of the beauty of nature which Shakspere can bring into this play of gloom and horror. We never shrink more from Lady Macbeth than when she appears here carrying out her own counsel of looking like the flower and being the serpent, so horrible is the coolness with which she meets Duncan's kindness in a strain of exaggerated respect and flattery, while leading her victim into her snare. No touch of relenting comes to *her*, but Macbeth is not yet steeled to everything but the voice of ambition. The ties of blood, the habit of loyalty, the instincts of hospitality, do make themselves heard, and then the old king's goodness seems to forbid any evil design against him. Along with these appeals from Macbeth's better nature comes a whisper from the lower self, a dread of present failure and future retribution. Left to himself, Macbeth would certainly give up the enterprise at this point,

even if he regretted it afterwards, but he is not left to himself; and it is worth noting how his wife brings her terrible strength to bear on him. Without wasting time in attempting to argue down his scruples, she plants the goad of her sneer just where it tells most, by the insinuation that he is afraid. She keeps this idea before him, so that it shuts out everything else; she forces him to feel as if it were mere cowardice which makes him hold back now; she appals him with her scorn of the possibility of his changing his mind at this last moment, after wishing and planning for such a deed, till he is like wax in her hands. Then as to failure, she answers for all that, has every detail at her fingers'-ends, and makes him feel that, with her mingled courage and cunning to back him, failure is impossible. So she nerves him for the time and persuades him to the deed, having twisted round his feelings with extraordinary skill, so that he is absolutely ashamed that he hesitated an instant to sacrifice his honour, loyalty, and faith at the bidding of ambition.

A breath of fresh night-air comes with Banquo, crossing the court on his way to bed, and stopping for a moment's chat with his host on the road. Surely the old king's kindly message ought to make Macbeth wince, but he gives no sign. Though Banquo has no suspicion of impending harm, he is not quite easy in his mind, his last night's dream has left an uncomfortable impression on him, and he half shrinks from sleeping again. Still, his careless way of owning that the weird sisters had been haunting his slumbers, and that part of their predictions had certainly come true, is curiously different from Macbeth's quick protestations that *he* thinks not of them, which he promptly contradicts in the same breath by proposing to discuss the matter with Banquo on a future occasion. Some half-defined notion of sounding Banquo seems to underlie Macbeth's words; he seems to want to suggest to his comrade to stick to him whatever happens, half hinting at some sort of bribe. But such a suggestion is repugnant to Banquo's honest instincts; there is honour as well as a touch of Scotch canniness in the qualifications of his promise to listen to what Macbeth wants to say when the time comes. As a matter of fact, that time never does come; we feel certain that the broken conversation is never renewed after Duncan's death.

Then for a few instants Macbeth stands alone, awaiting the signal which tells him that all is prepared and his victim left unguarded. It is an instant of terrible suspense, and his strong imagination and excited nerves combine to create an illusion which gives a name to the famous dagger soliloquy. This scene stands apart from all the others, in which some sort of apparition is introduced, for though the illusion is so strong that Macbeth stretches his hand to grasp the visionary dagger, he knows that his eyes are deceived, and that it is a creation of his own brain. It grows more and more distinct, pointing to the king's chamber and showing the blood which is to

flow there, and then the illusion suddenly breaks, leaving Macbeth in a strangely high-strung condition, which carries him on through the murder. He seems to revel in the images of horror which he calls up—a seeming dead world, evil dreams abusing innocent sleep, witchcraft's most unholy rites, the howling wolf, the stealthy murderer, Tarquin the type of treachery and dishonour—even the echoing flagstones of his own court add to his wild condition of mind. In no other play is the association of darkness and evil so insisted on as here. Other people in plenty have dwelt on it, but here it is pressed on us with a sense of mysterious horror recurring again and again like a nightmare. It is never stronger than in the moment of deadly silence after Macbeth disappears and before his wife glides in, breathlessly awaiting his return. With all her strength, even with the borrowed courage her draught has given her, she cannot entirely control her agitation, each sound makes her start, though she has done all her part in drugging the attendants and making all ready for Macbeth. This is an awful picture, that terrible woman standing by the sleeping king's bed and laying the daggers ready to kill him, and yet it is exactly at this point that Shakspere throws in one of the few humanising touches which he allows Lady Macbeth, a gentle memory of her father. In spite of the iron strength of her will, the chance likeness between him and Duncan is enough to stay her hand from actually murdering him herself, but it is not enough to turn her purpose. She is all her cool self again, ready to pour contempt on any sign of feeling, when Macbeth bursts out of the chamber of death, all unnerved and shaken, shuddering at the blood on his hands, shuddering at the half-heard words of the sleepers, shuddering worse at the weird voice pronouncing the curse which should follow his crime. How strangely the tender description of 'innocent sleep' comes into all this horror, culminating in the ringing, knell-like 'sleep no more,' which sounds to Macbeth's frantic imagination as if it must rouse the whole castle. Worse than all these terrors is the thought of what he has done. It seems as if all the reluctance which Lady Macbeth temporarily conjured away returns upon her husband now in a paroxysm of useless remorse, when he loathes the crime and himself and all connected with it. To Lady Macbeth this reaction seems mere imbecility, nor, with all her knowledge of her husband, is she able to understand his rapidly changing moods and want of self-control. The usually accepted parts of the man and woman are reversed when she goes unflinching back to the scene of blood, not hesitating to stain her little hands to carry out her plan, while he quivers in horror, and simply dares not face the sight of what he has done. The sarcasms which stung him out of all his better resolutions a few hours before take no effect on him now, he is beyond feeling anything of that sort in his present agonised condition.

(*To be continued.*)

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC.

XI.

LA FONTAINE.

In the sixteenth century, when the influence of the Renaissance re-cast both prose and poetry in France, the fable, dear from old time to the people, seemed worthy also of the attention of the learned, since it could claim the protection of Æsop and Phædrus. We find Pope Pius IV. desiring a scholar to turn the fables of Æsop into Latin verse, which he did with great success, introducing among them the immortal apologue of the trees, spoken by Jotham to the inhabitants of Sychem! Weiss, or Candidus, as he latinised his name after the pedantic fashion of the day, also translated Æsop's fables with some others into Latin, as did Gilles Corrozet, and several more. Besides these versions we find abundance of fables in French by forgotten writers, some of which Marot and Régnier introduced into their own works. Marot writes from prison to a friend—

'Je ne t'escry (*écris*) de l'amour vaine et folle;
Tu veois assez s'elle sert ou affolle;
Je ne t'escry ne d'armes ne de guerre;
Tu veois qu'il peult bien ou mal y acquerre;
Je ne t'escry de fortune puissante;
Tu veois assez s'elle est ferme ou glissante . . .
Je ne t'escry qui est rude ou affable,
Mais je te veulx dire une belle fable:
C'est à savoir du Lyon et du Rat . . .'

The lion, seeing the rat in a trap, whence he cannot come out, the more that he had eaten much bacon and raw meat, breaks open the cage and releases him. 'Maistre Rat, eschappe vistement;' and note the arch naïveté of the description—

'Puis met à terre un genouil gentement,
Et, en ostant son bonnet de la teste,
A mercyé mille fois la grant' beste.'

By-and-by it is the lion's turn. The rat finds him 'tied to a firm stake.'

'Adonc le Rat, sans serpe ne coulteau,
Yarriva joyeux et esbaudy,
Pour secourir le Lyon secourable.
Auquel a dict: Tais-toi, Lyon lié;
Par moy seras maintenant deslyé;

Tu le veulx bien, car le cueur joli as:
Bien y parut quand tu me deslyas.
Secouru m'as fort lyonneusement;
Or secouru seras *rateusement.*'

Upon this the lion, with a lowly condescension and kindness—'ses deux grands yeux vertit' on the rat, saying, 'O povre verminière, Tu n'as sur toy instrument ne manière. . . Va te cacher que le chat ne te voye.' We all know how it ends. The lion 'to depart was prompt,' observing, 'No service in sooth is wasted, no matter where it is done.'

That prince of fabulists, La Fontaine, never did anything better; indeed, his version of this fable is decidedly below that of Marot, but it contains one famous line: 'On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.'

We have seen how the Fabliaux sported with all subjects—religion, priests, the great, the humble, women, marriage, with arch and covert mockery. La Fontaine is true to his models. He is gaily satirical where other people's satire hurts like the lash of a whip. He rallies, smiling so wittily that it is impossible not to smile back.

Before speaking of his works, we must say a few words of the man himself—few, for this moralist, whose fables we can hardly praise enough, was the least moral of men. Louis Quatorze marked his displeasure at his profligate life—he was only a commoner, not a king—by withholding all marks of royal favour. Boileau passed his name over in sad and eloquent silence. He reproved others, yet seems not to have realised vice as vice when handling it himself. His *Contes* are shamelessly licentious, and yet he was so unaware of it that he dedicated one of the worst to the saintly Arnauld of Port Royal! 'He protested,' the Abbé Pouget, his confessor, tells us, 'that this book never affected him for evil as he wrote it, and he could not comprehend how it could be so harmful to those who read it.'

Probably he was so used to profligate thoughts that they no longer startled him. 'Above him,' writes Taine, in an excellent study on La Fontaine, 'sounds the serious melody of noble style and fine verse. Preachers, philosophers, poets form in chorus to sing the imposing beauty of disciplined morality; literature is a solemn motett accompanied by the ecclesiastical organ. Bossuet leads it, and the audience contemplate respectfully the august display of violet robes, plumed hats and embroidered skirts which take their places in the order beneath the eye of the king. In a corner is a poor fellow who is yawning or laughing. This sermon wearies him; he has no love for ceremonies—thinks the ranks too straight and the organ too loud. He lays down the St. Augustin, which has been put into his hand, slips a Rabelais stealthily out of his pocket, makes a sign to his neighbour Chaulieu and the Grand Prior, and whispers some bit of fun to them. He runs the risk of being rebuked, reprimanded before every one. He will be so; but meanwhile he amuses himself as gaily as a schoolboy guilty of an escapade.' This gay little

apologue exactly describes La Fontaine. How he must have hated the formal decorum, the decent hypocrisy of the Court—a hypocrisy covering such corruption! The outburst of profligacy in the next reign shows how insupportable it had become to those who, under Louis Quatorze, submitted to it. Those who set up barriers against sin are the first to cross them, La Fontaine seems to say. Why should others observe them?

Yet he makes for a certain kind of morality in his fables—not a high one, indeed, but still morality. He began to write late in life, and his first attempts were failures. He had not yet found the style which he was to make supremely his own. By-and-by he shook himself free of the classic taste of the day, and drew from nature and the world around him. Kings and clergy, nobles and lawyers, and, above all, animals, all play their part in his wonderful fables with admirable wit and spirit. He is true to nature, but not realistic, never dull—above all, never lengthy. It is worth noticing that, at a period when man alone was supposed to have any dignity, and the tender-hearted Malebranche beat his dog mercilessly, declaring that animals did not feel, and its cries were only air vibrating in a passage, La Fontaine would have none of the theory which made beasts into mere machines. Rousseau protested against the theory, but La Fontaine had practically done so long before.

At a time when no one in France thought Nature worth observing, La Fontaine observed her closely, with an appreciative and sometimes a poetical eye—as in his description of Night—

> 'Par des calmes vapeurs mollement soutenue,
> La tête sur son bras, et son bras sur la nue,
> Laissant tomber des fleurs, et ne les semant pas.'

How closely he must have remarked the ways of animals! The 'héron sur ses longs pieds emmanché d'un long cou,' the pretended lameness of the partridge, the great wheat-fields where the owner walks in the early morning and where the lark builds; the little world of insects swarming in the heather and the brushwood; the dispute between the hornets and bees as to which the honeycomb belonged when the witnesses testified that

> 'Des animaux ailés, bourdonnants, un peu longs,
> De couleur fort tannée et tels que les abeilles
> Avaient longtemps parus. Mais quoi! dans les frélons
> Ces enseignes étaient pareilles!'

And *Maître* Corbeau—the crow, in his black notary's robe; the frightened frogs, plunging into the reeds, then, growing bolder, venturing out again, one after the other; we might quote a hundred more. He calls the cat 'l'archipatelin,' 'sa majesté fourrée.'

It would be a curious study to notice the various types of men whom we find either as human beings or animals in these fables. Did Louis Quatorze sit as a model for his king, or was La Fontaine painting kings in general? Observe with what superb indifference

the eagle, paying no attention whatever to the entreaty of the snail to spare poor 'Jean Lapin,' or slay them both, sweeps it aside with his wing, not deigning to reply by look or word, and carries off the rabbit. 'Chétif insecte,' he says in another place, or 'Chétif hôte des bois.' 'From the height of his power,' Le Taine remarks, 'he sees all beings as worms. He will not deign to chastise them with his own hand . . . and it would be too great an honour for them to perish by so noble a death. He holds in reserve a crew of servitors fit for that office. Even in wrath he is always dignified. He does not forget to give his wife her due title; he is furious in choice and official terms; he will never lose his manners with an insolent offender. An angry king throws his cane out of the window,' adds Taine in malicious allusion to a well-known anecdote, 'lest he strike the audacious mortal and so lower himself to his level.' *

'Chétif hôte des bois, . . .
Nous n'appliquerons pas sur tes membres profanes
Nos sacrés ongles. Venez, loups,
Vengez la reine; immolez tous
Ce traître à ses augustes manes!'

As in the Renard epic, the king takes it as a matter of course that everyone should sacrifice himself for him. Louis Quatorze undoubtedly was thoroughly royal in this respect. 'All eyes,' he said, 'are fixed on the king alone; to him only all prayers are addressed.' One almost thinks Nebuchadnezzar is speaking! 'All respect centres in him, and he, he only, is the object of all hope, people seek, expect, do nothing save through him!' Just as Louis Quatorze worked eight hours a day, La Fontaine's lion administers, organises, knows how to make use of his subjects.

'Il tint conseil de guerre, envoya ses prévôts . . .'

The bear, heavy-footed and slow-witted, appears in La Fontaine as in the early fabliaux, a rustic noble, with a dash of the roughness and heaviness of the man who has been lord in his own domains, and with none of the polish which intercourse with the world would give, while the lion of course is the king, and the fox the courtier. The monkey is the quack, lively, loquacious, ready-witted, a bit of an impostor, and he can flatter by imitating the great with whom he may chance to be—only sometimes he pushes his flattery too far, and even a prince becomes suspicious of it and is angry instead of gratified. 'Sa sotte flatterie eut un mauvais succès et fut encor punie.' Of course La Fontaine had good and gentle animals as well as false and violent ones in his fables, or they could not have painted life. The rat frees the lion from a net; the gazelle, rat, crow, and tortoise are friends, and stand shoulder to shoulder in danger in one of his longest and prettiest fables. 'Qu'un ami véritable est douce chose!' as he says elsewhere.

* Taine, 'La Fontaine et ses Fables.'

It must not be supposed that La Fontaine as a bourgeois attacked the nobles and spared his own class. On the contrary, when he writes about the bourgeoisie one would think him more exclusive than the nobles themselves. What a picture of middle-class thrift, economy, and narrow-mindedness he always gives in the ant, who thinks that to be unfortunate means to be blameworthy! 'You did not work: you will die of hunger,' she remarks, and there is no more to be said.

What an amusing picture we get of the old hag who never can get enough work out of her maids, jumping up at cockcrow, 's'affublant d'un jupon crasseux et détestable,' lighting a lamp and running to the bed where,

'De tout leur pouvoir, de tout leur appetit
Dormaient les deux pauvres servantes.
L'une entr'ouvrait un œil, l'autre étendait un bras,
Et toutes deux, très malcontentes,
Disaient entre leurs dents: "Maudit coq, tu mourras!"'

Space forbids further notice of this side of La Fontaine's work, but we could readily find studies equally piquant of the clergy, the peasant, the wife, the son—in short, of society in general.

We must not suppose that these little masterpieces were thrown off carelessly and as it were instinctively: La Fontaine took infinite pains with them, polishing them with great care, studying the most felicitous words to use and the exact turn of a phrase, esteeming erudition at its just value, but refusing to allow it the supreme place which the learned had sought to give it. In his epistle to Bishop Huet he lays down the laws which he desires to follow—

'Quelques imitateurs, sot bétail, je l'avoue,
Suivent en vrais moutons le pasteur de Mantoue.
J'en use en autre sorte, et, me laissant guider,
Souvent à marcher seul j'ose me hasarder.
On me verra toujours pratiquer cette usage;
Mon imitation n'est point une esclavage.
Je ne prends que l'idée, et les tours et les lois
Que nos maîtres suivaient eux-mêmes autrefois.
Si d'ailleurs quelque endroit plein chez eux d'excellence
Peut entrer dans mes vers sans nulle violence,
Je l'y transporte et veux qu'il n'ait rien d'affecté,
Tâchant de rendre mien cet air d'antiquité.'

He tells us, too, that once he took a certain author for his master, who was nearly the ruin of him, though he had excellent qualities, and France admired the turn and cadence of his verses.

'Qui ne les eût prisés? J'en demeurais ravi;
Mais ses traits ont perdu quiconque l'a suivi.'

This author so gracefully complimented was Voitûre. He goes on to say—

'Je chéris l'Arioste et j'estime le Tasse;
Plein de Machiavel, entêté de Boccace,
J'en parle si souvent qu'on en est étourdi;
J'en lis qui sont du Nord et qui sont du Midi.'

It would be an excellent lesson on La Fontaine to take one of his best fables and study it line by line, say *Le Coche et la Mouche.*

'Dans un chemin montant, sablonneux, malaisé,
Et de tous les côtés au soleil exposé,
Six forts chevaux tiraient un coche.'

How the three adjectives in the first line make one feel and see the heavy upward road, unsheltered under the hot sun, not a tree or a bank anywhere! The short third line has a sense of effort in the two monosyllables, and the fall on the last of *chevaux*, followed by the long sound of *tiraient.*

'Femmes, moines, vieillards, tout était descendu.'

One and all—even the monks!—a touch of sly malice.

'L'attelage suait, soufflait, était rendu.
Une mouche survient et des chevaux s'approche,
Prétend les animer par son bourdonnement,
Pique l'un, pique l'autre, et pense à tout moment
Qu'elle fait aller la machine;
S'assied sur le timon, sur le nez du cocher.'

What a delightfully fussy picture!

'Aussitôt que le char chemine,
Et qu'elle voit les gens marcher
Elle s'en attribue uniquement la gloire.'

We feel as if we knew that fly!

'Va, vient, fait l'empressée; il semble que ce soit
Un sergent de bataille allant en chaque endroit,
Faire avancer ses gens et hâter la victoire.'

Here, again, we have a picture which, by its serious character, makes the imagined importance of the fly doubly ludicrous.

'La mouche, en ce commun besoin,
Se plaint qu'elle agit seule, et qu'elle a tout le soin;
Qu'aucun n'aide aux chevaux à se tirer d'affaire.
Le moine disait son bréviaire:
Il prenait bien son temps! une femme chantait:
C'était bien de chansons qu'alors il s'agissait!
Dame mouche s'en va chanter à leurs oreilles,
Et fait cent sottises pareilles.'

Decidedly that fly *is* an old acquaintance!

'Après bien du travail, le coche arrive au haut.
Respirons maintenant! dit la mouche aussitôt:
J'ai tant fait que nos gens sont enfin dans la plaine:
Ça, messieurs les chevaux, payez-moi de ma peine.'

We see the travellers pause on the top of the hill, the tired horses panting, the coach standing still a moment, and the fly exulting that she has got the whole party 'into the plain,'—where they are not yet, and eager to have her services acknowledged and rewarded. Every word is in its right place, and is indispensable.

'Ainsi certaines gens, faisant les empressés,
S'introduisent dans les affaires;
Ils font partout les nécessaires,
Et, partout importuns, devraient être chassés.'

So La Fontaine sums up.

Florian followed—at a distance—in the footsteps of La Fontaine as a fabulist, influenced, however, rather by the German Gessner, than by the witty Frenchman; and he wrote much more as a reformer of men and social abuses than did La Fontaine—in short, he belongs to the eighteenth century. His English contemporary, Gay, was writing fables too, which also had a great vogue in their day, though they are now all but forgotten. It is amusing to compare his ant to La Fontaine's. The ant in Gay's fable is a political character, and protests against the waste of public money! La Fontaine's went no further than to take care of her own savings. Again, La Fontaine is always vivacious. Gay, in spite of his name, is discontented and almost morose when he deals with social subjects, like a true son of the eighteenth century—we speak only of his fables, and not, of course, of his brilliant 'Beggar's Opera.'

Here and there he produces a really striking apologue, but at his best he preaches too much to be successful. England has no fabulists to compare with Lafontaine, no letter writers to compare with Madame de Sévigné, although Horace Walpole, and Cowper, and Gray rank deservedly high, and—(Shakespeare's comedies stand apart and incomparable)—no one who can be named as even approaching to Molière. The French would assert that Corneille in tragedy was the equal, if not the superior, of Shakespeare; but, while Corneille has become a classic, Shakespeare lives and breathes, and is on the lips of both English-speaking people and Germans, and mingles with and influences popular thought not less, but more than he did in his own day.

Competition Questions.

25. Quote some passages from La Fontaine, showing his close observation of animals and his sympathy for them.

26. Mention some lines satirising the defects or weaknesses of men which strike you as particularly happy.

27. What elegy did La Fontaine write after Fouquet's disgrace, and what was his connection with this minister?

28. What great ladies befriended him? For whom did he write his 'Contes?'

29. Compare a fable of La Fontaine's with its original in Æsop, *e.g.* the Rat and the Frog, Æsop, fable 307.

30. What was Boileau's attitude towards Molière?

FRENCH COMPETITION.

September List.

First Class.

Mignonette	110	Phil	80
Feu-Follet, Faria	100	Geduld	75
Aslanga	85	Southern Cross	70

Second Class.

Doris, Helen	65	Atalanta	10

Delayed from August.

Doris 85

Erroneous lists were accidentally published last month. The marks were correct, but the division into classes was wrong. In July, *Phil* should have been in the First Class, above *Doris; Southern Cross* and *Emma* in the Second Class. In August, *Phil* should have been First Class, bracketed with *Aslanga; Helen* in the Second Class.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

It is stated: That any injury done to character by the custom of expressing feelings of devotion, etc., through elaborate ceremonial, is superficial only; but that the good effects, though less apparent, are real. Is this so?

The answers to this question are very few. If Chelsea China misquoted *Blackbird*, *Blackbird* has misquoted Chelsea China, who meant the papers to cover rather a wider field. She does not quite follow *Blackbird's* argument. Perhaps *Undine* hits the point meant. Does *Blackbird* mean that Ritualism does not attract outsiders, but does guide the feelings of habitual worshippers? But then, as a consequence, why does it only injure them externally, if injured they are?

Of course, as ceremonial of all kinds is only concerned with externals, it can only work on the external parts of the character, and so leaves essentials where it found them. UNDINE.

As the statement alluded to was my own, I suppose I ought to write and explain exactly what I meant by it, though I have contributed two papers on this subject already. First, please to observe, O Chelsea China, that I said *generally*, not *always*, and that the instances I gave were mostly of the good and ill effects of ritual on habits, not on character. But even as regards the latter I think my remark holds good, for the following reasons—No movement which has life in it, which is something more than a mere theoretical system, can dispense with external accompaniments of some sort; and the danger of these outward and visible signs always is—first, that shallow natures are apt to fancy that strict attention to them is the one thing needful; secondly, that people are tempted to devote time to them which would be more profitably given to higher work (this is just as true of political and social as of religious movements; as e.g. a politician may be so much engaged in getting up party 'demonstrations,' that he has no time to study the probable effects of any of the measures he is supporting or opposing). But to confine the application to religious questions. The so-called Evangelicals with their prayer-meetings and tract distributions, the Tractarians with their daily services and frequent communions, the Salvation Army with their bands and banners, even the Quakers (who claim to be the most spiritual of all Christians), with their peculiar dress and 'plain language'—all of these found it necessary to express the principles they were contending for by outward ordinances of one kind or another. I am not for a moment contending that all these stand on the same level, I only want to point out that none of them have, so to speak, a patent for holiness, none can guarantee that all those who adopt their customs are really touched by their spirit. Now the externals of Ritualism being of a more material character, and involving less trouble and self-denial than those of almost any other prominent form of religion, are sure to attract the greatest number of 'unworthy brethren' in proportion to the true believers, and the brethren moreover whose unworthiness is most patent to the superficial observer. The clergyman's wife who gives up an important Saturday class because it leaves her no time to arrange the altar vases for Sunday, the young people who discuss the music sung at the different 'masses' exactly as they would discuss a concert (and neither of these, alas! are imaginary cases) shock the religious sense of others much more than does the lady who is too absorbed in parish work to have time for any but the most hurried private prayer and self-examination, or the popular preacher in whom the desire to please his audience has swallowed up the desire to serve his Master; but they are likely to be in a far less dangerous state of self-deception. On the other hand, as Ritualism aims more at guiding and intensifying the spiritual life of those who are already of more or less religious habits, than at converting the worldly and the godless, it has not the visible achievements to point to which many other religious move-

ments have had. I am not ignoring the wonderful work done among the most neglected classes by the Kilburn Mission and that of St. Peter's, London Docks, and doubtless many others whose work is less well known; but though probably an attractive ritual is a help to the success of such work, it could hardly be classed as a triumph of Ritualism *per se*, so much as that of the great principles of which Ritualism is meant to be the expression, but which of course are held and acted on by many who for different reasons cannot, or do not care to find this expression for them. To put it shortly—the great good of ritual is to teach people how to worship, and as that cannot only be to those who at all events pay some internal regard to religion already, it is impossible to measure its results by any sort of external test. BLACKBIRD.

I do not agree with this statement. Nothing can be so injurious, either to feelings or character, as want of reality. The only injury worth considering that can be done by excess of ceremonial is that people will rest satisfied with it, and mistake the action for the feeling—will, in short, share in the condemnation of the Pharisees. The injury to their character was not external. If injury is done by ritual at all, it is to the very essentials of worship. X.

Good papers on 'Unselfishness' from *A Northumbrian Lassie* and from *Taffy*.

SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER.

Is happiness dependent on temperament, character, or circumstances?

The answers to this question will appear in the first number of the New Series. Debaters, do the old 'Packet' credit!

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before December 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

The Times of Hildebrand.

Questions for November.

37. Sketch the character of Hildebrand, illustrating each trait by some event of his life.

38. Give a full account of the battle for the celibacy of the clergy.

39. Short histories of—

α. St. Peter Damiani.

β. Matilda of Tuscany.

γ. The scene at Canossa.

δ. The Concordat of Worms (1122).

(Average of 12 lines each.)

40. Describe the death of Gregory VII., and state the mediæval ideal of the Papacy, with some of its good and bad points.

N.B.—39, δ is anticipatory, but ends the strife on Investitures.

August being the holiday month, there are no papers to be criticised this time.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by December 1st.

Bog-Oak has a few copies of a leaflet on 'Religious Orders,' which she would send to those who ask for it in their November papers.

Books chiefly recommended: *Hildebrand and his Times*, in 'Epochs of Church History' (Longmans), 2*s.* 6*d.*, and for those who can get at them, Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Books vii. and viii., qualified by Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, vols. vi. and vii.

Notices to Correspondents.

K. E. H. would be much obliged to any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' who would kindly tell her the author of the following, and where it is to be found—

'Happiness is a great love and much serving.'

Meta.—'A Plain Commentary on the Psalms.' 2 vols. 12*s.* (Parker.)

The quotation concerning which *F. A. E.* desires to know the source and authorship is from Dr. Watts' 'Horæ Lyricæ,' Book II., 'False Greatness.' *F. A. E.* has rather misquoted the verse. Properly it should read—

'Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.'

M. P. Farncombe.

M. T. asks the name of the author of a poem for children beginning—

'Where have you been, my birdie bright?'

C. M.—'Una, or a double Story,' came out in the 'Churchman's Companion.' I do not think it was separately published.

All persons who have communicated with *Governess* at Barnsley are requested to send the letters they have received from her to the Publishers of the 'Monthly Packet' pending inquiries.

The Monthly Packet.

DECEMBER, 1890.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES.

CHAPTER XII.

'Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, avenging all her wrongs,
Gives her fame that never dies.'

Much Ado about Nothing.

A DAY'S rest revived Jean enough to make her eager to push on to Châlons, and enough likewise to revive her coquettish and petulant temper.

Sigismund and Eleanor might ride on together in a species of paradise, as having not only won each other's love, but acted out a bit of the romance that did not come to full realisation much more often in those days than in modern ones. They were quite content to let King René glory in them, almost as much as he had arrived at doing in his own daughter and her Ferry, and they could be fully secure; Sigismund had no one's consent to ask, save a formal license from his cousin, the Emperor Frederick III., who would pronounce him a fool for wedding a penniless Princess, but had no real power over him; while Eleanor was certain that all her kindred would feel that she was fulfilling her destiny, and high sweet thoughts of thankfulness and longing to be a blessing to him who loved her, and to those whom he ruled, filled her spirit, as she rode through the shady woods and breezy glades, bright with early summer.

Jean, however, was galled by the thought that every one at home would smile and say that she might have spared her journey, and that in spite of all her beauty, she had just ended by wedding the Scottish laddie whom she had scorned. True, her heart knew that she loved him and none other, and that he truly merited her; but her pride was not willing that he should feel that he had earned her as a matter of course, and she was quite as ungracious to Sir George Douglas, the Master of Angus, as ever she had been to Geordie of the Red Peel, and she showed all the petulance of a semi-convalescent.

She would not let him ride beside her; his horse made her palfrey restless, she said, and when King René talked about her true knight, she pretended not to understand.

'Ah!' he said, 'be consoled, brave Sire, we all know it is the part of the fair lady to be cruel and merciless. Let me sing you a romance both sad and true!'

Which good-natured speech simply irritated George beyond bearing. 'The daft old carle,' muttered he to Sir Patrick, 'why cannot he let me gang my ain gate, instead of bringing all their prying eyes on me. If Jean casts me off the noo, it will be all his fault.'

These small vexations, however, soon faded out of sight when the drooping, half-hoisted banner was seen on the turrets of Château le Surry, and the clang of a knell came slow and solemn on the wind. No one was at first visible, but probably a warder had announced their approach, for various figures issued from the gateway, some coming up to René, and David Drummond seeking his father. The tidings were in one moment made known to the two poor girls, a most sudden shock, for they had parted with their sister in full health, as they thought, and Sir Patrick had only supposed her to have been chilled by the thunder storm. Yet Eleanor's first thought was, 'Ah! I knew it! Would that I had clung closer to her and never been parted.' But the next moment she was startled by a cry, Jean had slid from her horse, fainting away in George Douglas's arms.

Madame de Ste. Petronille was at hand, and the Lady of Glenuskie quickly on the spot; and they carried her into the hall, where she revived, and soon was in floods of tears. These were the days when violent demonstration was unchecked and admired as the due of the deceased, and all stood round, weeping with her, King Charles himself leaning forward to wring her hands, and cry, 'My daughter, my good daughter!' As soon as the first tempest had subsided, the King supported Eleanor to the chapel, where, in the midst of rows of huge wax candles, Margaret lay with placid face, and hands clasped over a crucifix, as if on a tomb, the pall that covered all except her face embellished at the sides with the blazonry of France and Scotland. Her husband, with his thin hands clasped, knelt by her head, and requiems were being sung around by relays of priests. There was fresh weeping and wailing, as the sisters cast the sprinklings of holy water on her, and then, Jean sinking down quite exhausted, was supported away to a chamber where the sisters could hear the story of these last sad days from Lady Drummond.

The solemnities of Margaret's funeral took their due course—a lengthy one, and then, or rather throughout, there was the consideration what was to come next? Too late, all the Court seemed to have wakened to regret for Margaret. She had been open-handed and kindly, and the attendants had loved her; while the ladies who had gossipped about her habits, now found occupation for their tongues

in indignation against whosoever had aspersed her discretion. The King himself, who had always been lazily fond of the *belle fille* who could amuse him, was stirred, perhaps by René, into an inquiry into the scandalous reports, the result of which was that Jamet de Tillay was ignominously banished from the Court, and Margaret's fair fame vindicated, all too late to save her heart from breaking. The displeasure that Charles expressed to his son in private on the score of poor Margaret's wrongs, is in fact believed to have been the beginning of the breach which widened continually, till finally the unhappy father starved himself to death in a morbid dread of being poisoned by his son.

However, for the present, the two Scottish Princesses reaped the full benefit of all the feeling for their sister. The King and Queen called them their dearest daughters, and made all sorts of promises of marrying and endowing them, and Louis himself went outwardly through all the forms of mourning and devotion, and treated his two fair sisters with extreme civility, such as they privately declared they could hardly bear, when they recollected how he had behaved before Margaret.

Jean in especial flouted him with all the sharpness and pertness of which she was capable; but do what she would, he received it all with a smiling indifference and civility which exasperated her all the more.

The Laird and Lady of Glenuskie were in some difficulty. They could not well be much longer absent from Scotland, and yet Lilias had promised the poor Dauphiness not to leave her sisters except in some security. Eleanor's fate was plain enough, Sigismund followed her about as her betrothed, and the only question was whether, during the period of mourning, he should go back to his dominions to collect a train worthy of his marriage with a king's daughter; but this he was plainly reluctant to do. Besides the unwillingness of a lover to lose sight of his lady, the catastrophe that had befallen the sisters might well leave a sense that they needed protection. Perhaps, too, he might expect murmurs at his choice of a dowerless princess from his vassals of the Tyrol.

At any rate, he lingered and accompanied the Court to Tours, where in the noble old castle the winter was to be spent.

There Sir Patrick and his wife were holding a consultation. Their means were well-nigh exhausted. What they had collected for their journey was nearly spent, and so was the sum with which Cardinal Beaufort had furnished his nieces. It was true that Eleanor and Jean were reckoned as guests of the French King, and the knight and lady and attendants as part of their suite; but the high, proud Scottish spirits could not be easy in this condition, and they longed to depart, while still, by selling the merely ornamental horses, and some jewels, they could pay their journey, But then Jean remained a difficulty. To take her back to Scotland was the most obvious

measure, where she could marry George of Angus as soon as the mourning was ended.

'Even if she will have him,' said Dame Lilias, 'I doubt me whether her proud spirit will brook to go home unwedded.'

'Dost deem the lassie is busking herself for higher game? That were an evil requital for his faithful service, and gallant daring.'

'I cannot tell,' said Lilias. 'The maid has always been kittle to deal with. I trow she loves Geordie in her inmost heart, but she canna thole to feel herself bound to him, and it irks her that when her sisters are wedded to sovereign princes, she should gang hame to be gude wife to a mere Scots Earl's son.'

'The proud, unthankful peat! Leave her to gang her ain gate, Lily. And yet, she is a bonny winsome maid, that I canna cast off.'

'Nor I, Patie, and I have gien my word to her sister. Yet gin some prince cam in her way, I'd scarce give much for Geordie's chance.'

'The auld King spake once to me of his younger son, the Duke of Berry, as they call him,' said Sir Patrick; 'but the constable told me that was all froth, the young Duke must wed a princess with a tocher.'

'I trust none will put it in our Jeanie's light brain,' sighed Lily, 'or she will be neither to have nor to hold.'

The consultation was interrupted by the sudden bursting in of Jean herself. She flew up to her friends with outstretched hands, and hid her face in Lilias' lap.

'O cousins! cousins, tak me away out of *his* reach. He has been the death of poor Meg, now he wants to be mine.'

They could not understand her at first, and indeed shame as well as dismay made her incoherent—for what had been proposed to her was at that time unprecedented. It is hard to believe it, yet French historians aver that the Dauphin Louis actually thought of obtaining a dispensation for marrying her. In the unsettled condition of the Church, when it was divided by the last splinterings, as it were, of the great Schism, perhaps the astute Louis deemed that any prince might obtain anything from whichever rival Pope he chose to acknowledge, though it was reserved for Alexander Borgia to grant the first licence of this kind. To Jean, the idea was simply abhorrent, alike as regarded her instincts, and for the sake of the man himself. His sneering manner towards her sister had filled her with disgust and indignation, and he had, in those days, been equally contemptuous towards herself—besides which she was aware of his share in her capture by Balchenberg, and whispers had not respected the manner in which his silence had fostered the slanders that had broken Margaret's heart.

'I would sooner wed a viper!' she said.

What was Louis's motive, it is very hard to guess. Perhaps there was some real admiration of Jean's beauty, and it seems to have been his desire that his wife should be a nonentity, as was

shown in his subsequent choice of Charlotte of Savoy. Now Jean was in feature very like her sister Isabel, Duchess of Brittany, who was a very beautiful woman, but not far from being imbecile, and Louis had never seen Jean display any superiority of intellect or taste like Margaret or Eleanor, but rather impatience of their pursuits, and he therefore might expect her to be equally simple with the other sister. However that might be, Sir Patrick was utterly incredulous; but when his wife asked Madame de Ste. Petronille's opinion, she shook her head, and said the Sire Dauphin was a strange ower cannie chiel, and advised that Maître Jaques Cœur should be consulted.

'Who may he be?'

'Ken ye not Jaques Cœur? The great merchant of Bourges—the man to whom, above all others, France owes it that we be not under the English yoke. The man, I say, for it was the poor Pucelle that gave the first move, and ill enough was her reward, poor blessed maiden as she was. A saint must needs die a martyr's death, and they will own one of these days that such she was! But it was Maître Cœur that stirred the King and gave him the wherewithal to raise his men—lending they called it, but it was out of the free heart of a true Frenchman who never looked to see it back again, nor even thanks for it!'

'A merchant?' asked Sir Patrick.

'Aye, the mightiest merchant in the realm. You would marvel to see his house at Bourges. It would fit a prince! He has ships going to Egypt and Afric, and stores of silk enough to array all the dames and demoiselles in France! Jewels fit for an Emperor, perfumes like a very grove of camphire. Then he has mines of silver and copper, and the King has given him the care of the coinage. Everything prospers that he sets his hand to, and he well deserves it, for he is an honest man where honest men are few.'

'Is he here?'

'Yea; I saw his green hood crossing the court of the Castle this very noon. The King can never go on long without him, though there are those that so hate him that I fear he may have a fall one of these days. Methinks I heard that he aye hears his morning mass when here at the little chapel of St. James, close to the great shrine of St. Martin, at six of the clock in the morning, so as to be private. You might find him there, and whatever he saith to you will be sooth, whether it be as you would have it, or no.'

On consideration, Sir Patrick decided to adopt the lady's advice, and on her side, she reflected that it might be well to take care that the interview did not fail for want of recognition.

So to the glorious Cathedral of Tours, standing up dark, but with glittering windows from the light within, deepening the stained glass, and throwing out the beauty of the tracery, while the sky, brightening in the autumn morning, threw the towers into relief,

when little reeking of all this beauty, only caring to find the way, Sir Patrick, on the one hand, the old Scots French lady on the other, went their way to the noble west front, each wrapped in a long cloak, and not knowing one another, till their eyes met as they gave each other holy water at the door, after the habit of strangers entering at the same time.

Then Madame de Ste. Petronille showed the way to the little side chapel, close to the noble apse. There, beneath the six altar candles, a priest was hurrying through a Mass in a rapid ill-pronounced manner, while, besides his acolyte, worshippers were very few. Only the light fell on the edges of a dark-green velvet cloak and silvered a grizzled head, bowed in reverence, and Madame de Ste. Petronille touched Sir Patrick and made him a significant sign.

Daylight was beginning to reveal itself by the time the brief service was over. Sir Patrick, stimulated by the lady, ventured a few steps forward, and accosted Maître Cœur as he rose, and drawing forward his hood, was about to leave the church.

'Beau Sire, a word with you. I am the kinsman and attendant of the Scottish King's sisters.'

'Ah! one of them is to be married. My steward is with me. It is to him you should speak of her wardrobe,' said Jaques Cœur, an impatient look stealing over his keen, but honest visage.

'It is not of Duke Sigismund's betrothed that I would speak,' returned the Scottish knight; 'it is of her sister.'

Jaques Cœur's dark eyes cast a rapid glance, as of one who knew not who might lurk in the recesses of a twilight Cathedral.

'Not here,' he said, and he led Sir Patrick away with him down the aisle, out into the air, where a number of odd little buildings clustered round the walls of the Cathedral, even leaning against it, heedless of the beauty they marred.

'By your leave, Father,' he said, after exchanging salutations with a priest, who was just going out to say his morning's mass, and leaving his tiny bare cell empty. Here Sir Patrick could incredulously tell his story, and the merchant could only sigh and own that he feared that there was every reason to believe that the intention was real. Jaques Cœur, who religiously, was shocked at the idea, and politically wished the Dauphin to make a more profitable alliance, whispered that the sooner the lady was out of reach the better, and even offered to advance a loan to facilitate the journey.

There followed a consultation in the securest place that could be devised, namely, in the ante-chamber where Sir Patrick and Lady Drummond slept to guard their young Princesses, in the Palace at Tours, Jean, Eleanor, and Madame de Ste. Petronille having a bedroom within.

Sir Patrick's view was that Jean might take her leave in full state and honour, leaving Eleanor to marry her Duke in due time; but the girl shuddered at this. 'Oh, no, no, he would call himself my

brother for the nonce and throw me into some convent! There is nothing for it but to make it impossible. Sir Patie, fetch Geordie, and tell him, an he loves me, to wed me on the spot, and bear me awa' to bonnie Scotland. Would that I had never been beguiled into quitting it.'

'Geordie Douglas! You were all for flouting him awhile ago,' said Eleanor, puzzled.

'Dinna be sae daft like, Elleen, that was but sport, and—and a maid may not hold herself too cheap! Geordie that followed me all the way from home, and was sair hurt for me, and freed me from yon awsome castle. Oh, could ye trow that I could love ony but he?'

It was not too easy to refrain from saying, 'So that's the end of all your airs,' but the fear of making her fly off again withheld Lady Drummond, and even Eleanor.

George did not lodge in the Castle, and Sir Patrick could not sound him till the morning; but for a long space after the two sisters had laid their heads on the pillow, Jean was tossing, sometimes sobbing, and to her sister's consolations, she replied, 'Oh, Elleen, he can never forgive me! Why did my hard, dour, ungrateful nature so sport with his leal loving heart? Will he spurn me the now? Geordie, Geordie, I shall never see your like! It would but be my desert if I were left behind to that treacherous spiteful prince, I wad as soon be a mouse in a cat's claw!'

But George of Angus made no doubt. He had won his ladylove at last, and the only further doubt remained as to how the matter was to be carried out. Jaques Cœur was consulted again. No priest at Tours would, he thought, dare to perform the ceremony, for fear of after vengeance of the Dauphin; and Sir Patrick then suggested Father Romuald, who had been lingering in his train waiting to cross the Alps till his Scotch friends should have departed and winter be over; but the deed would hardly be safely done within the city.

The merchant's advice was this: Sir Patrick, his Lady, and the Master of Angus had better openly take leave of the Court and start on the way to Brittany. No opposition would be made, though if Louis suspected Lady Jean's presence in their party, he might close the gates and detain her; Jaques Cœur, therefore, thought she had better travel separately at first. For Eleanor, as the betrothed bride of Sigismund, there was no danger, and she might therefore remain at Court with the Queen. Jaques Cœur, the greatest merchant of his day, had just received a large train of waggons, loaded with stuffs and other wares from Bourges, on the way to Nantes, and he proposed that the Lady Jean should travel with one attendant female in one of these, passing as the wife and daughter of the foreman. These two personages had actually travelled to Tours, and were content to remain there, while their places were taken by Madame de Ste. Petronille and Jean.

We must not describe the parting of the sisters, nor the many messages sent by Elleen to the bonny Scotland, and the brothers and sisters she was willing to see no more for the sake of her Austrian Duke. Of her, all that needs to be said, is that she lived and died happy and honoured, delighting him by her flow of wit and poetry, and only regretting that she was a childless wife.

Barbe and Trudchen were to remain in her suite, Barbe still grieving for 'her boy,' and hoping to devote all she could obtain as wage or *largesse* to masses for his soul, and Trudchen, very happy in the new world, though being broken in with some difficulty to civilised life.

Having been conveyed by bye-streets to the great factory or shop of Maître Cœur at Tours, a wonder in itself, though far inferior to his main establishment at Bourges, Madame de Ste. Petronille and Jean, with her faithful Skywing nestled under her cloak, were handed by Jaques himself to seats with a covered wain, containing provisions for them, and also some more delicate wares, destined for the Duchess of Brittany. He was himself in riding gear, and a troop of armed servants awaited him on horseback.

'Was he going with them?' Jean asked.

'Not all the way,' he said; but he would not part with the lady till he had resigned her to the charge of the Sire de Glenuskie. The state of the roads made it so needful that a strong guard should accompany any valuable convoy, that his going with the party would excite no suspicion.

So they journeyed on in the wain at the head of a quarter of a mile of waggons and pack horses, slowly indeed, but so steadily that they were sure of a good start before the Princess's departure was known to the Court.

It was at the evening halt at a conventual grange that they came up with the rest of the party, and George Douglas spurred forward to meet them, and hold out his eager arms as Jean sprang from the waggon.

Wisdom as well as love, held that it would be better that Jean should enter Brittany as a wife, so that the Duke might not be bribed or intimidated into yielding her to Louis. It was in the little village church, very early the next morning, that George Douglas received the reward of his long patience in the hand of Joanna Stewart, a wiser, less petulant, and more womanly being than the vain and capricious lassie whom he had followed from Scotland two years previously.

EVELYN WOOD'S ORGAN LESSONS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

'You will look after her, Janet,' said John Falconer next day, as he was about to start on his self-imposed banishment.

'I scarcely know why you are going away,' Janet answered. 'Of course I shall do my best; but nobody can do much for the poor little thing yet.'

'I am going because I am too great a coward to face the child's misery,' said John. 'I don't know how it is, or when it began, but it is clear to me now, that I would give my every possession to make her happy; and that to see her so utterly broken down turns me into a perfect fool.'

'I knew it months ago,' said Janet gently; 'and I will do my utmost for your future wife, John.'

'Don't speak of it,' said John huskily. 'I have never named it to myself. But this I know, that whatever the future may have in store for either of us, nothing shall ever part us two, my dear.' He stooped to kiss her, and hastily left the room. She heard the front door bang directly after, and knew that he had gone.

'I am glad of it. I always hoped John would marry,' she said; and yet as she lay with closed eyes two tears forced themselves down her cheek. Even perfectly unselfish natures like Janet's find it hard to take the second place, where for years they have held undisputed possession of the first. But she was not a woman who wasted much time on self-pity. She angrily dashed her tears away, and rang the bell to give some order about Evelyn's room. Janet said truly that nobody at present could be of much help to Evelyn. Her life had been too completely shipwrecked. She was still so stunned that the words of comfort which Janet poured into her ears seemed like a dream. She could not grasp their meaning. Later, perhaps, they would return to her mind, and reconcile her to life, but now she listened with gentle gratitude; while her face always wore that pathetic look of irreparable loss that made Janet's heart ache as she watched it.

'I wish you would come and stay with us for a long visit,' said Janet, when the last day of the fortnight came, and Evelyn announced her intention of returning to her lodgings on the morrow.

'No, thank you, dear Janet,' said Evelyn gratefully. 'I can never tell you how grateful I am to you both for your goodness to me, now and always. You have been like dear relatives—not like friends. I feel all the more strongly that my loss shall not shadow your lives any longer. I shall go back, determined to take up my teaching again, and do the best I can with it, and not leave myself too much time to think. I suppose sometime, if one is patient, one will see the use of living. Don't you know how any animal in pain runs away to hide itself? Just at present I feel only fit to hide myself.'

The tears stood in Janet's kind eyes. 'You shall do exactly as you like, dear; but hiding yourself from us cannot prevent our sharing your grief. The death of some friends touches one more deeply than the death of any but the closest relatives, and we had grown to love your mother very dearly.'

Suddenly, in a tempest of sobs, Evelyn threw her arms about Janet. 'Thank God,' she said, 'I can never be alone whilst I have a friend like you.'

'But John cares just as much,' said Janet softly.

Evelyn braced herself bravely for the fight that lay before her for the next few months. She resumed her teaching, and in the evenings, when she returned to her lonely lodgings, she filled up her spare time with piano practice and reading. She never allowed herself to be idle. She saw but little of the Falconers in those weeks. She was too tired in body and mind when her day's work was done to go and see them. Janet came to her when she could, and John sometimes called on his way home from St. James's; but although always pleased to see him, conversation flagged, and he looked back to the days, when she used to chatter to him on any and every subject, with untold regret, wondering if she would ever be the same again.

Towards Easter the strain began to tell rather seriously on Evelyn's health. She could not sleep, and found herself growing strangely impatient with her pupils. She felt that unless she could get away for a thorough rest and change she would be ill. On Easter Eve she went to call at the Falconers. John saw her dragging wearily along the street, and went to open the door for her.

'We are both at home,' he said, with his usual kind smile. 'Have you come to tell us you will spend to-morrow with us?'

'Yes, if you will have me, for on Easter Monday I am going away.'

'Going away!' echoed both brother and sister.

'Yes. I am getting ill, and want a change and rest. Mrs. Hussey, my landlady, has a widowed sister that lives in a pretty cottage about three-quarters of a mile outside St. Austens; and I am going to take two rooms there, and have three weeks holiday. It is lovely country; there is a beautiful old Abbey church in St. Austens that I

can go and wander about as much as I like. I have planned it all in the last few days, and I am reckoning on it immensely.'

John looked extremely uneasy. 'I don't like the plan at all,' he said. 'It is not fit for you to be travelling about alone on Easter Monday.'

'Yes, it is,' said Evelyn, with something of her old spirit. 'Mrs. Hussey is to take me down and settle me in.'

'You will overwalk yourself. You are worn to a shadow now.'

'It is ill-temper that is making me so, then,' said Evelyn, with a faint smile. 'Do you know I made a pupil cry last Tuesday? That is what made me decide on a change.'

Neither John nor Janet could help laughing. 'Was it such a very great disaster?'

'Such a thing has never happened before since I have been a music teacher.'

'Well, I suppose you must go,' said John discontentedly; 'but if we don't get excellent reports I shall come and fetch you home again. How often shall you write to us?'

'A post-card every day,' said Evelyn. 'Will that do, Janet?'

On Easter Day Evelyn made her way to the cemetery, where her mother was buried, to take a wreath there, and came back to the Falconers, looking such a ghost of her former self, that Janet felt she was doing wisely in going away. John insisted on accompanying her to the station to see her off next day.

'You will let me know when you are coming back and I will meet you,' he said. 'Remember, I am your big brother, ready to be ordered about as much as you like.'

'You are very good to me,' said Evelyn.

He stayed with her till the train started, and she waved good-bye to him till she passed out of sight.

It was a perfectly ideal cottage that Evelyn found herself in that night, on a top of a hill, surrounded by its own little garden, gay now with wall-flowers and forget-me-nots. The trees far and near were full of the promise of spring, some already half in leaf, some with big fat buds ready to burst with the first touch of warm sunshine. The opposite hill, about a mile distant, was crowned with the beautiful old Abbey that Evelyn had spoken of; and the fields that sloped immediately away from it were clothed in the indescribable vivid spring-green that only can be seen in April and May. There ran through Evelyn's veins a sense of joy in living in such a beautiful world.

'I am so glad I came,' she said to Mrs. Hussey.

'It is but a poor place for you, my dear; but it is clean and respectable.'

It was but little time that Evelyn spent indoors during the weeks that followed. The weather happened to be particularly fine for the time of year, and the sweet country air soon brought back the colour to her cheeks, and strength to her tired limbs. She would wander

for hours in the country lanes, clambering over stiles along all the field paths, exploring the woods where the blue-bells grew, and she generally ended the day by walking up to Evensong at the old Abbey, of which she was never weary.

'I have fallen in love,' she wrote to Janet, 'but only with a building. I have never seen any place I like as well as St. Austens Abbey. It is so big and old, with such a long history. I spend hours there, and am reading every book I can find about it. I think I could soon make my living by showing visitors round and explaining the leading features. I should like it far better than teaching music.'

'She is getting better, John,' said Janet, smiling, and passing the letter for John to read.

'Yes, it is very like herself,' he said. 'I, too, have received a letter that will interest you. I am offered the post of organist at Torminster Cathedral. I never told you I had applied for it, for I thought it so very unlikely I should get it. So many better men have tried for it.'

'Are you glad?' said Janet.

'It is work I should like immensely; but my accepting it must depend a little upon Evelyn. We could not leave her alone in London.'

'No, certainly not. She comes back to-morrow, so you could talk to her about it.'

'Shall I go down and bring her back?'

'Yes; I think it would be a good plan.'

It was with great regret that Evelyn packed her box next day. The weeks had flown so quickly. She had been quite happy in her solitude, and her mind had been restored to its usual calm by the healing influences of Nature. She gratefully acknowledged it to herself. She was sitting indoors, with the window open, looking out as usual towards the Abbey that lay in all its grand length, calm and restful on the opposite hill. She heard the garden gate click and looked up, and saw advancing along the path to the cottage, John Falconer. She ran to the door to welcome him.

'How good of you to come,' she said, with all her old eagerness. 'Whatever made you think of it? You promised to meet me, but not to fetch me.'

'I wanted to inspect the monster with whom you have fallen in love,' he said. 'I had the Saturday to spare, and thought I could not spend it better than in acquiring fresh knowledge. You will have to take me all over the Abbey, to begin at the beginning, and be very patient. I am a terrible ignoramus.'

'You are laughing at me,' said Evelyn.

'On the contrary, I am full of awe at your learning. I am come prepared to sit at your feet. Where is all your boasting that you can make your living by showing visitors round?'

'You have been reading my letters.'

'Yes, naturally I have.'

'Well, you shall have some luncheon first, and then we will go to the Abbey on the way to our train. We need not start till five, need we?'

How happy John felt to see the girl something like her former self. His eyes followed her as she flitted in and out of the room, busy with her preparations for lunch. An hour or two later Evelyn bade good-bye to her kind landlady, and started with John Falconer for the Abbey.

'You shall come by the fields,' she said; 'there is such a glorious view of it. If you sit on a stile and look at it for five minutes, you will feel the attraction of it stealing into your soul.'

'Oh, that is the first step, is it?' asked John. 'Well, we will take up our position on this stile, and see what happens.'

'Should you not like to be organist in a place like that?' said Evelyn presently.

'It would depend on many things, the organ, the salary, and several other things. I have been offered to-day the post of organist at Torminster Cathedral.'

The day suddenly seemed to grow dark to Evelyn, and the grand outline of the Abbey became blurred and indistinct. She was looking at it through a mist of tears.

'I suppose I must congratulate you,' said Evelyn at last. 'You must be very pleased; and is not Janet delighted?'

'I have not accepted it yet. I want to know what you are going to do.'

'I don't think I have any idea of doing anything but staying in London, unless'—with fresh hope in her voice—'you could find me an opening in Torminster after you are settled there. Not that I think that would be quite fair. You and Janet ought to be free of me now.'

'We don't want to be free of you,' said John.

'Then you must be on the look-out for me.'

John's heart was beating fast.

'There is an opening that I know of now, but I am not sure that you would accept it. My heart is open and waiting for you, Evelyn. My deepest desire is that you should go to Torminster with me as my wife.'

Evelyn caught her breath. Here was a new and startling revelation. Up to this very moment John Falconer's unwearying kindness had seemed to her the goodness of a true friend; never for one instant had she looked upon it as the devotion of a lover. First her absorbing love for her mother, and then the shock of her sudden loss, had kept her wholly unconscious of the fact that John's friendship had ripened into love as deep and tender as any man could give a woman. And now that the great gift was offered her, she was frightened at its magnitude, trembling lest she had nothing worthy enough to give in

return. The Abbey clock struck three, and wafted over the fields came floating the sound of the chimes, slowly beating out 'Life let us cherish,' on the Abbey bells, which, if somewhat out of tune, were sweet and mellow with age, and still John sat and waited for his answer.

'Never mind, my dear,' he said at last. 'I never thought I had much chance of getting you, and I never intended to ask you as soon as this, only this offer came to me, and I don't care for it unless you will come too. We will all stay where we are, and I can look after you until somebody nearer your age, and more worthy of you comes across you. I was prepared for you to say, No.' Yet John's voice shook.

Evelyn, turning her face towards him, saw that he was white to his very lips; she gave a little cry. 'I don't know what to say, John; I am not worthy of your great love. I have never thought of marrying you, but I don't think I could live without you. I don't think I am good enough to be your wife,' and Evelyn's great dark eyes were looking at him through her tears.

'Darling, I will spend my life in trying to make you happy. Will you come with us to Torminster?' said John, with the colour flooding back to his face, and seizing both her hands.

'Yes, if you and Janet really want me.'

'I have told you what I want, and you shall come and ask Janet what she says when we get back.'

Two hours later, when they were on their homeward route, John said suddenly, 'I am a little glad that your living does not depend upon the excellent information you can give visitors about the Abbey. I am returning home as ignorant as I came.'

Evelyn's only answer was a shy little laugh. When they reached home Evelyn made her way straight to Janet's sofa. 'John says you are going to Torminster, and he wants me to go too. Will you have me, Janet?'

For an answer Janet folded the girl in her arms, whilst John stood smiling behind.

Late in August there was a wedding in St. James's Church. Evelyn's life had been singularly unconventional, and her wedding was no exception to the rule. There were no wedding guests, unless Mrs. Hussey, who sat and sobbed audibly all through the service in a front seat, could be called a wedding guest; and there were no brides maids, unless Janet Falconer, who came on crutches to be present at her brother's wedding, could be supposed to figure in that capacity. Then Evelyn herself was clothed neither in silk nor satin, but in some soft white material, 'looking for all the world as if she were going to be confirmed instead of married,' grumbled good Mrs. Hussey. There was this notable difference, that in the folds of tulle that covered her head and face there nestled one spray of real orange-blossom. Dr. Weldon, the Incumbent of St. James's, gave her away.

The service was fully choral, the organ played by one of Mr. Falconer's pupils. The choir sang their best, for they all wished to do honour to the master who for so long had taught and trained them. The service ended, the three returned quietly together to the Falconers' house; it was John Falconer's farewell to his London home. Whilst he and Evelyn were away on their wedding tour Janet was to superintend the moving of the household goods to Torminster, where John had taken a pretty old-fashioned house in the Close. Janet was to have her own rooms in their house, as neither John nor Evelyn would consent to her leaving them, a plan she had strongly urged.

Late that afternoon Evelyn, in her travelling dress, stood side by side with her husband by her mother's grave. Holding his hand, she laid a cross of pure white flowers upon the grave.

'I think she knows, John, and she will be so glad that anybody so good cares for me'—and she put both her hands in his and kissed him.

They went back to the carriage that waited for them at the gate and drove off to the station.

John Falconer and his bride were warmly welcomed at Torminster. People were interested in the middle-aged, grave-looking man and his young and very beautiful wife, for in the quiet happiness of her early married life Evelyn regained all her health and strength. They had many invitations, and no lack of friends; but Evelyn's chief enjoyment had never been in society. Her happiest time now was to go to the Cathedral services and listen to her husband's playing. Before they had been long in Torminster, she found her way up into the organ-loft, and stood beside John as he was playing.

'You there, Evelyn? How you startled me!'

'Oh, John, I want to play. Let me try the organ.'

He slipped off the stool and lifted her on. For a few minutes her fingers wandered on the keys, but presently she began with more certainty to play some of the things that John had taught her.

'I am so out of practice. I don't play half as well as I did a year ago,' she said regretfully.

The organ is a new one to you, but you will soon get used to it,' John answered. 'This shall be the first of a new series of lessons; and I suppose you will be content this time not to pay for them.'

'Why, yes, John, you have robbed me of all my independence. I owe you all my happiness, so I am prepared to pay for these lessons with nothing but love.'

H. L. B.

ALCÉ'S RING.

THERE was a girl named Alcé who, one Sunday in the summer-time, went to a well-known church in London. She generally went to that church—and went alone. She knew no member of the congregation, and, among all the strangers around, she seemed to be alone and almost happy. The music charmed and soothed her till she forgot both herself and her sorrows. And besides, that music and the service and other things raised her to a higher level, and she felt herself to be in the realised Presence of God. That is, she did generally. But not on the Sunday of which I speak. Her whole soul was in a ferment: it beat against its bars, and she inwardly raged in an impotent manner, which she knew to be both foolish and futile. And all because her employer had made a mistake, and been, as Alcé thought, insulting, instead of kind, as she meant to be.

This is what had happened. Alcé had come to breakfast, as she very often did, rather tired and worn after a bad night. All her nerves were on edge, and she felt cross at everything any one said. She was always white, and rather proud-looking; and her whiteness was enhanced by the straight, heavy black gown which she wore, Sundays and week-days alike. She had no ornaments—only, on the third finger of her left hand, there blazed a huge ruby and diamond ring.

Mrs. Gunstone, her rich mistress, had often looked at it admiringly, and once had gone so far as to ask if it were an engagement ring with a sly side-glance, and a little joke about Alcé's 'future.' Mrs. Gunstone never could quite remember what Alcé said on that occasion. Certainly she looked more than usually cold and stately, so that the poor woman felt 'all of a flutter,' and 'quite put out.'

This morning the good woman was brimming over with conversation about a bride's jewels, which she had both seen and read of in the *Queen*. 'I never saw such a display, dear. Her diamonds were magnificent; but really, I said, I like the rubies best. I said so to her husband, and he was so pleased, because he said, "I chose them, because the Bible says the 'price of a virtuous woman is above rubies,'" —and a very nice reason too, I said; so he gave her a great many rubies. Her engagement ring is rubies and diamonds—something like yours. It cost him eighty pounds. I was telling him about yours, dear; I

said I thought it was quite as good. I did, really. I was talking about you, you know, and saying how nice it was for me having you, and he said he wondered why you didn't sell that ring.' Mrs. Gunstone was busy pouring out the second cups of tea, and didn't see Alcé's face, or probably, even she, would not have finished her sentence. 'He said,' she went on, 'of course you couldn't get the full price for it; but you might very likely get fifty pounds, if it has really good stones. And so I was thinking, my dear, if you would like to sell it, I would gladly give you that fifty pounds Mr. Gunstone gave me to get a birthday present with; and then you wouldn't lose sight of it, for I should always wear it, and you would feel it was well taken care of. Would you like me to buy it, dear?' That woman really felt she was doing a charity. It is so nice to kill two birds with one stone—to do a great kindness to a friend, and a pleasure to yourself! But Alcé was boiling with rage. Very bitter words were at the tip of her tongue, which were only just stifled in time. She realised thoroughly (for had she not often heard whispered conversations between her employer and her friends?) how her gentle birth, her misfortunes (as far as Mrs. Gunstone knew them), and her poverty had been discussed. And the kind side of the offer, which was so apparent to Mrs. Gunstone, never struck her. Only she felt that she was receiving a bitter insult.

'I do not wish to sell my ring, thank you,' she answered, with stiffened lips, rising from her seat and going slowly to the door. 'I suppose I may go now?'

'Come back; you've had no breakfast! Dear me! Whatever have I done?' The door had closed behind the indignant Alcé. 'I only said what I thought for her good, and very kind too, and now she's offended, and going off like a queen in the theatre.'

'Offended, hey? What about? Offended! Get rid of the girl. Can't have sulks,' said her husband, from over the top of the *Observer;* but he went on reading.

Mrs. Gunstone said no more; she silently finished her breakfast, and thought what a pity it was that Alcé had so little appreciation of what was for her good.

Alcé went to her room, she was always free on Sundays. She locked her door, then took off the precious ring. She kissed it, and did a good many foolish things. Then she strung it on a black cord, and hung it round her neck under her dress. After a bit she went to church, and all through the prayers and lessons and hymns she fumed; and the service did her more harm than good—as all rejected blessings do.

Then came the sermon. The preacher was a stranger: a curious man. He arrested Alcé's attention. She couldn't help listening to him. I cannot be sure if she heard the sermon correctly; but this was the form which part of it took to her: 'I want to speak to you about sacrifice.' 'Sacrifice!' thought Alcé; 'always sacrifice! How

sick I am of the word——!' but her eyes rested for a moment on the great crucifix picture over the altar, and her thoughts paused, and she listened again.

'People,' the preacher continued, 'have ever been tempted to false thoughts about sacrifice, and by false thoughts to false actions. They have acted as if by sacrifice man could propitiate the Deity or make amends for sin, or give to God that which, without man, He could not have. This is all wrong and false. All things belong to the great Creator; you can give Him nothing that is not His already; nothing that he cannot take for Himself if He desire it; nothing that He cannot have in greater perfection than you can give it. This is true. And yet sacrifice is necessary. From the earliest revelation of God's will, as revealed about His worship, to the latest muttering of man's conscience, has come the demand for sacrifice. Aye!—but what sacrifice? What is the sacrifice which alone can give pleasure to the Almighty? Surely that only, to make which He created man—the offering of one's whole self, body, soul, and spirit, to Him who made us. In this offering is man's perfection; in this offering, if you could believe me, is man's only happiness!' Alcé looked up at the preacher and lost the thread of the sermon, but was startled by the revelation in the man's face and form. He was worn by asceticism, his brow furrowed by lines of thought, ugly and palid, with traces of pain and struggle in every line of his face; with nervous pointed hands, and a quiet, but forcible voice; each word seemed merely an expression of his life; and the look of peace, and the gleaming eyes, which had in them an enthusiasm and joy beyond expression, declared that what he spoke was merely a recital of personal knowledge and experience. She heard him again: 'Make the venture; sacrifice yourself. Hold back nothing, your affections, your intellect, your will—give all into the Divine hands; ask Him to deal with you as He will! Are you afraid? Do you think He will send you to some leper-island?—to some fever-den?—or to some cloister-life? Ah, well perhaps! But to most of you He will say—"Go on doing just what you are doing now, only do it so differently!" All unto God, nothing to self. Or, if to some favoured few, He does give the call to sterner sacrifice and lonelier duty, He will make up to you for all He has called you to give up by those revelations of Himself, for which, when once you have tasted them, you would give the whole world, and long only to give more. Do you say "God does not require such sacrifice of me?" He let the Israelites of old give of their sheep and goats, and so be free from this dreadful sacrifice of themselves. Did He so let off the Israelites? Nay! Rather, was not every sacrifice but an earnest to show that the offerer was of the people of God—that is, dedicated *to* God—and therefore bound to pay, as it were, his homage money as a token of vassalage?

'Was man ever exonerated from the duty of the whole sacrifice of

himself—body, soul, and spirit? Look at the pattern Man! He who came to live the perfect life where man had failed. Did *He* not offer the willing offering of His whole Self to the Father? and, when men would have held Him back, when Satan would have had Him refuse to pay some part of the terrible price, then, was not the willing sacrifice most entirely offered? Not only in life but in death—the whole man—Body, Soul, and Spirit—yielded with a perfect will unto the Father's hands! And will you hold back? Can you, who are of one humanity with that glorious Christ, can you hold back and say you will offer nothing? Will you say, "Need I make an offering? Must I give up this or that? Need I? Need I?" Is that how you will answer the Infinite Love? Will you not rather gaze on Him till you learn from Him something of the generosity of the Passion? and will you not then cry, "What can I give as a token that all I am is no longer my own, but His?" Will you not offer Him time, money, pleasure, ease? Offer something, ere it is too late! Offer your own selves; and offer from time to time some precious thing as a token that nothing you have, or are, is any longer your own.'

Alcé heard no more. The preacher's words are not exciting as they are written; but his earnestness, his voice, the apparent certainty of his own surrendered life, combined to drive his words home. Alcé was a very devout woman; the furnace of trial through which she had passed had driven her very close to God. Her spare moments were mostly spent in good works or devotional exercises. She tried to resign herself to the very heavy cross which was hers. But there was a good deal of the 'old man' in her which would assert itself from time to time. She hated the vulgarity of her rich employer, and almost hated her. She thoroughly appreciated her own superior birth and education, and distinctly gave herself airs towards her employer's friends, who were inclined to patronize, and, failing to do that, to ignore her.

She knelt down when the sermon was over, and soon was rapt, half in prayer, and half in thought. The congregation left the church; a new congregation came in, the Office of the Communion was begun, and still she knelt on. A hard struggle began in her mind. What could she offer as a sacrifice? What as a token of that utter consecration which she trusted was hers? She longed to test her own sincerity. What was there left to her to offer? Had not God Almighty taken all from her already? And yet—she would give a token, some sign—given voluntarily and not of necessity—to show that there was nothing she would keep back . . . She crouched on the floor; she hid her face in her hands.

The choir sang softly, and the offertory began. That offertory was for an Indian Mission at which were certain Sisters of Mercy who had been friends of hers in their days in the world. She knew them; she knew of their consecrated lives, and of the many needs of the mission. The choir sang—

'Lord of glory who hast bought us,
With Thy life blood for the price;
Never grudging——'

'Never grudging!—and I do grudge,' she thought.

They were collecting the alms. The men with the bags were coming very near. She unloosed the black cord she had tied so carefully before church. The great ruby and diamond ring lay glittering in her hand.

'Give, as I have given to you,'

sang the choir. Alcé knelt down. She hid her face in her hands. Three times she kissed the ring. 'Oh, my darling, my darling!—but now I know you would give it too!'

The bag reached her row, was handed to her. She stretched out her hand for it. And the ruby ring was offered on the Altar.

Alcé sobbed herself to sleep that night. But still in her heart there was a triumphant thought—'I have given Him my best,' and a peaceful calm stole over her.

All through the following week she was possessed by a certain exaltation; a sense of the nearness of God, and her own perception of it, raised her above herself. And many of her duties, usually performed with weary disgust, were gone through unconsciously, or with a curious kind of satisfaction. Each act was offered to the Divine One whom she served; each word was spoken with a realization of His Presence. What wonder that she was happy—happier than she had ever expected to be on earth?

Truly, the preacher was right. What wonder that, at peace with herself, she saw the world around in a light different from that which had ever shone on it for her? Yes. In that light, beauties and graces stood forth quite unnoticed before. Her vulgar, over-dressed employer, who still reeked of money and bargains, appeared in her real kindheartedness; and, startled indeed at the discovery, Alcé recognised that she too was the child of God, with an eternal destiny; that she too, the despised rich woman, was the beloved and desired of the Master. And the knowledge made the girl treat the good lady with a kindly consideration which she had never shown her before. She even enlightened her on some of the announcements in the *Morning Post*, and informed her as to 'who was who' in a way that delighted the employer; and tried to take some interest in the wondrous garments with which the kind soul arrayed herself. But her good behaviour was not very long lived after all.

One afternoon, when she had put Mrs. Gunstone's bonnet straight, and volunteered a remark that it was a pretty one, the good old thing burst forth into generosity. 'My dear! I'll give you one like it, not like it exactly—it would be too big for you, and besides, it wouldn't do for us to be alike, dear, would it?' (She called every one dear, from the footman, downwards and upwards—I mean when she

forgot and was friendly). 'I saw such a pretty one—a real bargain—at Celestines, a green ground, and spray of pink roses, erect; it would suit you, dear—so quiet and chaste. Oh, I forgot, you are in mourning; but really, I think it's time you should go out of it. I can't bear to see young things in dull clothes; it makes me quite sad to see you; and in summer, too, that heavy mourning looks so dusty and hot. We'll go out at once, and get that bonnet.'

Alcé couldn't stop her till it was all over, and her manner had frozen again as she answered, 'I cannot go out of mourning, thank you.'

So poor Mrs. Gunstone was snubbed, and had to enjoy her gaudy bonnets alone.

The tiny episode rather threw Alcé back. One can't always have one's head in Paradise when one's feet are upon earth. There would be no difficulty in perfection if one could. So she came down a step.

There was no humbug about her. She was a really good girl, trying with might and main to live the highest life conceivable by her. That she had gone through cruel trials and disappointments; that death and poverty had done their utmost to wreck her life, were facts that made for, rather than hindered, her goodness.

Mrs. Gunstone dined out on the night of the bonnet episode. Alcé went to bed early, having a headache, and did not see her till the next morning at breakfast, when Mrs. Gunstone was radiant. If Alcé would wear no colours, she would make up for it. A pink cotton dress, made tight—very tight—at the waist, and bulging well above it, clothed her ample figure. A false fringe sat in excellent curls on her forehead; sundry small brooches were pinned about the lace which adorned her neck, and a pair of black silk mittens completed her attire. She was beginning a description of her party the night before to Alcé, while her husband, as usual, devoted himself to his newspaper, when a loud ring came at the door bell, and the spare slight figure of a young clergyman was seen going down the steps.

'There he is!' said Mrs. Gunstone excitedly. 'Now, that is nice. Bring it here, James, quickly!' she cried as the footman came in with a small packet on a salver. The parcel was carefully sealed, and while she undid it she explained to her husband—'This is what I was telling you about, Joseph. Mrs. Cartwright promised to ask that young man—Mr. Austin, she called him—to bring it round for us to see before I decided about buying it. It sounded like a real bargain. Don't you think so?' and she drew from a tiny box a ruby ring.

Alcé had hardly noticed what she was saying; but as she looked up and saw what Mrs. Gunstone held out for admiration, her heart nearly stopped beating. Could it be her ring—her own beautiful ring? The ring she had refused little more than a week ago to sell to that woman? She half stretched out her hand to take it, then

drew back, and with difficulty restrained herself, and barely contrived to sit still. No one noticed her, and the voluble lady talked on.

'Do, Joseph, come and look! My dear, look here (this to Alcé), it's really very like that ring of yours. Why, you haven't got it on! It's nearly the same; but the diamonds look larger. It's only to be twenty-five guineas. Isn't that cheap? It's quite as good as the one Mr. Lovelace gave eighty pounds for. Just think; some one put it into the bag in that church Mrs. Cartwright goes to!'

Here Mr. Gunstone remarked on the folly of the person who put the ring in, and on the disgust they would feel if they could know how cheaply it was sold; but Mrs. Gunstone talked on. 'Mrs. Cartwright told me the clergyman was in despair, and didn't know how to sell it. As I said, I wonder the owner didn't sell it herself and put the money in, if she wanted to give so much. But I said to her—"Well, let me see it," I said; "send it to me, and I'll buy it, if I like it." It was just that, I was thinking of the fifty pounds you gave me for my birthday; and she said, "I'll tell Mr. Austin"—that's the young curate—quite the gentleman he is—"to bring it round." I'm sure it's a bargain. She said she knew it was, only we won't say we think so or they might raise the price.'

Alcé's wrath rose at the meanness of the rich woman, while she grew cold and shuddered at the thought of her possessing the ring. She would have given worlds to have had money enough to out-bid her.

Mrs. Gunstone, all unconscious of the rage she was rousing, went on happily. 'I do believe that centre ruby is worth thirty pounds alone; it hasn't a flaw, and the colour's quite good.'

Alcé could have told her the history of that ruby, but she naturally said nothing, and shuddered for the next remark, while Mrs. Gunstone held the ring in different lights.

'I know something of stones; I like 'em; but—what's here? Here's something written inside! What is it? I can't read it—"Presented to"—no, it isn't that. Why, here's two hearts! Very pretty and romantic. Why, it's quite nice. That'll stand for your's and mine, Joseph! Here's words. It must have been a present some young swell gave to his sweetheart. Let me see—"R." I suppose that stands for Richard, or Robert it might be, or Reginald. Reginald is a sweet name—"R., I." What can that be for? I, for Isabella. "P."—P., that beats me. Perhaps it was their surname when they were married—R. I. P.'

'What are you saying about R. I. P.?' asked her husband.

Why, it's here, in my ring. I can't read the other letters, but the R. I. P. is clear enough. It must be their names. Don't you think so, dear?'

'Nonsense, you dear old stupid! Don't you know that's what Karthlics put after any one of them that's dead in the *Times*?'

'But it can't be that,' his wife protested. 'Why should they put

it in a ring? I can't read the other things. Do read them for me, dear!' and she handed the ring to Alcé, whose cold hands could hardly clasp it. She would have given worlds to say she couldn't see, but each letter found its counterpart, its eternal reality, in her heart. So, with a hard, cold voice, she read almost loudly,—'J. and A., Dec. 1884. R. I. P., March 1885,' and gave back the ring without another word.

Mrs. Gunstone was not quick to notice other people's maladies, but Alcé's look of white misery awoke even her attention.

'Ain't you well? You look tired. Have you got a headache? Go and lie down a bit, and I'll send Perkins with sal volatile; that's the best thing for a headache.'

'Thank you; I am glad to go. Not Perkins, please. My head will be better soon,' she said, grateful for the headache that could be an excuse to cover the horrible sense of desolation and dejection which almost upset her power of self-control. She tottered to her room, her head raging with pain, her heart sore with disappointment and indignation.

'Had God rejected her offering? Was He, too, going to desert her? Was she to be slighted in every way? Her one precious possession, which she had despoiled herself of as a sacrifice to God, bought for a mere trifle, and daily worn by this vulgar woman!' She wished she had thrown it to the bottom of the sea and so made her offering, rather than that such a thing as this should have happened. A picture of Jack, dying of fever in the Marble Hospital Palace in Egypt, rose to her mind. She saw him once more kiss the ring on her finger when speech was beyond him. Then another picture of Jack, handsome and gay, beaming at her as he first put the ruby ring on her finger. Jack in a thousand forms, some bright, some sad, more than she thought she could bear, rose before her.

Mrs. Gunstone wrote a cheque for twenty-five pounds, and sent it to Mr. Austin. He had asked, in the note which accompanied the ring, twenty-five guineas for it; but Mrs. Gunstone felt sure that, for ready money, he would let her off the shillings. And, in truth, the clergy were so glad to get a purchaser for their valuable charge, that they said nothing about the little difference.

Alcé went on trying to do her duty after this in a stupid sort of way. There was no zest in her life; her week of joy was past. Heavy day followed heavy day; each day the weariness grew worse, the dull ache at her heart more intolerable. She wondered in a dull way why Mrs. Gunstone didn't dismiss her; and if she had done so, Alcé would have cared very little. If God Himself rejected her offering and hid His face from her, what was the use of anything she could do? She was ill, too; she had incessant headaches, and these were a source of depression.

I think Mrs. Gunstone would have sent her away but for two

reasons—one, that she was essentially kind-hearted and pitied the girl's loneliness; and the other, that she felt she gained a certain dignity from her aristocratic dependant, whose every look and manner betokened her ladyhood, and whose old clothes hung on her with a curious grace.

It was not until the Gunstone household, including Alcé, had gone into the country and been there for some time, that any life came back to Alcé. The house was full of people, and she was kept busy during the day; but she could go to her room early at night, and might wander out early in the morning. There was a pretty little country church about two miles off, and, when she felt strong enough, she would walk down there and find something almost like peace, as she knelt among the very few others who cared for such early devotion. One exquisite morning she had gone there through the heath and firs, gazing as she went, half unnoticing, at the widespread landscape glittering in the early sun's rays. She was very tired when she reached the church, and knelt on long after the others had gone. Why should she hurry? Breakfast was always very late, and here was rest. She thought herself alone; and that in itself was rest. She laid her tired head on her white hands and wished, as she very often wished, that the end might come. At last, almost unconsciously, she sobbed aloud, 'O my God! how long? Have You forgotten me altogether?' and only the silence of the holy place answered her. Then she gathered herself up, and went slowly out of the church. But at the door stood some one whose form seemed familiar to her—some one whose face reminded her both of pain and joy. He came towards her; it was the strange, sad preacher who had spoken of Sacrifice, whose words had led her to so much useless pain.

He spoke to her, and asked her in a kind, far off sort of voice if he could help her. He had never spoken to any one in this way before; but some hidden power forced him to break through his overwhelming shyness, if he might perchance do anything for the miserable girl. 'No one could do anything for her,' she answered. And yet, before many minutes were over, her pent up misery burst forth, and she told him all her trouble—her sorrows, her desires, and, at last, hardly knowing what she did, she told him the story of his own sermon and her ring. The old man listened, saying nothing, very patiently, very kindly, and then—but I cannot repeat his words. The words spoken by such men at such times are given to them, they are not their own. When he had quite done, Alcé knew more about the vast Love of God for man than she had ever known before; she knew, too, that that love was not such as could be gauged by any absence of pain. She knew that the soul which He would perfect most, He would try most sorely. The preacher blessed her and left her, and she never saw him again. And she went back to her employer and her house-party, and pondered as she walked back through the brilliantly-tinted country on how the old man had said,—'We must expect to feel the loss of what we

give to God. And what we give to Him, He will use for His own best ends; and will not consult us how to use it.'

The preacher had once more kindled in her new hope and new desire.

And life went on as before; common-place, dull society life. Visitor after visitor came, and went, and made no impression on her mind. But she grew better; she could feel kindly to her employer. Everything was not so hateful as it had been when she came to the country, and before she met the preacher. She even arrived at taking some pleasure in arranging the mass of beautiful flowers which the gardener daily brought in, and in pleasing her employer by their tasteful disposition. After about three weeks there was a catastrophe.

Mr. Gunstone was brought home mortally hurt—crushed—dying. The visitors packed and departed; and Alcé was left to share the anxieties of the poor man's suffering deathbed. It was a bad time.

They telegraphed for doctors and nurses. Mrs. Gunstone was beside herself. She had a romantic love for her husband, and leant on him with childish devotion; but she had no idea of nursing. Alcé had; at least, she knew how to move in a sick room. The sick man loved to have her there, and she could quiet the distracted wife in a way no one else could.

After ten feverish, sleepless days, and one day of unconsciousness, —the women waiting in painful watching—Joseph Gunstone passed through that mysterious door which opens only for those who go out through it, never for those who would return: and Alcé's employer was left a widow.

For days Alcé could do nothing with her, and she hardly ever left her. The woman clung to her as the one who had best soothed her husband's suffering, and Alcé took quite kindly to the work of consoling her. To heal another's wounds helped to staunch her own. She thought very little about herself, and constantly found herself planning plans for the poor widow's comfort.

Perhaps the sadness would have been unbearable if it had not been lightened by the absurdities which Mrs. Gunstone never could quite keep clear of. Her mourning was really a great consolation to her; it gave her something to do and think of, and some comically melancholy hours were spent over heavy crape bonnets and enormous widow's caps.

'I don't think I look well in it, dear; and really these weepers are very much in my way; as you say, dear, they do pull the cap crooked. But if dear Joseph looks at me now, I should like him to see that I don't forget him, and do it all properly,' and she sobbed a bit.

She took off all her little brooches and trinkets and locked them up. She would have given handfuls of them to Alcé, but Alcé said she, too, was in deep mourning, and could not wear them. She never took off the ruby and diamond ring, which had once belonged to the girl.

'I don't think he'd mind if he saw it,' she said. 'Do you, dear? I

couldn't wear it if you thought he would; but it was his last present to me, and I can't take it off. If you are with me when I die, will you see that they bury me in it? Yes, dear, his last present!'

The days passed into months and the months to years, and still Alcé stayed on with her employer. I don't think Mrs. Gunstone could have borne to part with her, and she was so fond of the girl that she began to see what hurt her, and to avoid it. She was a rich woman, and made no secret of her riches; and when she found that Alcé thought it right, and that it pleased her, she began to spend much money in kind deeds, and for religious purposes. Spending money in that way takes time, and gradually she and Alcé became so busy in seeing after and helping other people, that they grew quite happy; and proud Alcé learnt to love the vulgar rich woman, and to see beauties in her she had never even dreamed of.

After two years another change came. Mrs. Gunstone got a chill. Alcé was away, seeing about one of the country cases, and there was no one to order her to bed and to nurse her except her maid, of whose opinion she thought nothing. When Alcé came back, she was shivering and feverish. She put her to bed, sent for the doctor, and sat up with her all night; but nothing she could do had any effect. Her employer clung to her as a child does to its mother.

'Don't go away,' she said. 'Couldn't you sleep in the room? I won't disturb you, but I like to see you, dear, and you'll have plenty of time for rest and sleep after I've gone.' So Alcé stayed with her 'Do you think I'm very bad?' she asked. And Alcé told her, gently, the truth. She couldn't speak much. 'It's very strange,' she said, 'I think I'm glad. I haven't been as good as I ought to, but—I trust to my Saviour.' Then she said no more for a long time, and Alcé sat by, silently praying.

'Would you like to see the clergyman?' asked Alcé, half shy of asking it.

'Yes,' she said.

And after he had gone she slept, then waking with a strange energy, held up her hand.

Her maid was there and the doctor. She drew off the ring—Alcé's ring—and fumbled for the girl's hand.

'I want you to have it. Don't—bury it—with me, dear. Keep it, —you've been very good.' Then she sat upright. 'Joseph! Joseph!' she said, and sank back and never spoke again. Silently and lovingly they watched her till her breathing ceased, and that great stillness came over the room which the Angel of death brings in with him.

Very sadly Alcé knelt by the bed where her dead employer lay. She was sad at the kindness ended, sad at the thought of her own failures in regard to that ended life, sad too, when she remembered that she must go out alone and face new employers and new responsibilities.

After the funeral she packed her goods, while the tears streamed

down her face. The ring was always on her finger, and in those days she lived in a world where the dead were more real to her than the living were. She did not even care much about her own fate.

It did surprise her a little when she found out what it was.

She took no new situation; there was no need for that, for Mrs. Gunstone had left her money enough, and to spare, to live on without work. But her years of service had taught her a great deal, and they had made her curiously careless of ease and pleasure. Service and sacrifice were necessities to her. So she went away to that Indian Mission—the Mission into whose offertory she had cast her ring. In the great wards of one of the hospitals her days are spent. Peace and joy at last are hers, such as the strange preacher spoke of. She has a satisfaction worth the agony through which she passed, and which is so far above earth that the sorrows and anxieties of life cannot cast their shade on it.

Many a sick and many a dying man has learnt courage and new resolution from the stately white-robed Sister whose face is so marked with suffering, but whose words and eyes are so full of chastened joy.

And the rubies and diamonds of that ring are set in a Chalice belonging to the Altar on which they first were offered.

In the S.P.C.K. books, we specially note for admiration Helen Shipton's *Duty's Bondsman*, her *Love and Justice*, and Annette Lyster's *Dorothy the Dictator*, and *Very Much in Earnest*; also *Seven Idols*, giving excellent teaching on the First Commandment. Wells Gardener has some very pretty children's books by the author of 'One of a Covey:' *Two Blackbirds*, and three which form a series, *Hardy and Fool-hardy*, *Tom's Opinion*, and *All's Well*. Mrs. Molesworth writes one of her half fairy-tales, by name, *The Children of the Castle*. Miss Bramston continues her Snowball Society Family up to marriage, in *Wanted a Sphere* (S.P.C.K.), and Eubule Evans, *Message from the Sea*, is very droll and natural, and finally very pathetic. Stella Austin has *Little Princess Angel* in her usual style. The child is really an Italian *principessina*, though she lives in England, and is stolen by a circus company. *Alexis and the Flower*, by Beatrix Cresswell (Smith and Innes), deserves honourable mention; also *Without a Thought*, by Jeanie Chappell (Partridge), and *A Man's Mistake*, by Minnie Worboise (Clarke).

BROTHER PACIFICUS.

'And some there are who keep themselves in peace, and strive to bring others also unto peace.'—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Poor Brother Pacificus! Of all the brethren in the convent he was the most useless, and by far the most unlucky.

Nothing came easily to him; as for talents, of course he had not a single one. He could not illuminate like Brother Anselm, whose beautiful manuscripts were the pride of the convent.

Brother Pacificus loved birds and flowers like any true Franciscan, but he had no more idea of putting them on vellum than a baby. If he could copy a page of manuscript without filling it with blunders, that was the extent of his powers in the Scriptorium.

When he sang he was always out of time, or out of tune. When he tried to preach he broke down. The very children in the convent school were too much for him, and his coming there was always the signal for an uproar to begin.

When it came to his turn to distribute the dole, he was pretty sure to give it to some one twice over, besides letting himself be imposed on by any beggar who took the trouble to do it. While his financial blunders were so notorious that he was never allowed to have a share in the business matters of the convent.

He thought a great deal about his shortcomings. He was thinking of them in the refectory on Christmas Eve, thinking too of the terrors of the Great Day of Doom, and of those words that are written about the unprofitable servant, and how only that morning the Abbot had said—

'If you cannot even take a simple message, Brother, without turning it upside down, what is there in the world that you *can* do?'

There was a great deal to be done on that Christmas Eve in the little convent world in which Brother Pacificus lived.

All the other brethren were as busy as they could be, getting ready for the miracle-play in the church on Christmas Day, but he was too completely out of his element among costumes and properties to help in the preparations, and he could not even teach the boys of the choir their parts, for not one of them would have minded him.

So he sat in the window with his breviary, watching the shadows lengthen over the snowy cloister garden.

'They have not spoken to each other for a full week,' said a voice from a little group of the Brothers round the fire.

'It was worse before. They did nothing but wrangle from morning till night, till that last evening when they came to blows.'

'But what was it all about?'

'No one seems to know. Old Hubert said something about a hawk, but they could not fight for *that*. I think myself it had something to do with Sir Hugh's marriage. At all events he would have half killed his brother if the servants had not dragged them apart, and now he vows he will not sleep another night in the Castle. I should not wonder if he has gone already.'

'Of whom are you speaking, my brother?' said a voice from the window.

'If you did not live in the convent like an owl in a barn, Brother Pacificus, you would have no need to ask. Of the two De Redvers, of course—your pupils, as I remember, years ago.'

'Yes, I taught them,' said Brother Pacificus, half to himself; 'and to-morrow is the blessed Christmas Day.'

'What has *that* to do with it?' laughed Brother Gerard. 'You had better go and give them another lesson.'

And it came more and more clearly before Brother Pacificus, that that was what he must indeed do, though he was very doubtful if the brothers would listen for a moment to anything *he* could say.

The old days came back on his mind fast as he went down the corridor to the Abbot's cell.

The first work he had had to do when he was a young novice had been teaching those two children. Of course it had been a failure, he said sadly to himself, like everything else he had tried to do, but he had loved them in spite of the trouble they gave him, and always thought they looked like two of the angels, when they stood singing hand in hand in the church.

Then he remembered how they had kept their knights' watch, kneeling side by side before the altar, and how he had watched them ride out together to their first battle only last summer.

Hand in hand, side by side, all their lives. 'And now they have forgotten,' said Brother Pacificus, 'and it is Christmas Eve.'

'Oh, go by all means, if you like,' said the Abbot. 'It's going to snow, and you won't get to the Castle before night. I told you before, Brother Gerard, that St. Joseph is to wear a red coat, and you are to put aside the purple wings for the blessed Saint Gabriel. What's the use of telling me the white one's are larger? As I was saying—if you don't make those children keep in time, Brother Benedict, they shall not sing at all, and you may tell them so. *They* sing the Gloria in Excelsis! Why, they are like so many screech-owls, or wild cats. But what I wanted to say to you, Brother Pacificus, is, that you need not come back to-night; and mind, whatever you do is done in your own name, not the convent's.'

It was growing dark fast when Brother Pacificus opened the convent door, and almost unconsciously drew back as the icy wind swept by him.

'Do either go out or stay in,' said the porter irritably, from beside his fire. 'Do you wish me to let the gale blow into the house all night, and turn us all into icicles before morning?'

Brother Pacificus shut the door behind him. There was a faint red light in the west, and the fir-trees on the hill stood up black against it, but the rest of the sky was covered with dark driving clouds, and as he walked down the road he almost shuddered at the wild howling of the wind, and the dash of the waves on the beach out of sight.

At the turn of the road he stood still for a moment, looking back at the lights in the convent windows, and listening to the bells ringing, first low, and then louder as the wind carried the sound, then he tried to say a Psalm as he set his face against the wind again.

Usually Brother Pacificus would have dreaded the long lonely walk through the woods and along the seashore on a wild night like this, but on Christmas Eve no evil thing can stir abroad, and in his whole life he had never felt so safely sheltered. Even his perplexity about what he was to do and say when he got to the Castle, faded gradually away before the strong feeling that even he, poor Brother Pacificus, had been sent with a message that night, and had only to give it when the time came. It did not even trouble him that he could not tell clearly yet what it was.

Soon the wind rose to a gale, and the blinding snow hid everything from him, but even then he could not feel afraid, though now and then the waves rushed up to his feet, and his lantern went out, so that he could only feel his way along the shore.

No visions had ever come to Brother Pacificus; he would have thought it the height of presumption to dream of their coming, but on that night he felt no surprise, only peace unspeakable, when he fancied he saw light, as if from the white wings of the angels, gleaming through the drifting snow, and heard them singing when the wind hushed for a moment.

And as he grew more and more chilled and tired out, there came to him a feeling beyond seeing or hearing that he was walking side by side with Another—even with Him who came to bring peace at Christmastide.

'Not come back? Of course not,' said the Abbot, next day. "Who ever knew Brother Pacificus do anything without being twice as long over it as he need be? Well, he can be spared best of all, fortunately. It all went well, Brother Gerald, remarkably well, the Saints be praised; but I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the two De Redvers kneeling side by side at Mass.'

'They will stay here for the night, I suppose,' said practical

Brother Gerard; 'but, father, I asked them, and they say Brother Pacificus never came near the Castle last night.'

'Then what brought them here?'

'That is the strange part of it. They say, all at once last night they both remembered him, and how he used to make peace in their childish quarrels, and they met as they were coming to ask each other's forgiveness. They want to confess to him now, they say.'

'So they can when he comes back, though what use there can be in any one's confessing to Brother Pacificus it passes me to conceive,' said the Abbot. 'No; you need not send out for him, he will be in before night.'

But Brother Pacificus had entered into peace on Christmas Eve!

C. M. WHIDBORNE.

Utrecht or Jacobite correspondence had been seized, a committee was appointed to examine them, Walpole being their chairman. When their report was read in the House of Commons, there was great indignation, and Lord Bolingbroke was impeached for high treason, with little opposition. Then followed the impeachment of the Earl of Oxford, and, after some delay, that of Ormond, who fled to France. It is said that before he went, he visited Oxford and advised him to escape. On finding that the Earl would not do this, he said 'Farewell, Oxford without a head,' to which the reply was, 'Farewell, Duke without a duchy.' Ormond never returned, and died after thirty years of exile.

Oxford was sent to the Tower, and the poet Prior was examined in hopes of eliciting evidence against him, but nothing available was found, though he remained for some time longer a prisoner. In the meantime the Jacobites began to be full of hope. It was known that George was not popular, and that Marlborough was neglected; and, indeed, he corresponded with his nephew, the Duke of Berwick, as if anxious to be well with both parties, and when Bolingbroke and Ormonde came over as banished men, their hopes rose high. Just before his death, Louis XIV. had actually given the Chevalier de St. George, as James Stewart was usually called, arms and stores enough to fill twelve ships which lay at Havre; but great changes had come over the French Court.

Poor little Louis XV., a fair delicate creature of five, had been proclaimed and produced in public, led by the Duchess of Ventadour, in purple velvet leading-strings, for the desolate child had no one near enough to him in rank to be seen touching his hand, and his steps were not yet secure.

The Duke of Orleans went in state to take the late king's will out of its hiding-place, but there was very little intention of acting upon it. It was already known that the endeavour had been to limit the power of the Duke of Orleans as much as possible, and to throw it into the hands of the Duke of Maine and a Council of Regency, and the general dislike and weariness of the old policy, the jealousy of the Duke of Maine, and the sense that this was contrary to the old habit of making the regent a king in power for the time being, all influenced the persons concerned. In like manner, Henri IV. and Louis XIII., who had no confidence in their queens, had tried to set bounds to their authority; but in both cases the will had been set aside, as Louis XIV. had well remembered when he warned Madame de Maintenon that his would be a dead letter.

It was carried to the parliament. Every one was present, but the will was read in a low rapid voice, and nobody affected to attend to the words of the man whose speech when alive, two days before, had been listened to almost like that of a god. Lord Stair, the English ambassador, was in a private seat; he had been assured by the Abbé Dubois, the chief confidant of the Duke of Orleans, that the Houses of Hanover and Orleans were bound to support one another.

When the will had been read, the Duke of Orleans said: 'No doubt the king did not understand the force of what he had been made to do' (with a meaning glance at the Duke of Maine), 'for he told me, during his last days, that I should find nothing that would not satisfy me.' Then he demanded that his regency should be declared full and absolute, with power to choose his own council. The Duke of Maine tried to speak: 'Monsieur, in your turn,' said Philippe of Orleans. And he went on to declare that the regency was impossible under such conditions.

There was a mournful silence, for every one knew why he had been thus fettered; and the Duke of Maine was able to speak of the late king's great confidence in him.

'Strange,' said Orleans, 'that it should be in any but myself.'

A dispute began, in which the Duke of Maine's known high character was giving him the advantage, when it was broken up by his enemies persuading all to adjourn till after dinner. In the interval, they spent their time in persuading the peers and magistrates, and hinting to the timid that the duke had guards surrounding them, and that weapons were under the dresses of his friends. When the Assembly met again, no one durst utter the reasons why the poor old king had wished to put the child into other hands. The entire authority was then vested in the hands of the regent, and the Duke of Maine then said: 'Since I am despoiled of the authority conferred upon me by the codicil, I demand to be discharged of the guardianship of the king, and of the responsibility for his person, only preserving the superintendence of his education.'

'Very willingly, monsieur,' said the Duke of Orleans.

The Duke of St. Simon regarded this as the greatest triumph of his life by the humiliation of the legitimate princes. So narrow were men's views, that this was all they saw when giving up their country and its infant king to one of the worst and most unprincipled of men, and thus sealing the general ruin; while there is something remarkable in the tardy precautions of Louis XIV. for both having been frustrated through the effect of his own earlier vices.

In the Bourbon race, the type of Henri IV. has from time to time been reproduced—extreme good nature and fascination of manner, united to the most lax habits of self-indulgence. Our own Charles II. was a decided instance, and Philippe of Orleans was such another, and he had fallen upon times when there was even less of restraint than in the Court of the Restoration.

'I wish to be free to do good, and to have my hands tied for evil,' he said, when in the name of the little king, who was carried to hold a bed of justice on the 12th of September, he appointed six councils, for foreign affairs, finance, conscience, war, naval affairs and interior affairs, to which one for commerce was added. It sounded well, but the members were chiefly his dissipated friends, or men who got in by bribing his confidants.

However, his kindness of heart led to a great release of prisoners, especially Jansenists. In the Bastille were persons who had been there so long that their very crime was forgotten. One Italian, who had been arrested thirty-five years before on his arrival at Paris, only begged to stay there, for he had no home, no relations, no resources! In fact, though the Bastille was the emblem of tyranny, the captives seem to have lived a fairly comfortable life, and to have enjoyed one another's society, and visits of friends. After this great gaol delivery, it was very little used.

The Regent wished to give some relief to the Protestants, but his counsellors prevented him, though their condition was much less wretched than before during his government. The Jansenists were no longer molested, indeed Cardinal de Noailles was put at the head of the ecclesiastical council of conscience, while Père Tellier was sent away with a pension of 6000 livres, though the will had appointed him confessor to the young Louis. Marshal Villars was very properly at the head of the War Department, the Count of Toulouse over the Naval, Marshal d'Huxelles had Foreign Affairs, the Duke d'Antin Domestic.

Orleans himself had no unkind feeling towards the boy, whose protector he knew himself to be, but he was too much steeped in dissipation to attend to the duties of his position more than he could help. The subpreceptor of his boyhood, the Abbé Dubois had been his great corrupter, ministering to his excesses from boyhood upwards, and thus acquiring great ascendency over him, and so over public affairs; it is hard to say who was the most shameless person in Europe, the Abbé Dubois, the Regent, or his widowed daughter, the Duchess of Berri.

'Woe to the land whose king is a child, and whose princes drink in the morning,' is a sacred saying often verified, and never more completely than in the days of the young Louis XV., when as Guizot says: 'the long agony of France was beginning.'

The little king was thus far in kindly hands. Madame de Ventadour loved him, and the Abbé de Fleury, his tutor, was a good and pious man; but there was no spirit of Fenélon to guide them, and instead of being taught his responsibilities, the shy boy was coaxed to show himself at the window by the call, 'Come, sire, look at these people, they are all your Majesty's.' He was a gentle, docile boy, with no signs of ability or of strength of will like his father, but more like his uncles, pleasant to his tutors, but with little substance or promise of spirit.

Outside his nursery, the Court was in a state unparalleled, except by that of heathen Emperors of old, with the one exception that there were no cruelties, except that the persecutions of the Huguenots still had their course; but that was in the south, beyond the ken of the good-natured Regent. Indulgence of all kinds, shared freely and shamefully by his daughter, the Duchess of Berri, scandalised all that

was respectable, while the affairs of the kingdom were chiefly guided by the Abbé Dubois.

This man was the son of an apothecary in a little town in the Limousin, and by considerable cleverness had become tutor to the Duke of Orleans, and then his boon companion in his wildest dissipation, as well as in scientific experiments, and from boyhood upwards the duke had depended on him for saving trouble. Dubois was sixty years old with a face like a fox under his blonde wig, when the Regent made him a Minister of State.

A very good Chancellor was however appointed on the sudden death of the former one, M. d'Aguesseau, who was taken quite by surprise. He was at church when a messenger summoned him to the Palais Royal, but he would not move till the Mass was finished. Then the Regent received him by giving him the seals, and presenting him as Chancellor to those present, then taking him to pay homage to the little King. Half dizzy with surprise, he went to his brother, who was clever, idle and a philosopher, and whom he found sitting by the fire in his dressing-gown, smoking his pipe.

'Brother,' said D'Aguesseau, 'I am Chancellor.'

'Chancellor? What have you done with the other?'

'He died suddenly last night.'

'Oh! Rather you than I.'

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL READERS.

XXXVI.—MACBETH.—*Continued.*

Supposed date 1605–6; *published*, 1623.

Our friends the critics quarrel greatly with the rough old Porter's soliloquy, uttered as he slowly makes his way to open the castle gate, and vehemently declare that Shakspere never would have inserted it at this supreme moment of the tragedy. Now it seems a trifle presumptuous to be so positive about what Shakspere might be pleased to do; and again, considering that we have to get down from the tension of the preceding scene to more ordinary conditions, it is not so certain that the grim and grotesque fancies of the old man are altogether the worst transition we could have. Anything of real gaiety would seem intolerably trifling, any strong emotion would fall flat after the great scene, and mere commonplace is never desirable in any circumstances, dramatically speaking. The casual talk which follows the entrance of Lennox and Macduff does not come under this last description, for while Lennox is discussing the king's journey and the stormy night, we feel Macbeth is on the rack listening for the sounds which announce the discovery of the murder. The swift change from the quiet in which the castle has been wrapped, to the sudden wild clamour of wailing voices, clashing bells, fast-hurrying feet, and utter confusion, has a wonderful dramatic effect, especially when we know the secret which is under it all, and can watch the bearing of the two most concerned. Macbeth has regained a certain amount of self-possession, yet he dares not appear to be calm, and consequently goes to the other extreme of feigning a violent passion of indignation; he almost raves, but the forced tone of it all must attract notice, were any one cool enough to perceive it. Perhaps it does strike the young princes, and helps to prompt their hasty flight from Inverness and Macbeth's vicinity. It is strange, after the long hesitation over Duncan's murder, to see that Macbeth slaughters the two perfectly innocent chamberlains with no more scruple than if they were a couple of rabbits, and yet it is well in keeping with that hard-hearted age that nobody regards it as more than an ebullition of slightly indiscreet zeal. Of course, Lady Macbeth acts her part of innocent surprise much better than her husband. What a touch of irony there is in Macduff's addressing her as 'Gentle lady,' and fearing to tell her the

terrible thing which has happened! Yet Lady Macbeth strikes one false note in her first exclamation, 'What, in our house!' and it catches Banquo's attention, as we notice by the gentle rebuke, 'Too cruel anywhere.' Something certainly makes him suspect that all is not right with his host and hostess, but his suspicions are not tangible enough to act upon. Whether Lady Macbeth really gives way under the prolonged strain and excitement, or only feigns to swoon as the right thing to do under the circumstances, is not explained, but either view is possible. At this point, for the first and last time, Banquo takes authority upon him, the authority of a steady mind while all is confusion, and brings order out of the chaos. What is more, he shows the secret of his composure. He can afford to be serene while the world goes to pieces round him, who can say from his heart,

'In the great hand of God I stand.'

For the events which intervene between this scene and the point where we again meet Macbeth, we have to depend on a chorus consisting of Ross, Macduff, and an old man, who, besides briefly informing us of Duncan's burial, the flight of Malcolm and Donalbain, and Macbeth's accession to the crown, also recall the strange omens which accompanied the king's death. All these incidents, the long-continuing darkness, the owl killing the falcon, the high-bred horses turning savage and devouring each other, Shakspere took straight from the Chronicle, evidently meaning to deepen the impression of the horrors of that time.

It would not be true to human nature if the swift fulfilment of the weird women's promises to Macbeth did not set Banquo reflecting on the possibility of the prediction made to him coming true also, whatever he may surmise as to the means used by his ex-comrade to quicken the steps of fate. It would be equally unnatural if Macbeth did not think of it also, and begin to feel that perhaps after all his crime has only served to benefit Banquo's descendants. From this the transition to resolving to falsify the prophecy and get rid of his unconscious enemy is quick indeed, for having once tried that short and sharp way of cutting through difficulties, it is fatally easy to try it again. We might guess that something evil towards his old friend is working in Macbeth's mind, he is so over-gracious to him, so pressing in his injunctions to Banquo to return for the feast. He has perhaps reason to regret having extorted that promise to come back without fail.

When Macbeth is alone, we see another cause for his growing hatred. Banquo's character is a standing reproach to him; the successful usurper is positively afraid of that calm courage and wisdom, and as he thinks of it, and of himself, and what he has done, he turns frantic again, and is ready to try anything to baffle fate. Very curious, and yet absolutely natural, is Macbeth's confused reasoning that the prediction would come true, and therefore he must destroy Banquo and his son; and yet it would not come true, for he

would be able to avert it. For this end he borrows a little of his wife's cunning in his treatment of the two men whom he incites to commit this murder, and we doubt if he ever appears in a worse light. There is a meanness in thus using lying and calumny to turn the murderers' weapons against Banquo—Macbeth himself keeping out of danger—which is almost more revolting than his other crimes. Indeed, after Duncan's murder, there is a steady downward progress in Macbeth's character; the only sign of good remaining in him being that he never succeeds in being content in his evil, and he feels the quick retribution following on the crime. We see this even in Lady Macbeth, as she wearily owns to herself the misery of living 'without content,' but she will not admit it to her husband. When he comes, she forces herself to resume her usual tone of superior wisdom, trying hard to get him not to think of the past, or, at all events, to seem quite happy in public; on which the full tide of Macbeth's wretchedness bursts out. As Banquo said, he has it now, 'King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,' and the result is that he is reduced to envying his victim, now resting peacefully in his wave-girdled grave in Iona, free from all the tortures which rack his successor. To Macbeth the past is horror, the present daily and nightly misery, the future all anxious care. We know not which to wonder at most, the beauty, the pathos, or the wretchedness expressed in the lines in which he contrasts his state with Duncan's repose. Of course his wife has no comfort to give him—she, so powerful once to spur him on, is helpless now, and can only beg him to conceal his feelings at the feast. For an instant roused, Macbeth then fastens on a fresh source of discomfort—the degradation of having to flatter his supporters, and lull their possible suspicions. Somehow the unhappy man has persuaded himself that Banquo's death will set him free from most of his anxieties and troubles, and he longs for the darkness to descend, when the deed may be done. Again, the words in which he describes the most peaceful of scenes have a terrible force from the idea which lies in his mind. He paints for us the gently fading light of evening, the heavy-flying beetle humming by, the dark crow slowly and steadily flapping his wings towards the dim wood, the sunset streaks dying away in the sky, and we know that all this peace and repose is but the prelude to black murder. If Lady Macbeth has not a pretty clear idea of what is on hand this night, she is less shrewd than we take her for; but she is too much a woman of the world not to appreciate the wisdom of being sometimes left in ignorance of awkward facts. She certainly would not oppose the design —her desires with regard to Banquo and Fleance are identical with her husband's, though she might not be so hasty in effecting them.

With the deepening darkness we find ourselves outside the castle, watching, with the assassins, for the coming of Banquo and his son; and, though the scene is very short, it reveals with unusual detail the various circumstances which facilitate the murder.

Banquo is not expected to arrive till late, and, before he comes, all Macbeth's other guests have passed into the castle, little dreaming of the ambush they walk by. Then the custom of dismounting and taking a short cut on foot to the castle deprives Banquo of the advantage which being on horseback would give him, and his attendants ride quickly off down the longer road, so he has no chance of assistance when suddenly assaulted. Nor has he time to defend himself even, for it would seem that the three men concentrate their attack on him to make sure of despatching him, and in a couple of instants all is over. Characteristically, Banquo's dying cry to his son is not an appeal for help, but an urgent entreaty to Fleance to save himself. Why should Fleance be represented on the stage as a child? He is certainly not a full-grown man, but he is old enough to make it possible for Macbeth to throw the guilt of his father's death on him, which would be a ludicrous notion seen in connection with the little boy who usually scours off into the darkness as Banquo falls.

From the dark wood to the bright banqueting hall is a startling change. Here we have Macbeth labouring to carry out his wife's counsel, and succeeding tolerably in making a show of dignified welcome to the nobles, even while his mind is full of the scene outside, and while his blood-stained agent peers in at the door. He turns aside in his progress round the tables to receive the fatal report and the shock of the news of Fleance's escape, not unwatched by Lady Macbeth's anxious eyes. She has no idea of letting him evade his duties as host, and her pointed reminder has the desired effect of forcing him to suppress his feelings and come back to his part, perhaps to a little more than his part, for he cannot help that unnecessary talk about Banquo, and the wish for his presence which is to be so terrifically granted. At this point the dramatic effect of the scene lies in Macbeth's seeing what nobody else sees; for, as he hastily glances along the table, it seems to him to be full, and when Lennox indicates the empty place, as *he* thinks it, the sight Macbeth sees there freezes him with horror. Apparently some notion of a trick crosses his mind, but directly he entirely forgets the presence of any one but that awful shadowy something wearing the semblance of his old friend, but with that blood-stained hair and those deadly wounds. All self-control, all caution desert Macbeth at this crisis, partly because he has no doubt that Banquo is as visible to the rest of those present as to him, and herewith comes the strange picture of the gay company of feasters, all careless and easy, only slightly puzzled at the king's strange demeanour, while Macbeth stands among them, glaring at that sight of horror. There is always a reason for Shakspere's ghosts, they never have the queer aimlessness which characterises most ghost stories, nor, on the other hand, do they ever comport themselves in the ludicrously extravagant fashion of the ghosts in some other plays of the time. On the face of it, we

might expect Macbeth to be haunted by Duncan, whom he has actually murdered, rather than by Banquo; but there is a special point in the latter's apparition, for Macbeth made him promise to be at that feast, and the faithful spirit keeps his promise. We notice too that his second appearance follows close on Macbeth's repetition of the hypocritical wish for his presence. Lady Macbeth has to exert all her quick wit to veil her husband's condition, and it is hard work for her, not knowing what is really the matter, almost in one moment, to find some plausible way of quieting the surprise of the nobles, and to use her stinging powers to rouse Macbeth out of his trance. Her words hardly seem to penetrate to his mind, he is so absorbed, and, even when the ghost has vanished, he is too perplexed to be easily recalled to ordinary life. We feel Lady Macbeth's intense relief when he does recover himself and resume his proper place; she is just breathing again, when he springs up in wilder horror than before. She struggles afresh and fights hard, but his sheer uncontrollable terror cannot be hidden or explained away, and it is no wonder, for any monstrous shape would be infinitely less appalling than that silent shadow which is and yet is not Banquo. The guests cannot fail to see that there is more in this than their hostess will allow, and she herself begins to feel that her only hope is in getting rid of them before Macbeth betrays himself in so many words. Then she seems to sink down, too much exhausted with her efforts to remonstrate with her husband or ask questions. She lets his gloomy forebodings and desperate plans go by her hardly noticed, except for her weary little remark about his want of sleep, which shows us that the curse he heard after Duncan's murder has been no idle fancy.

The next two scenes indicate the quarters where trouble is brewing for Macbeth, the first in the witches' world, the second in England, where the exiles are gaining friends. This witch scene is denounced by some critics as spurious, and we could do well enough without Hecate, though one bit of her rhymed speech is interesting as intimating Macbeth's fate, to be ruined through the magic spells which

> 'By the strength of their illusion
> Shall draw him on to his confusion.'

The song 'Come Away,' as it stands in the stage direction, is from Middleton's *Witch*, and goes on—

> 'Come away, come away;
> Hecate, Hecate, come away.
> *Hecate.*—I come, I come, I come, I come,
> With all the speed I may, with all the speed I may.'

And then follows a rhymed dialogue between Hecate and sundry spirits. The next brief scene is distinguished from the rest of the play by the ironical humour of Lennox's speech, he has certainly made up his mind about Macbeth by this time; and his dry way of

expressing himself is a relief after the unvaried strain of the other scene. Now we are fairly taken into witchland, and watch the concocting of the spells which are to delude Macbeth; and if the ingredients of the cauldron seem to us more gruesome than impressive, and if this apparatus makes the witches less mysterious than they seemed on the blasted heath, we must remember that it might be otherwise when people firmly believed in witchcraft. Still, with all this show of devilish art, we miss the magic thrill of the charm-lines in *Hamlet*, and it is not made up for by the second song from the *Witch*—

> 'Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may,'

ending with another list of ingredients. The interest of all this lies in the effect it produces on Macbeth's mind. By the way, how did he know how to find the weird sisters again? He comes to coerce them into answering him, but perhaps the violent words of his adjuration indicate a sense of want of real power over them. The three first apparitions are sometimes supposed to correspond to Macbeth himself, whose armed head is to be cut off; to Macduff, child of an unnatural birth; and to Malcolm, the king's heir, who is to march to victory under a green bough; but this may be far-fetched. At any rate, their promises succeed in inspiring Macbeth with the fatal security which Hecate foretold, and he might depart tolerably at ease if he could refrain from demanding to know the fate of Banquo's descendants. This annihilates his comfort, for where is the good of being safe from harm if all this glory is to come to his victim's line? A sort of savage vindictiveness seizes Macbeth; hating the witches while believing their charms, hating Macduff because he has escaped, he turns fiercely on anything within his reach, though he has no reason to fear it. Hence the scene of the murder of Lady Macduff and her children, which should somehow be more moving than it is. Perhaps it is partly spoilt by our knowledge of the end.

This is not exactly the case with the long scene which follows at the English Court, yet neither is it quite satisfactory. The dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff is taken more or less directly from the Chronicle, where the exiled Prince puts his adherent's honesty to the same strange test, and of course it does not lose in power and interest by being translated into Shakspere's words; but it is not a good acting scene. Even the interesting bit about the touching for King's evil does not prevent it from dragging somewhat. A more vivid interest comes in with Ross and the terrible news he has to break to Macduff. Very naturally, Ross shrinks from telling it, evades it at first, then blurts it all out, and as natural is the silent stony grief which meets the deadly story, we seem to hear Macduff's short, panting gasps between each brief sentence which escapes in his

agony. Kind-hearted Malcolm tries to help him, feebly enough, as help-needs must be in such a crisis, his suggestion of vengeance only calling forth that wonderful line of endless meaning, 'He has no children.'

Whatever vengeance Macduff may compass, he can never make the 'hell-kite' feel as he feels now. The extreme simplicity of Macduff's language in this passage must strike us—he cannot make phrases when his heart is broken, and no words could express more intense feeling than his short and simple ones. Though Malcolm and Ross cannot touch his grief, he feels their real sympathy unlock his heart, and he partially revives from his stunned condition to think of one thing only, the chance of reaching Macbeth—*and then!* Words fail him altogether to express the concentrated determination of his whole nature, he can find nothing strong enough, and only adds the terribly significant 'If he 'scape,—Heaven forgive him too!'

However fierce is the storm of retribution thus rising against Macbeth from without, the first scene of the next act shows us that it may take a yet more awful form coming from within, open enemies being less terrible than the mental torture which we witness here. This, perhaps the best known scene of the play, has this disadvantage, that we are inclined to think more of the way it should be acted than of the climax which it marks in Lady Macbeth's story. We should not quite overlook either the keen, careful doctor noting down what passes with professional zeal and accuracy, even while deeply moved by the terror of the scene, nor the sensible lady-in-waiting who declines to gossip either with the doctor or any one else. After always seeing Lady Macbeth strong, composed and alert, with all her faculties under complete control, ready for any emergency, and scorning conscience and scruples as cowardice, she seems now more like a ghost wandering from its grave than a living woman. Up till now, we might suppose that she had gone through the events of the play with nerves of iron, but in his usual fashion Shakspere now lets us see the other side of his picture. He shows how the human feeling and womanly sensitiveness which have been so recklessly crushed down, violently reassert themselves when the physical strength fails, and the strong will can no longer control them. Though Lady Macbeth's eyes sleep, her mind and memory are awake and working, unconnectedly it is true, but how vividly! It is hard to say which part of her consciousness is slumbering, and yet she is not herself. The very things which she scorned most to heed at the time, the sight of the murdered king, the blood-stains on her hands, come back now to torture her with fearful force. Her wandering thoughts stray from one evil deed to another: now she is gazing down on Duncan, now arguing away Macbeth's scruples and sneering at his fears, then shadowy recollections of Banquo and unhappy Lady Macduff cross her mind, then the bitter comfort she has so often urged on her husband rises again to her lips, 'What is done cannot be

undone;' and through it all is the horrible sense of the blood on her hands which nothing can remove, though she struggles with the despairing energy which we have all felt in a bad dream. If Lady Macbeth in her waking hours had vehemently declared her remorse and misery, we might not have credited her, but this unconscious witness must needs be believed, and the weight of woe which lies on her shows that she did not quite succeed in turning herself from a woman into a fiend. So she passes from our sight, wrapped in a cloud of mysterious suffering, which no woman's strength could long endure, especially when strained as hers has been. Therefore it is little wonder that when we next hear of her, she is dying of a nameless malady, which is really the crushing burden on her mind wearing out her body. By this time the storm of invasion has burst on Macbeth, and the army of the returning exiles is continually swelled by the large force of men who are delighted to get a chance of rising against the usurper. The scenes which show their advance are not very striking, and the interest still centres on the desperate man shutting himself up in Dunsinane, and seeing the world go against him. Macbeth alternates between reckless confidence in the spirits' assurances, and terrible bursts of despairing misery, and through his wild passion come touches of that tender pathos which we have noticed before. After madly raving at the man who brings him the news of the English advance, he suddenly changes into that mournful, musical lament over the utter loneliness of his position, the hatred he has earned, the worthlessness even of the prolonged life of which he fancies himself secure. Somehow these outbursts go against our righteous wrath and make it difficult to hate Macbeth properly. When his restless fit comes on, he is not far off madness, wildly turning from one thing to another, expressing the craving of thousands when he asks the doctor to 'minister to a mind diseased,' and on receiving the inevitable reply, betaking himself to the only possible relief for him, immediate action. We gather that continual desertion on the part of his soldiers forces Macbeth to depend on the strength of his fortress at Dunsinane, where, he persuades himself, Malcolm's army will waste its force in vain attacks, and so fulfil the magical prophecy. The strong delusion must spoil his old soldierly skill for him to be so blind to the realities of his position, or else a sort of apathy is creeping over him when he is not violently excited. Even his wife's death is received by him with a strange absence of emotion, considering the real love which has been between them. It plunges him into a deep, sad musing on life and its brief unsatisfactory nature, so empty and meaningless as it seems to him now; but while almost every line of this mournful soliloquy has become a proverb, it has scarcely a touch of personal feeling about it, as if Macbeth were deadened to everything of the kind.

On another side, however, he is still alive, and as vehement as ever when he expects news of his enemies. Suddenly there bursts on him

the fatal intelligence showing the double meaning of the prophecy to which he is frantically clinging, and it overwhelms him with horror, for, though he is weary of life, he is not ready for defeat and death. So he leaves the shelter of the castle walls and dashes out on the enemy. Here comes in the inevitable drawback of a stage battle, that we must see it in bits; but it is of less consequence than usual in this case, for there seems to be little fighting except in Macbeth's immediate presence. There is only one man, beside himself, whose proceedings in the fight have much interest for us, and that is Macduff the avenger, fighting with no one but his great enemy, and looking for him in all quarters. Some touch of compunction seems to make Macbeth desire now not to have this man's blood on his head, and as he still firmly believes in his own charmed life, he flings the secret to Macduff half in scorn, half to get rid of him. And then comes the last crushing blow which shatters his last illusion, and makes him see, as by a lightning flash, how the evil powers have befooled him all along, and left him ruined, stripped, and hopeless. Roused by Macduff's stinging taunt from his bewildered despair, he gathers up all that is left to him, the inborn courage and manhood, to face even this enemy, and the old fighting instinct makes him die bravely when he can do no more.

Here we would be content to stop, without the details of the last part of the scene. We could do without seeing Malcolm's triumph, though we know he is triumphant; but after the terrible tragic interest of the play, we cannot so easily turn our minds to rejoicings and creations of earls and such-like things. Because, after all, Macbeth and his wife are the play, and when they are gone, we cannot care much about anybody else.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

SKETCHES OF OLD NORSE LITERATURE.

XI.

KING HAKON'S SAGA, AND LAST GLEANINGS.

THE life of King Hakon the Old, which Sturla wrote at the request of his son Magnus, was the last of the classical kings' lives, for the MS. of the life of King Magnus himself, which Sturla also wrote, has unfortunately been lost, all but a few fragments. Hakon's Saga is a good and detailed biography of a man with much force of character, who reigned from childhood for a period of above fifty years over the people of the North. His Court was frequented by envoys from foreign princes, his alliance was sought by several of them, especially by St. Louis of France, who urged him to employ what was considered the finest fleet in Europe for the benefit of the Crusades.

Hakon, towards the close of his life, attempted in vain to recover the old sovereignty of his predecessors over the Hebrides and Sodor Islands. We all know that the expedition was a failure, though, according to Sturla's account, rather from the storms which greatly damaged his fleet, than from the fighting, which he represents as generally in favour of the Norsemen. After the campaign, King Hakon remained to winter in Orkney instead of returning to Norway; he was in failing health, sickening with what proved to be his last illness, and there is something graceful and pathetic in Sturla's account of the last days of a great king.

King Hakon was recovering from this illness when he went to a service in the fair Cathedral of St. Magnus, which is still the finest building in the north of Scotland. This seems to have brought on a fatal relapse, though he lingered for some time. 'During this illness,' says Sturla, 'at first Latin books were read before him, but as he grew worse, and could give less attention, he ordered Norse books to be read day and night—first the Sagas of the Saints, and then the lives of the kings his ancestors from Halfdan the Black, and all the kings' lives one after another. Whenever he was awake, night or day, they were read till he came to Sverri's Saga. On Thursday, St. Lucia's Day, the king lost his speech. Near midnight they read the end of Sverri's Saga, and at midnight God called the king out of

this world's life. His death was thought the greatest loss in all the northern lands.'

Sturla's elder brother, called Olaf the White Skald, was a delicate, retiring man, but one whose numerous poems have some value beyond the fact that he may be counted as the last of the long line of Court poets.

But there were still excellent biographies written, chiefly by unknown authors. Aron's Saga, for instance, tells the stirring life of a brilliant champion, who joined the fire of a Viking to the faith and unselfishness of a Christian. Then there is a series of interesting lives of Bishops; one of these is the life of Bishop Laurence, by Einar, a Benedictine monk, who was his chaplain, a truthful and amusing biography of an excellent mediæval Bishop who lived in difficult times.* This Einar, who died in 1393, may be considered the last prose author of old Icelandic literature, for he was the last writer of the annals of Iceland, which for some unknown cause, after being kept for about three hundred years, were now discontinued. Poetry was still composed, though changed in character; the studied forms of the Court poets were replaced by the popular ballads or *rimur*, in which old Sagas and mediæval romances were told in lilting measure, the Sagas becoming less popular till the Icelandic literature was assimilated with the European writings of the day.

One poem, however, stands out in construction and rhythm probably the finest in the language, namely, 'Lilia,' or the lily; it has always been held in the highest esteem. 'All poets,' goes the saying, 'would fain have written the Lily.' It is a long Ode, sometimes devotional, sometimes rhetorical, on the subject of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother in Heaven. All the arts and devices of Icelandic poetry are used with the utmost power and grace, so that with even a slight acquaintance with the language, it is a pleasure to hear the musical verses read aloud. It was written about the year 1320, by a monk whose character was not of the highest; indeed, it was partly composed in the prison to which the author was condemned for breaches of rule. One may hope that the artist nature found the restraints of the 'rule' especially trying, and that in consecrating his gift of poetry he did as well as some of the steadier brethren who had not his temptations. 'The Lily' has been published in Icelandic, with an English paraphrase, by Mr. Erick Magnusson, of Cambridge, and it is still interesting, both from the reverence with which the subject is treated, and the exquisite workmanship of the composition.

One of the earlier ballads, or *rimur*, also stands out from its peculiarly fine workmanship—the ballad of Skithi the Beggarman, written in the 14th century. It is a brilliant satire on the old gods and old literature. Skithi, the Icelandic beggar, wandering here and there with his wallet, has fallen asleep in the open air one

* A translation of Laurence Saga was published last year in England.

summer night. By comes Vinga Thor, who summons him to settle a dispute in Valhall; he bears Skithi along over land and sea till they enter the heavenly abode of the gods and heroes. All is told in a magniloquent, mock-heroic style—the welcome of Odin, his questions about the people of Iceland, his hopes that he has still some followers left there, and Skithi's satirical remarks about various persons of the time. But Skithi does not succeed in solving the dispute in Valhall. Gradually the tumult works up into a fighting row, in which all the best-known gods and heroes become involved, each in his own characteristic fashion. Bursts of laughter and wild witicisms are exchanged; wounds and assaults are described in Eddaic style, but whatever happens, the old formula of 'and that was his death,' is reversed to 'and that was not his death,' for the immortals had the joy of cutting each other to pieces quite innoxiously. At last, amid a storm of humorous battle, Skithi is kicked out of Valhall, to waken where he fell asleep, though much the worse for the fray, with his keg full of the butter which, after the Icelandic custom, he had begged from the housewife Freya, but which was so strong that the dogs died who ate it.

The rhyme and rhythm of this long ballad are so fine that Vigfusson says he learnt it by heart by once writing it out. The Icelandic *rîmur* are generally much more strict in form and measure than our ballads, and some of them are charming. They used to be chaunted by people dancing hand in hand in a round; sometimes one sang the ballad, and the whole company joined in the burden or chorus.

There were also at this date—the 14th century—a number of false Sagas fabricated, generally of little value, though some are pretty romances. Old traditions were also now worked up into Saga form, making a class of Sagas partly true and partly spurious. Iceland is also rich in mediæval romances. The stories which delighted Europe at this period were freshly told by Icelanders. 'Barlaam and Josaphat,' a Damascus story, attributed to King Hakon the Old, is said to be especially good. There are also the romances of Charlemagne, of Perceval, and of Lancelot, which are said to be good of their kind; but this literature had not its root in Iceland.

By this time, about the date when Dante formed the Italian language, but before Chaucer began the living literature of England, or Barbour that of Scotland, this original and brilliant old Norse literature had come to a close. There were no more lives of kings, or true stories of household life, or brilliant historical records produced in Iceland, and yet while Chaucer and Barbour almost require for the ordinary reader to be translated into modern English, the Icelanders possess all those treasures of literature in their own language of every day. For about two hundred years neither Icelanders nor Norsemen cared a whit for them; what taste for learning there was inclined to the monastic chronicle or sermon, or the mediæval romance. It was only when the revival of learning set in after the

Reformation that in the 17th century some scholars recognised the value of the Sagas, and rescued some out of the many manuscripts which once existed.

It is sad to think of the fate of those beautiful manuscripts which have been hopelessly lost; how some were smoothed out and obliterated that men might scribble on them their worthless accounts; how skins were allowed to moulder and papers to burn; how people made hats and shoes and binding for common books out of priceless old vellums; how a vast collection, including some of which no copy was made, were burnt in a great fire in the Copenhagen Library two centuries ago. There are no old MSS. left now in Iceland—all that survive are in the great libraries of Scandinavia. One would think these manuscripts ought to have been less badly treated, even for the sake of the beautiful handwriting for which the Icelanders are celebrated, even for the joy the writers evidently found in their task.

'Many love the summer, for the fair bird's song;
But I like the winter best, for the nights are long,'

runs the marginal inscription by an enthusiastic writer; and, again, here is the verse used on trying a new pen on parchment or paper—

'The ink is leaking on the leaf, badly bites the pen;
Nay, the hand is much too small. Well, I'll blame that then.'

One must ask what was the reason of so strange a declension in Iceland from even the wish to preserve the histories of their own land, which up to this date had been chronicled so brilliantly. Iceland and Norway certainly became poorer as their products of fish and wool lost market value. The Hanse towns took away much of the trade of Norway. The Danes, when they became masters of both lands, imposed a tariff on Iceland almost unparalleled in rapacity and injustice.

No Icelander, for instance, could sell fish to any but a Dane under penalty of whipping and imprisonment, and the Danes paid them only about half the market price. These things seem like results rather than reasons—some quality had gone out of the people. The nobles in other countries were often oppressive and dangerous, but they had their uses, they were the alert guardians of their own countries; but the nobles were killed off or degraded in the North, and it looks as if the countries suffered in consequence from a strange loss of spirit, initiative, and power of resistance. Emigration may have contributed to this decline, for it was not, as in our days, chiefly the superfluous, the least thriving, the lower orders, that formed the bulk of the emigrants, it was the *élite*, the very best of the Northmen who sailed away to settle in England, France, or Italy, taking thus many of the strongest of the people out of the country.

Scandinavia had a great chance, when at the beginning of the 15th century Queen Margaret united the three northern kingdoms

under her rule; but this chance was thrown away by her miserable successor, Erick of Pomerania. Even with his good fortune in possessing a noble queen, who seems to have had much of the courage and talent of her brother—our Henry V.—he himself did nothing but mischief, and inaugurated a long succession of misfortunes and disasters. While standing by her tomb in the Monastery Church of Wadstena, where the English arms are blazoned by the Swedish, one is forced to wonder at the course of affairs in this world; how strange it seems that when all appears most hopeful that the tide does sometimes turn for the worse, and that some weak and evil ruler is allowed to blight the fortunes of generations.

Iceland indeed, even when poorest and weakest and most forgotten, was never without good writers, though they hardly come under the category of our Sketches, which, beginning with the 9th, close with the 14th century. Iceland—the first in the field of literature of modern Europe—can still boast of good authors and poets, and there is a widespread taste, not for mere novels and newspapers only, but for good sound books among the poorest of the land. As historians, poets, or story-tellers, they are still a gifted race; intelligence and cultivation are found among the most simple and hard-working of the people. In deference to a common custom, and perhaps a sentiment not devoid of jealousy in Norway, I have called these papers Sketches of Old Norse Literature—the Norwegians being careful to claim Icelandic as their own original language, as indeed it was; but it must be owned that since the date of the Settlement of Iceland, only one book not written by an Icelander as well as written in Icelandic, has been mentioned in these Sketches, that is the 'King's Mirror.' The subject of the contents may have been Norse or Danish, but the authors have all been Icelanders. A very remarkable circumstance, considering that although the Island is considerably larger than Ireland, its population has never risen above 70,000—and is often a good deal under that number.

The grand poems preserved in the Elder Edda indeed, date back to a time earlier than the Settlement of Iceland, and as has already been said, their wild melancholy beauty suggest a touch of the Celtic fire and sentiment which we do not find in the more purely Teutonic poetry. Those poems were spoken of in our earlier papers as the first division of our subject. Then came the Court poets, whose historical value is so great, their mnemonic verses having served as guides to the chroniclers who came after them. These chronicles and the writing age began with Ari, thus preceding the written Saga, which last is a form of literature peculiar to Iceland. The chronicles, however, as represented in annals and biographies, were still being composed when all the fine Sagas had already been committed to writing. Thus the four divisions of our subject have now been considered.

It remains to say that after two hundred years of neglect there

followed a revival of interest in this old literature, at first chiefly confined to learned scholars who saved the manuscripts, but gradually spreading and growing with the renewed prosperity of Scandinavia, till now one can hardly understand the Art, or the modern literature, or indeed the character of the Northern nations without some knowledge of it. Poets and dramatists seek in it their inspiration. Musicians, such as Wagner, Gade, Grieg, and Bruch, draw from it the subjects of their operas or cantatas. Even in England, the interest which has been kindled in it during the last ten or twelve years is so remarkable that already Icelandic has got a certain academic position and value; and, probably, the time is not far off when it will be studied for examinations by those seekers of passes and honours, rather than of pleasure and profit, who now crowd the various portals of the temple of learning.

But if I have induced any to look for themselves into the really fascinating and instructive books I have noticed, if I have made any one realise that our little neighbour island, in the Northern seas, has done us good service in inspiring and fostering high thoughts and brave words among our own ancestors, and consequently ourselves, and so have induced some among my readers to take a kindly interest in the Icelanders, I shall be well content. It may here be repeated that any one might learn a good deal of Icelandic, without further aid than a few hints as to pronunciation, from the 'Icelandic Reader' (Clarendon Press)—a very interesting little book, containing a short grammar and vocabulary, and selected specimens of the most interesting of the Sagas—together with the Gospel of St. Matthew in a fine old translation into Icelandic. With this practical suggestion, which at any rate is of value, we close these short, and we fear, very inadequate sketches of a great subject.

E. J. O.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

VII.

THE MOUNTAIN WIZARD.

We pursued our way, descending the valley of the north branch of the Potomac, crossing ridges and streams transversely, until we reached a richer soil, coming finally on settlements surrounded by stubble fields, on which had waved during the summer months fine crops of wheat, oats, and rye, with the white-flowering buckwheat, whose perfume scattered fragrance far and wide. There were also fields of hemp—that plant that springs up like the Bible mustard-seed, so that 'the birds of the air come and lodge among its branches.' There also had been fields blue with the blossoming flax, for many a loom and many a wheel spun mountain linen.

At length we reached the base of the Big Back Bone Mountain, the main ridge of the Alleghanies in that part of West Virginia.

Our route lay along the border of that rich tract of country called the Glades. These glades are natural meadows, charming the eye by the beauty and evenness of their green surface, as well as by the luxuriance of their summer vegetation. They are parted from each other by gently sloping ridges, or by rougher mountain spurs, producing the effect of capes, cliffs, and promontories, surrounding bays of verdure on the edges of a grassy sea.

It was sunset when we reached a log cabin, nestled under a high rock, about 200 feet below the bald brow of the mountain, and with rapturous delight I gazed over the expanse of landscape at my feet, the glades lying outspread like a sea of verdure.

'Glorious! unparalleled!' I cried. 'And is it over elevations such as these that it is proposed to build a railroad?'

But Joe hurried me forward, for the Wizard became visible on the porch of his cabin. He was an old man, with a hard German face, being in fact descended from one of the hated Hessians. He appeared not at all surprised to see us, but led us cordially into his habitation. It consisted only of one room, with a mud floor, and a loft above it.

He professed to have foretold our coming, and he had a mixture of 'chicken-fixings' and 'corn-doings' ready for our supper. We were

waited on by a small negro child, who seemed the old man's only companion in his solitude.

Zink had been married, however, and professed (like his father and grandfather before him) to have had seven sons. But the young men were scattered—some by death, and some by the spirit of enterprise. Some had moved West, their father said, 'to scratch a living;' some were getting out iron-ore, at the base of the mountain.

'You must be snowed up here in winter time,' I said.

'Dat am I, for dree monsh sometimes. Den I studish in mein pig pook, an' I learnsh mush visdom. I keepsh all dings near mein hand, so I not starve, an der housh stan so as das schnee can't nevare lodge upon mein roove, nor keep mein daylight off from me.'

Supper over the old man entered on his cure. After listening attentively to my description of my symptoms, he desired me to seat myself before a fire built of logs, each log not shorter than five feet. The hut was a mere appendage to the chimney. As I sat before the blaze toasting my stockinged feet, the old man continued to question me.

'Something,' I told him, 'seems choked up in my throat. For a day or two I lost my voice. They say my palate has fallen down.'

To each of these symptoms the Wizard gave a nod, busying himself meantime by roasting stones in the ashes, as if he were preparing to heat water to scald a hog.

By-and-by he began to operate. He hummed an odd low tune—like nothing I had ever heard before—and dipped some cloths in water. As he advanced in this operation his singing grew more and more emphatic. I ventured to ask if the song could be a charm? I was silenced by a look under the grizzled eyebrows, and the incantation went on.

Then the Wizard made me take off my cravat, coat, waistcoat, and shirt collar; after which he put the hot stones into a wet cloth, and bound it round my throat till the steam rose into my ears and nostrils. I felt wet all over.

This went on nigh half an hour, the song all the time continuing. It acted as a lullaby; I was getting sleepy, and was well-nigh parboiled.

At this stage in the proceedings the old man on a sudden changed his tune. He shouted out a wild kind of *ranz des vaches*, with great liveliness. Then, withdrawing himself behind my chair, he smoothed up the hair of my head with his two hands, keeping time to his song, which he now sang more slowly. Next, pausing, he pronounced solemnly some words, which I believed to be a Latin invocation to the Trinity. After that he told me to put down my arms and grab fast to the seat of my chair, 'like grim Death to one bad ole nigger.' I did so. Then suddenly the Wizard seized the top lock of my hair and pulled it with a steady powerful tug, singing out lustily. I roared louder than his song: 'Let me go! let me go!'

But both of us held fast—I to the chair and he to the scalp lock; Joe shouting—for the old man paused not a moment in his work or in his melody—that he was pulling the palate into its place.

By the time he left off, out of breath and quite exhausted, I must have been as red in the face as a tomato.

'Now,' said the Wizard, 'you goes right into dish bed mit all your clothes on,' and he pointed to a shakedown in a corner of the cabin.

I sank down on it. The old man spread a feather-bed on top of me, rolled me up in it, and tied cords round it until I was a helpless mummy.

Then he proceeded to sing a lullaby. After a few monotonous verses I was in the land of dreams.

He and Joe spent their night before the hearth. Not a cough disturbed the soundness of my rest. I slept the sleep of a small boy.

Next morning I brought to my breakfast the appetite of a hunter.

It was still early when we left the hut. I felt that I was cured. A silver dollar was a munificent fee, including medical treatment, supper, bed, and breakfast for us both; but what delighted the old Wizard most of all, was an English penny postage stamp, which I pasted on the back of my card, and presented to him as an authentic portrait of Queen Victoria. The old man had boasted loudly the night before that his grandfather had been running footman to one of the young Queen's ancestors in Germany; and he had pumped out of me, as Her Majesty's representative, every anecdote that I had ever heard of her in my English home. To Zink's great satisfaction I could tell him that I had seen her, having stood in the crowd to watch her as she went down to Westminster to open Parliament the year after her accession.

In return he begged me to wear round my neck a bit of parchment, written over with a powerful charm.

We parted from the old man, standing alone on his grey decaying porch, with a view at his feet that kings (if they could have transplanted it) would have bought of him with millions. In high spirits, and glowing with astonishment and admiration, I went down the side of the mountain; while to my companion the view was all of 'ugly rocks' and sliding stones.

When partly down we halted at a lovely spot on the edge of the Glades, and Joe proposed that I should stay there for a while, whilst he went over to a small mining settlement a mile away to purchase ammunition. His real object was apple-jack, he having sold out at the camp the contents of a great misshapen leathern bottle.

So an hour after sunrise I sat all alone upon the edge of the Glades. The first frost had touched the vegetation lightly, and had given way to Indian summer, with its softening haze. The mists of that loveliest week of the whole year dimmed the outlines of the landscape, and

lay low over the sea of verdure. The coarse grass of the Glades was very tall, but very even in its growth. Over its feathery tips the breezes swept, rippling its surface into long and graceful waves. Afar, too, the mist hung upon the mountains, giving them that blue tint from which the Blue Ridge is named. The Glades, as I have said, were like a grassy sea, running into tiny bays, separated from each other by wooded cliffs and promontories.

On one of these promontories bounding such a bay, I sat with my gun upon my knees, watching the still calm beauty of the solitary landscape. A heavy dew, still undisturbed, lay on the tall and feathered grass, turning its green to blueness.

Suddenly a noble stag, not twenty yards from where I sat, started out of the brushwood. He lifted his broad nostrils to the wind. He shook his head and bounded forward. At every bound the wake behind him lay distinctly marked in the tall grass, as he brushed away the dew and left a clear green track through the blue greenness. Never once did it occur to me to fire till, just as the stag rose out of the verdure, like a swimmer who has crossed a little bay, when with a sudden start I roused myself, lifted my rifle, fired—and missed him.

For years I have congratulated myself that I did not mar by blood and death the glorious beauty of that sylvan scene. Yet at the moment when the noble beast plunged, frightened but unscathed, into the cover, I called myself a fool for having missed my aim. But never while life lasts shall I forget how I felt as I sat upon the shore of that green sea, the stag the only bit of moving life in that sweet solitude.

A LETTER FROM A JEW FROM YEMEN.

Mr. Jamal's Preface.

Jerusalem, *July* 9, 1890.

On one of my late missionary visits to the Yemenite colony of Siloam, I have come across the following correspondence, which took place between a Yemenite of Siloam and one of their Rabbis at Yemen. As the correspondence is so simple, and shows there is a sense of inquiry among some Yemenites here, I thought it would be interesting to translate them literally, and enclose the Hebrew copies of the same. The following was forwarded from Jerusalem by one of the Yemenites of the colony of Siloam:—

No. 1.

'Peace be unto you from the Most High God, and to our brethren the Rabbis who are residing in the village of "Shirag," of the Yemen district; may the Lord preserve you!

'It is not unknown to you that we have come up to the Holy City Jerusalem—may it be restored! We beg to inform you that there is a community of Nazarenes (Christians) in Jerusalem belonging to the English. The world is full of them; they are numberless, they are just people and benevolent. Their religion is like the Israelites in every goodness. They keep the ten commandments which were received by the Prophet Moses on Mount Sinai. Their sabbath is the first day of the week, on which they hold their devotional services like the Israelites. They possess a new covenant in the place of circumcision.

"We are staying in the slope of the Mount of Olives in poverty and helplessness. They are always merciful to us, and we are surprised how could the Rabbis hate them. I now send you a copy of the New Testament. It is a drop in the ocean of books like it. We pray you to consider attentively its contents. When you have read them, do write and tell us what you think about it. We expect your answer soon.'

No. 2.

The following is a translation of a Hebrew letter from Yemen, in answer to the foregoing:—

'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee!

'Rabbi Yihya, son of Rabbi Yihya Sabary, of the village of Shirag, sends his many compliments to you, with supplications that the peace of God may rest upon the sanctuary of the great City and its residents, and upon all the Holy Land, and upon those who left their homes and country, and all their possessions, and went up to the Holy Land in order to share in the happiness of Jerusalem with them that dwell therein. May the Lord extend His mercy to you, and give you long life and provide for you, and preserve you from all sickness and calamity, Amen! so let it be, O God!

'Your letter I have duly received, and all its contents I have closely read. With regard to the Christians, you mention that they are religious and benevolent people. We can say nothing, because we have never as yet seen a Christian, and they are not to be found in the whole of Yemen. And with regard to the book you have sent us, we have never seen the like here. You say that it is a book of an ocean of their religious books; we, therefore, before giving our opinion, request you to send us some other books of theirs, that after examining them we might know what their religion is like, because that religion is quite a new thing to us, of which we never heard since the destruction of the first Temple, when our emigration from the land of Israel took place.

'To my dear friend and brother, Daoud Sabary.'

No. 3.

The following is an answer to the letter from Yemen sent from Siloam:—

'Many compliments and thousand salutations to my brethren of the children of Israel, who are residing in the village of Shirag, of the country of Yemen, and especially to all the chiefs and Rabbis. May the faithful God, whose dwelling-place is in the heavens, send down upon you His blessing, and give you of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth!

'I beg to inform you that I have duly received your letter. In compliance with your request, I now send you some other books; read them over and over that you may be able to give your opinion candidly. If you like them, I shall send you many others, or I myself will bring them over to you. I entreat you, by the honour of the Messiah, of whom it is written "until Shiloh come," to write fully upon the subject. The books and tracts I now send you contain wise proofs and facts. Do not think in yourself they were easily obtained. They are worth two pounds, and he who kindly gave them paid one dollar and a half to the bearer, who is now leaving for Yemen; and because the bearer is a Yemenite, the Rabbi who gave me the books consented to send them, otherwise he would not give them, and it took me three days' labour until he complied with my request. May the merits of the Messiah of whom they speak, open your hearts.

May He be willing to bring you soon to Jerusalem, that we may meet you in health and safety. Please bless the bearer who shall deliver to you the books. Let me have your answer immediately.

'I now inform you of what happened to us when we quitted our Yemen country—may it be wiped out and desolated! * We left Jedaideh for Suez, and after we travelled all over Egypt we came to Alexandria, and then we came by steamer to Acca, and then we went up to Jerusalem, taking Tiberias on our way, and so we came up to Jerusalem penniless and homeless. Thus we were obliged to resort to caves in the slope of the Mount of Olives, near Siloam, where we stayed three weeks in a most deplorable state. Jews and Jewish Rabbis, being aware of our condition, showed us no pity, but when the Christians heard of our distress they sent us one of their Rabbis, through whom they provided us lamps and mats and food, and had they not pitied us, we should—God forbid—have been perished.

'And he who nourishes one soul from the children of Israel, is as if he nourished a whole world.' †

These Christians are always fond of giving alms, are pious, and lovers of peace. They are never angry with anybody; their prayer-book is of a Jewish style.

'Now let me inform you about Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah. He was born of the Virgin Mary, the Prophetess of Bethlehem of Judah, and brought up in Nazareth, and then came up to Jerusalem, and appeared in the second Temple, according to the account given of Him in the book which I forwarded to you. That is, "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former;" and had 400 disciples, made wonderful miracles, raised the dead, cleansed the lepers; afterwards the Jewish Rabbis were angry with Him and killed Him, and He was buried, and after three days in the grave rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven, as it is written, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool."

'From the second Temple until now the Christians are continually increasing, so that, as we heard, they number one thousand millions, and the million is a thousand times one thousand. The name of the Rabbi who sent the books to you is Rabbi Joseph Jamal—may God prolong his days in grace and happiness.

(Signed) 'DAOUD, SON OF JOSEF SABARY.'

* Mr. Jamal says all places are so spoken of in *contrast* to the blessings on Jerusalem.

† This is an old proverb, Mr. Jamal says.

THOUGHTS ON ECCLESIASTES.

THE question, 'Is life worth living,' is not the murmur of discontent or the mocking doubt of scepticism. It lies deep in every thoughtful heart that has not yet found a satisfying answer; but it is often choked by the cares and riches and pleasures of the world, and covered over with a flowery surface, and it is well to have it brought to light and fairly examined, so as to force the conclusion that this present life would indeed not be worth living if self were its centre and this earth its circumference; that so, by its proved vacuity, the soul may be led to look above and beyond. This appears to be the purpose and plan of the Book of Ecclesiastes, wherein the poet walks with the questioning spirit through every phase of human experience to show that, without God, all is indeed vanity.

(Chap. i.) A picture of the restless monotony of the world's history. Generation after generation coming and going like the waves of the sea; some sparkling and dancing as they woo the golden sand; some dashing in gigantic majesty against the rocks; yet all returning as they came, at the bidding of an unseen power; the busy circuit of each man's history returning on itself like the whirling winds, just coming into existence with nothing, and going out of it with nothing; his life like a river, here rippling in the sunshine, there foaming in the cataract, and falling into the unknown ocean.

Yes, all is full of labour and of dissatisfaction; there is no apparent end or object. The eye may be filled with beauty, the ear with harmony, yet only to crave for more—for something enduring. Each man's history, internal and external, is only a repetition of those that have gone before him, and, as they are forgotten now, so shall he be forgotten when he passes away.

Disgusted with this too truthful picture, the poet turns to other pursuits; and here, while he identifies himself with the enquirer, and speaks of his own experience as one who had all the world can give at his command, it does not seem necessary to suppose that Solomon as an individual spoke and thought and acted as is here described; he speaks rather as a spectator, using his own kingly state as one point of observation. He examined the works of nature and the work of man, and behold! emptiness in all; and, seeing no remedy ('for that which is wanting cannot be numbered;' man cannot correct the deficiencies of a blank), he now gives himself to present indulgence—let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die—

laughter, mirth, wine, every sensual gratification; then, as craving something less empty, he surrounds himself with the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He builds houses, plants vineyards, adorns this beautiful earth to try to make it a home, gathers every Eastern luxury, and gratifies every taste and fancy, and for a time rejoices in his occupations. But again, *Cui bono?* he looks on the work of his hands, and, behold, all is emptiness. No end attained, no object, no purpose, no profit under the sun.

(ii. 12.) Then he turns to the more satisfying pursuit of knowledge, of which the poet well knew the enjoyment, and he sees that wisdom excelleth folly as far as light excelleth darkness. But yet, alas! the same event happeneth to all—cessation at death. Death, not even leaving a posthumous fame, that idol of the enlightened heathen, but ending all; for in the long days to come the wise man, like the fool, shall be forgotten. Therefore he hated life; he hated labour, whether in acquiring knowledge or in improving or adorning social existence, for in both the worker passes away, and he knows not who shall inherit his labour, or whether it shall be altogether despised and cast aside; therefore it is vanity, and a great evil. His life is full of toil, exertion, anxiety; and for what? for whom? After all, is the life of labour better than one of mere pleasure or self-gratification, both ending in nothingness? Sensual pleasure is at best a momentary oblivion of pain, while knowledge only gives an increased power to suffer; and sometimes we see the good things of this world taken from the laborious to give to the idle. All is a puzzle, all confusion, all is full of mystery, and all is emptiness and vexation of spirit.

Let us then turn to the quietude that comes with fatalism. Things are so; we cannot alter them, and so we must accept this objectless existence as our portion, and make the best of what is. There is an order in Nature's arrangements, things come and go and move under some rule or law, for there is a time for everything, each thing in its due season having a beauty of its own; yet man, beholding all, is unable to find out the work of God in it. All visible to the eye of sense is that there is no true good in anything, because nothing endures, all seems but 'a fleeting show for man's illusion given,' and, if it be so, reckless self-indulgence is man's best wisdom, as being all that he can really grasp and call his own.

Yet Conscience awakes, and tells him that there must be something beyond; that what God does has substance and endurance; that to His arrangements nothing can be added and from them nothing diminished; that there is a judgment discerning between right and wrong; and that there is a Judge Who will separate them, and Who will judge the world in righteousness. Were it not so, were there no conscience within, no Supreme Judge and Ruler, men would be as the beasts that perish, for, looking only at the things that are seen, that which befalleth man befalleth the beast—they both die, and

pass out of sight; as one dieth so dieth the other; if we look not beyond death man has no pre-eminence, unless it be in his capability of suffering. All, indeed, is emptiness; all are of the dust and all turn to dust again; all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Nothing in that case is better than for man to enjoy the present; but there may be higher enjoyments than slavery to amusement affords; let him rejoice in his own doings; let him live a life of philanthropy and be honoured by his fellows as a benefactor. And how does this end? Oppressions; the tears of the oppressed; power on the side of the oppressor; the absence of pity or of sympathy; if this be the highest life it is better to be dead; better still never to have lived.

The man whose energy awakes the envy of his fellows, the fool who sits down in contented ignorance and indolence, eating out his own heart, alike are dissatisfied. Better is a handful with quietness than both hands full with labour that brings only vexation and disappointment.

But is there not something more satisfying if looking beyond self, man seeks for social happiness? The lonely one who, having neither child nor brother, yet labours on accumulating riches and not knowing who shall gather them, finds it indeed vanity; but if two walk together, so that if they fall one will help the other, in this fellowship, in this friendship man may find satisfaction? Yet, alas, no. I considered all the living which walk under the sun; unnumbered people have gone before and will come after us who have loved and lost; this kindly harmony is sweet while it continues, but it, too, has its end in death; and so this better view of life also concludes in emptiness and vexation of spirit.

The poet then turns to those who recognise and profess the worship of God, and exhorts to reverence, sobriety, and sincerity in words and deeds; reminding those in prosperity that it can never fill or satisfy; that labour has in itself a degree of satisfaction, because it gives exercise to the faculties, but attainment, never. Man finds a temporary satisfaction in working to an end, but because that end is in itself inadequate to his need, it leaves only a vacant craving for something more; something above and beyond.

(v. 18, 19, 20; vi.) Let him enjoy while he can and as he can; if it be a simple enjoyment in what God gives, this is in itself a good gift from God. But there is an evil and it is common with men; a man to whom God has given riches, wealth, and honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof; there comes the saddest of all human conditions; when 'our very wishes give us not our wish,' when the spirit becomes so dull and the feeling so dead that pleasure ceases to give pleasure, intellect to quicken intellect, affection to awake a corresponding emotion; to possess and to have lost the sense of possessing —this indeed is vanity and an evil disease.

RATCLIFF, EAST LONDON.

THE appeal for Ratcliff, East London, inserted by the kindness of the Editor, in the 'Monthly Packet' of September, 1888, met with such spontaneous response, that I have been asked to lay before readers a more recent account of the district, and the need of money to carry out other improvements which would be of further benefit to the population, and most especially to the children.

We are sure that many of our kind friends and supporters will be glad to learn that the 'Workers' Home,' and the 'Factory Girls' Club,' Nos. 5 and 6 London Street, continue to thrive. There are several ladies living at the Home, and these work in various ways among the people, assisted by others, who come from a distance The Club is open every evening and on Sunday afternoon. Slowly, steadily—not without many failures—we believe that good work has been done. Some girls have been drafted out of wretched homes and started in service under more favourable conditions; others have found a haven of refuge in their club-room; and, in proportion as they become interested in the instruction and recreation provided there, they are drawn from the rough games and excitement of the streets, the drink and coarse entertainments in which many of their companions indulge. Off-shoot classes have also been carried on for younger girls, between the ages of twelve and sixteen; the last of these has recently been started in a small room belonging to the almshouses, kindly lent by the Coopers' Company. This room is situated at the far end of the parish, and the class held is intended to gather in girls who generally remain hanging about their own courts, and who do not come round to seek admittance at the London Street Club. A new set of girls has been reached, and it is obvious that a larger field of work is opening, and that many more girls ought to be brought under the influence of the workers.

The railway company are effecting some alterations in their line, and, owing to this, the tenure of the Mission Chapel under the railway-arch will, unfortunately, have to cease. This chapel was opened six years ago, under license of the Bishop of London, with a view of drawing very poor people, who never came to church, to the services held there. There are two rooms under 'the arch,' and, in those days, they were also used for mothers' meetings, childrens' classes, temperance lectures, and in many other ways. During the

East London Mission of November, 1884, the procession, consisting of the clergy, choir and workers, assembled every evening in this chapel before starting round the district to gather a congregation for the service at the church, and much of the best work since developed in the parish was originated within those bare walls, whilst they groaned under the noise of the trains rolling overhead. Nearly all the people who used to worship in this rough little mission chapel have now become regular attendants at church, and it is easier, once the example has been set among the people themselves, to draw newcomers straight to church. The chapel of late has been chiefly used for the children's services, and also for a section of the Sunday-school; when it is closed, more than one hundred and twenty children will be turned adrift, and these cannot be accommodated in the regular Sunday-school attached to St. James's Church, as that already numbers about two hundred and fifty, and could not take in the newcomers. The Vicar is exceedingly anxious to enlarge the building before this contingency arrives, and to have space enough in St. James's School to be able to receive the children from the arch as soon as the railway company gives notice to quit. Various classes, and the sale of clothing, held week by week in the arch, will also be brought to a standstill, unless new quarters are forthcoming. St. James's School, since the Board-schools were erected, has been turned into a Parish-Room as well as a Sunday-school; it comes more and more into request as parochial work develops. Unfortunately, it only consists of one large room and a very small class-room. If the work already commenced is to be continued, it becomes necessary to enlarge the building by adding on another room. The dinners for Board-school children are both cooked and held here during the winter, and, at the time of the strike, children's breakfasts were also provided. A mothers' meeting, at which sixty and seventy women are generally present, is held every week. The musical drill for factory girls has to take place here, as their own club-rooms in London Street are too small for such exercises. The Guild for Religious Instruction of Children, the Bible Class for Adults, the Temperance Meetings, the Choral Class of the Temperance Society, the Band of Hope, the Savings' Bank, the Library for Children, the Building Society, the Good Templars' Lodge, likewise compete for an evening in the week. The Church of England Working Men's Society occupy the small rooms of the old London Street Mission-room, whilst the Lad's Institute and the Men's Club are in possession of splendid premises and a gymnasium of their own; but all occasional gatherings—such as parish teas, concerts, lectures, and entertainments have to be held in the old school of St. James's; and this, when once 'The Arch' is gone, will be in still greater request, and needed at all hours—both on week days and on Sundays. Ten years ago there were forty children and three teachers at St. James's. There are now in three separate schools, four hundred and fifty

children and forty teachers. Many of these teachers are lads from the Institute, and young women belonging to one or other of the classes. The parish is thus beginning to possess a strong band of local workers. These give the spare time they have at their disposal; and are doing much to help the more ignorant neighbours among whom their lot is cast. Of many of these, it might be thankfully recorded, that they have not been overcome by the evil which surrounds them; but that they are overcoming evil with good. As soon as the new room is built, it is proposed to make alterations in the school-ground and church-yard attached to St. James's, and to throw one into the other, including a slip of the small vicarage garden which has been generously given up, to the public good, thus a play-ground will be provided for children, and a kind of garden, in which grown-up persons could sit during the summer. This, it is needless to say, would be an inestimable boon to numbers; the sensational accounts of unhealthy houses, and fever-stricken courts, are familiar to every one; these are often exaggerated, and in consequence discarded. But it is difficult for those who have not lived in a dense labyrinth of narrow streets, deprived of open ground of any sort, to realise the difference that the lack of a quiet play-ground makes in the lives of children; or to understand how the perpetual excitement and restlessness of the streets tells upon the character whilst it is forming. The children play out of doors until ten, and even twelve, at night, surrounded by all that is bad, and, to say the least, unlovely; the good influence of the schools is baffled by the haphazard way in which they exist out of school. This deprives them of ballast when they grow up, and leads to a singular absence of the power of 'settling down' to anything in their after lives. The 'play-room' for children, supported by the kindness of Mr. Besant, was started to counteract this evil; it is open to little ones, every day after school hours, and it closes every evening, with a short and simple form of service; during the winter it is generally crowded, but in the summer, the children naturally prefer remaining without, in the streets. The girls, of twelve and fourteen, when they leave school, are even worse off than the children; they are frequently too small to go to work, they remain hanging about the courts, under pretext of minding the baby, thus, the two or three most impressionable years of their lives, are spent without aim or object, imbibing much that is evil, and forgetting most of that which they have learnt. These children read penny novelettes, and sensational papers, they haunt the doors of public-houses, and sharpen their intellects by picking up the latest street news; they are ready to describe the plays—'the blood and murder' of disreputable places of amusement. The Board-school mistresses, who are more aware than most, of the extent and effects of the evil, have devotedly given up their time, and held a needlework class one evening a week, during two winters, with the hopes of maintaining their influence

over the girls as they leave school. They feel that, under existing circumstances, they have only been able to keep a hold of a small number. We trust that the day is drawing near when evening-classes for dress-making, cooking, etc., etc., on lines somewhat similiar to those provided at the People's Palace, shall be attached to every Board-school, and the need of caring for children up to a more advanced age, shall become systematically recognised. Will you help in the meanwhile, reader, to better the condition of these children by enlarging St. James's School, and making a garden around its walls? All contributions should be sent to the Rev. R. K. Arbuthnot, or Mrs. Arbuthnot, St. James's Vicarage, Ratcliff, E. The estimate amounts to about £750, but towards this, a grant of £200 has been received from the Bishop of London's Fund, and £200 has been raised by voluntary subscriptions; £350 are still needed. The subscriptions already received have ranged from large to very small sums, and we trust that the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' who have already kindly associated themselves in helping on the work of the parish will not consider any subscription too small to send! We wish to remind them that Ratcliff is one of the *very* poorest districts in London; and that £400 has to be raised every year from without, by subscriptions, to carry on the ordinary parochial work which could not otherwise be continued. Much of this money has been collected in little sums, and we doubt whether those who send them realise how much good they have already done, or how their sympathy and practical support have strengthened the hands of those who labour on the spot. The kindness of many has been plenteous, and we trust that the 'cruse of oil' will not yet be stayed.

FLORENCE N. DODSON.

CHURCH EFFIGIES.

THE thought of those of old was worth
The sculptor's best endeavour,
When they had hidden in the earth
Some much-loved form for ever,
Before the dim remembrance waned,
To fix and keep it surely,—
The poor frail body, travel-stained,
Wrought in strong marble purely;—

To place with prayerful, reverent heart,
Where no rude sound would waken,
The image of the earthly part
Of that which God had taken,
Within His courts, where mercies flow,
The house of soul-refection,
That that above and that below
Might share His sure protection.

And thus, though long the form beneath
To shapeless dust has crumbled,
The knight whose sword is in its sheath
Still meets us (greatly humbled);
So fair, on mere resemblance rests
The mind as on the real,
And carven counterpart invests
With history ideal.

That priest, the scroll about his head
Of antique-lettered Latin,
Seemeth the very man who said
The mass on many a matin,
In robes the same whose stony folds
The stony limbs now cover;
We think he loved the book he holds,
And lived as its true lover.

Then 'Dona nobis pacem' rang
Around the lighted altar;
And 'Dona nobis pacem' sang
His heart, though lips would falter;

And, when a little while was past,
The peace was not denied him;
Free to let fall the cross at last,
He dropped it, there beside him.

How sweet to lie thus still and calm,
With pale hands softly folden,
And pointing upwards, palm to palm,
As if by angels holden!
Those wrists so white and pulseless were,
That never they should tire
From attitude of endless prayer
And heavenward-raised desire;

And eyes whose sealèd lids would seem
To speak and say, 'For ever
We rest from seeing the sad dream
Of earth's confused endeavour;
For all disturbing things are past;
Yea, even thought unspoken
Is merged in passive peace at last,
Heart-commune most unbroken.'

Without is din of toil and play,
And grief of high and lowly,
On which there falls from day to day
The bells' soft chiming holy;
And many a foot the threshold nears,
With woe or joy unsteady,
But always silent worshippers
Are found within already.

The people pass them in the aisle,
And see their marble faces,
They lie most quiet all the while,
And stir not in their places;
But beating hearts of those that see
Forget their long commotion,
Feeling the full intensity
Of that sustained devotion.

The prayerful murmur swells and falls,
And then the organ pealing
Makes music wander round the walls,
And feel the carven ceiling
For heavenward passage—even as,
When God-thoughts overbrim it,
The soul arising strives to pass
Beyond the earthly limit.

But when that noise of praying breath
  Goes up from hearts abounding,
Like to the sound that underneath
  High cliffs is often sounding;
A many murmurs, making one,
  Of restless waves, that borrow.
Each from the rest, a lasting tone
  Of most impressive sorrow;

And when that music upward rolled
  Is hung with voices starting,
As though an outstretched hand should hold
  An angel's skirts departing;—
Each heart its griefs and glories shares
  With all its yearning brothers;—
They only pray their quiet prayers,
  And join not with the others.

Then by their place the people press,
  Pass out, and leave them lonely;
They wait in constant restfulness,
  Varied a little only
When sometimes, from the golden south,
  A sunbeam touches lightly
Either a forehead or a mouth,
  With rays that linger brightly:

Then do those moveless features seem
  To move with gentle laughter,
As one who dreameth in a dream
  The joys of the Hereafter;
Or, when the fading twilight beam
  Dimmeth that glory pleasant,
As one awaking from such dream
  Into the mournful Present.

And all day long they only change
  With such external graces;
Then lights the mystic moonlight strange
  Their ever-heavenward faces;
And, slanting down the archèd aisle
  From some clerestory casement,
Perfects the gloom that hid the smile
  Into a meek amazement.

And, whether darkness grows or faints,
  Their rest hath holy keepers;
Undying seraphs and dead saints
  Look down upon the sleepers,

From niche and corner overhead,
With strong yet tender features,
As we, we think, who are not dead,
Are watched by fairer creatures.

The clothing of unearthly peace
With earthly garb may symbol
They from earth's duties did not cease
So long as heart could tremble:—
But still at evening wrought and fought,
Watching the more intently,
While that grand calm which passeth thought
Gathered about them gently:

For it they wrestled on in prayer
Till prayer no more was needed.—
It hushed them wholly unaware,
Thus, even as they pleaded,—
Minding us ever silently
To wear Life's garments meetly,
And live by patient faith, if we
Would slumber after sweetly.

W. St. Hill Bourne.

'SO UNGRATEFUL.'

'Miss Piper, if you please, sir,' said the Rectory parlourmaid one Monday morning when Mr. Sumner had stayed in to see any of his parish-helpers who might wish for advice about their work.

Miss Piper was a small, prim, middle-aged lady, who had lived at Brayford with her father until a year ago, when, at his death, she came to Carchester, where she had a widowed sister, the two having agreed to eke out their small income by keeping a fancy shop. Old Mr. Piper had had a pension, which had enabled him and his daughter to live in what the latter called 'a genteel way,' and it was now a great trouble to her to be obliged to soil her hands with trade; and the elaborate ignorance she thought necessary to display in all matters relating to business, and the very amateur fashion in which she attended to the wants of her customers, made it appear unlikely that trade would ever do more for her than soil her fingers.

She used to teach in the Sunday School at Brayford, and when she left, the clergyman there wrote to Mr. Sumner about her, and said he believed she would be glad to do any work for which she might have time. So it came to pass that she was now a teacher in the St. John's Sunday Schools, and had gradually become acquainted with the parents of her pupils. Some months ago she and her sister had taken into their service a young girl whom they had got to know in this way, and in whom both had been interested. She had a very bad home, and they talked a great deal about teaching and training her, so that Mr. Sumner was quite glad to think that now poor, troublesome Sarah Davies would have a chance of being well looked after.

He soon noticed, however, that she was to be met in the streets at all hours, dawdling along, looking in at shop windows, or gossiping at corners. She was always either very smart or very untidy, and to an experienced eye her looks and manners told a sad tale of carelessness, sloth, and immodesty.

He also found that Sarah's mistresses had changed their tune with regard to the delightfulness of Carchester generally, and the arrangements of St. John's parish in particular. The church was too dark, the seats uncomfortable, the ventilation bad, the free and open system disagreeable. The school was too far off, the children were no longer 'dears,' and their parents ceased to be 'so nice, poor things!'

Mr. Sumner was, therefore, tolerably well prepared for the style of

Miss Piper's address that morning. She hoped his cold was better, but she knew it must be worse after the hot church last night, and the cold wind this morning. She had nearly fainted in church herself, and as to the wind, she never felt anything like it. They never had such winds at Brayford. Then she burst forth:—

'Oh, Mr. Sumner, my sister and I have been in such trouble since I saw you last! That dreadful girl, Sarah Davies (I'm sure I never knew such a girl), has behaved in the most disgraceful way. You can't tell what my sister has done for that girl, Mr. Sumner; and to think that she should prove so undeserving is quite shocking. We knew she was careless and saucy, but you will hardly believe, Mr. Sumner, when I tell you that last Tuesday night I had occasion to go to the kitchen about half-past eight o'clock, and when I opened the door, I'm sure I thought I should have dropped, for there at the table, with supper spread out, were Sarah and her sister, and the girl from next door but one, and a youth that Sarah said was her cousin, but who turns out to be the man that drives the baker's cart. Of course we could not keep her after such goings-on as that, so we just turned her out of the house then and there, and her father fetched her things away the next morning. And, oh, Mr. Sumner, you wouldn't guess the things we've heard of her since; what she did, and what she said of us behind our backs! Isn't it shocking that all kinds of wickedness may be going on under your roof, and you not have a suspicion of it?'

Here Miss Piper paused to take breath, and Mr. Sumner was able to get in a word.

'I should not have thought it possible in such a small household as your's for poor Sarah to get into such bad ways without your finding it out——'

'Oh! but surely, Mr. Sumner, you wouldn't have us always in the kitchen? And I think it is my sister and I that want pity, not that wretched girl! I tell my sister she was *too* kind to her. Everything was trusted to her, she had not a hard place, she was never driven; she could take her own time over her work, and yet she could never be said to do it properly. I'm sure the state our spoons are in—they are *silver*, you know, Mr. Sumner—is downright shameful.'

'Did you teach her how to clean them?' asked the Rector quietly.

'Teach her? I? Why no, sir,' said Miss Piper, in great indignation.

'Do you suppose she ever saw a silver spoon (unless in a shop window) before she went to you? Your mistake appears to have been that you took a wild and ignorant girl into your house, and expected her, without any teaching, to turn into a perfect servant.'

'Our mistake, indeed! I think we certainly were mistaken in ever thinking that kindness would have any effect on that hardened girl. So ungrateful! My sister said this morning that really it is enough to make one say one will never try to do any good again.'

'Miss Falconer, sir,' said the parlour-maid, opening the door to admit a tall, slight, and very pretty young lady, who came hastily in, but checked herself as she caught sight of Miss Piper.

'Why, Rose, how early you are!' said the Rector.

'Good morning, Miss Falconer,' said Miss Piper, putting out her hand; but Rose, having greeted Mr. Sumner, took up a book from the table, and affected not to see this advance.

'*Good morning, Miss Falconer,*' repeated the little woman very pointedly, bridling her neck, and poking her hand right under the nose of the younger lady.

'Oh, good-bye, Miss Piper. But don't let me hurry you away,' said Rose, who particularly wanted to get rid of her.

'Oh, thank you, Miss Falconer; I think I really must be going. Good morning, Mr. Sumner,' and away went Miss Piper in a huff.

'You naughty girl,' said the Rector, 'you needn't have dismissed the old lady in that summary fashion; she was telling me all her grievances, and now I shall have to go to the house, and hear the whole story over again from her sister.'

'I'm so sorry; but what can her grievances matter?' said Rose impatiently. 'We have a *real* grievance, mother and I, and I've come to tell you about it.'

'Dear me! Is it anything I've done?' laughed Mr. Sumner.

'No, but it's a protegée of your's. You remember how we sent that nice-looking widow, Mrs. Saunders, as housekeeper to Aunt Caroline? Well, she has turned out *so* badly. Her two children were boarded with some one in the village, you know; and it seems she was always wanting to go out to see them. And now they have discovered that she went into the town, and bought a whole lot of things for them in Aunt Caroline's name; and so, of course, now she has to go to prison. Isn't it dreadful? You know we almost kept her for weeks before she went, and mother gave her an entire outfit, because she had no proper clothes to go to such a place, and now she behaves like this! It is so ungrateful. I feel as if I shall never wish to do any one a kindness again.'

'After all, Rose, you need not have been so impatient with poor Miss Piper. Her grievance and yours are very much the same. But what has become of Mrs. Saunders' children?'

'I don't know,' said Rose.

'Something must be done for them; I had better see your mother about it, and if you are going home we will walk together. Just wait here a minute whilst I leave a message with Jane, lest any one should come when we are gone.'

Rose waited a little, and looked at the books on the study-table until Mr. Sumner called her. As soon as they had started, he told her Miss Piper's story about Sarah Davies.

'Poor old thing,' said Rose carelessly. 'No wonder she was vexed. She might have tried to teach the girl a bit more, I should think;

but no doubt it's as disappointing for her as this affair is for us. But it is always the way when you try to do good.'

'I am sorry that is your experience already, Rose. But would you mind telling me what you mean by "doing good"?'

'Helping people, of course,' she said, wondering what could make her old friend ask her such a question.

'Helping whom?'

'Why, the poor, to be sure.'

'And why do you want to help the poor?'

'Because they *are* poor, I suppose,' she answered, much astonished.

'Is that the only reason, Rose?'

'Well, no—because helping them is helping—Him,' she said softly, after a pause.

'And you think you pleased Him by helping Mrs. Saunders?'

'Yes, I hope so.'

'And yet you feel inclined never to try to do good again?'

'Oh, you are too bad, Mr. Sumner! Of course one expects that people will be grateful.'

'Oh, then, you have a third reason for doing good. You expect gratitude?'

'Y—yes. There is no harm in that, is there?'

'If you really helped Mrs. Saunders with a wish to help Him, do you suppose that He is less pleased with you because she was ungrateful?'

'Oh no.'

'Then is not His approval enough for you, Rose. Must you have the praise of men as well?'

'I don't want praise,' she said, blushing; 'but I do like thanks.'

Instead of answering this, Mr. Sumner stopped at a cross road and said—

'Do you mind waiting for me? I want to speak to that man with a sack of coals. His son has just come out of prison. Good morning, Mallet; I was going to see you presently.'

Mallet put down his sack upon the pavement. He was a short, common-looking man; his corduroy suit was much the worse for perpetual contact with coal, and his face, hair, and hands were all begrimed with black dust.

'Thank you, sir,' he said, in a dull, monotonous voice. 'I suppose you've heard that Joe is come back?'

'Yes, and I wanted to see him and you. Has he got any work?'

'No, sir; not yet. 'Twill be a difficult job to get him any work, I'm afraid.'

'I'm afraid it will,' said Mr. Sumner. 'You mean to keep him at home at present?'

'Yes, sir. The neighbours did say as how I didn't ought to have taken him in again at all. But I couldn't shut my door on him, sir.'

Then he stopped short, and looked down on the pavement.

'He has disappointed you so often,' said Mr. Sumner.

And then Rose remembered that this Joe Mallet had been sent by the Rector to a reformatory two years ago. He ran away from it, and ever since had been in incessant trouble one way or another. She had heard his father blamed for keeping him, and she rather thought it wrong herself. She was puzzled now by Mallet's hesitating manner, and by Mr. Sumner's apparently unkind speech, 'He has disappointed you so often.'

'Yes, sir,' answered the man, and then paused again.

'He cheated you, too, last time,' continued Mr. Sumner.

'Yes, sir,' he repeated, quietly and sadly.

Then he seemed to gather courage for a desperate effort to defend himself and explain his conduct. He seized the top of the sack and twisted it nervously in his dirty fingers; he cast a beseeching glance up at the Rector, and Rose, looking closely at him, saw a dull red tinge overspread his grimy cheeks, as he said, speaking fast and in a low tone—

'You see, sir, Joe was but a little chap when his mother died, and I allus tries to remember that he never had a woman to look after him. Not but what you have been very kind to him, sir, and there's nothing vexes me so much as to think that he turned out so different to what you meant him to, sir.'

'He has not grown up what you meant him to be either,' interrupted Mr. Sumner.

"No, sir; but I says to myself, after all Christ's done for me, *I* haven't turned out what God meant me to be, and what right have I to be hard on Joe because he hasn't turned out what I meant *him* to be? It would be so ungrateful.'

'You are quite right, Mallet. Now I must not keep this lady standing any longer. I'll look in at dinner-time, and then I shall find you and Joe.'

Mallet shouldered his sack again and staggered away under it, and Mr. Sumner, turning to Rose, saw that her eyes were full of tears. They walked on in silence for a while, and then he said, 'I think that Mallet is the most perfectly charitable man I ever knew.'

A low sob from Rose was the only answer; but directly afterwards, when they had passed the cathedral, she said—

'You and mother will not want me, I will go in here.'

And as Mr. Sumner saw her enter quietly, with bowed head, at the great door, he knew that the lesson she had learnt that day would not be forgotten.

E. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

LIFE'S GARLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HILDA AND I,' ETC., ETC.

TWINE a wreath for the Queen of May,
Cowslips, blue-bells, and tulips gay;
Lead her through paths of lilies sweet,
Daisy carpet under her feet,
With golden broom sweep clouds away,
All is sunshine in childhood's day.

Pluck the bloom of the orange now,
Twine a wreath for the maiden's brow,
Stronger fetters than daisy chain,
Never the childish crown again,
Bring sweetest buds to strew her way,
Joy in her joy, her bridal day.

After—the wreath for riper years,
Dew-besprinkled with autumn's tears,
A dying blossom, a faded leaf,
A golden ear from out the sheaf,
And love's remembrance turns there too,
Forget-me-nots of azure hue.

When winter comes and flowers are past,
A wreath entwine for her—the last.
Take brightest leaves of evergreen,
Which midst the pure white snow is seen;
And on her grave then let them lie,
Mute tokens that she cannot die:

But on another brighter day
Shall be re-crowned, like Queen of May,
With snow-white blossoms purer far,
That stains of earth can never mar,
With sweeter buds that will not fade,
A wreath for Heaven, by Angels made.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'BANNING AND BLESSING,' ETC.

XII.

THIS question has often been raised, Is Boileau a classic? To which we may return a more difficult one—What do we exactly imply by 'a classic author'? Saint-Beuve, himself one of this chosen company, devotes an article to the subject, in the third volume of his delightful 'Causeries du Lundi,' and we cannot do better than quote from it.

According to the usual definition, he observes, a classic is an ancient author who has won universal admiration and is held as an authority in his own line. We find the word already beginning to be thus used among the Romans. At first, indeed, *classicus* meant a citizen with a certain revenue, and of the first rank in the commonwealth, but already Aulus Gellius applies it to writers distinguished above the common herd. To the Romans the Greeks (who were their own classics) offered the only models for imitation. Later times accepted Roman writers as models, not always with discernment, for in the Middle Ages Ovid was esteemed above Homer, and Boetius was held as the equal of Plato. The Renaissance, which brought in so much that was corrupt and servile, at least enlightened and guided literary taste, and the true classics stood pre-eminent and august, as models for all future generations, not merely, as Gœthe observes, 'because they are old, but because they are energetic, fresh and vigorous.'

By the 14th century Italy had an immortal classic of her own in Dante; by the 17th Spain possessed Calderon; England had her Shakespeare, but France had no great poet until the days of Louis Quatorze, when Corneille and Racine arose, and thenceforward she had her own classic authors, who 'enriched the human mind, augmented its treasures, caused it to make a forward step, discovered some new truth, or seized upon some passion eternal in that heart which seems so thoroughly explored—writers who uttered their thoughts, their observations, or their inventions in no matter what shape, but one essentially large and great, acute and sensible, healthy and beautiful—who spoke to all the world in a style all their own, and yet that of every one else, a new yet an antique style, contemporary of all ages.'

These are the essential characteristics, according to Saint-Beuve,

of a true classic. Such a writer may seem for the moment revolutionary, but he only destroys what hampers him in order to reconstruct on a nobler plan. If we accept this definition, Corneille is a classic of the first rank, so is Molière, of whom Gœthe says: 'Molière is so great that he amazes us anew every time we read him. He is a man apart; his pieces border on tragedy, and no one has the courage to try to imitate them. His *Avare*, where the vice destroys all affection between father and son, is a most sublime work, and dramatic in the highest degree. . . In a piece for the stage, each action should be important in itself, and tend towards a yet greater action. *Tartuffe* is a model in this respect. What an overture the first scene is! From the very beginning everything is charged with meaning and suggests something far more important yet to come. The opening of such or such a piece by Lessing is very fine, but that of *Tartuffe* is found only once in all time. It is the finest thing of its kind. . . Every year,' he adds later, 'I read a piece by Molière, just as from time to time I study some engraving after the great Italian masters.'

This is a much higher view of a 'classic' than the one commonly taken, which only supposes good sense, choice of words, moderation, and elegance of expression. These are valuable qualities, but they belong rather to the writer of talent than of genius. Horace has them all; so has Pope, so has Boileau, whom Pope studied as closely as he did Horace. André Chenier paints the whole class in his clever lines—

'C'est le bon sens, la raison qui fait tout,
Vertu, génie, esprit, talent et goût.
Qu'est-ce vertu? raison mise en pratique;
Talent? raison produite avec éclat;
Esprit? raison qui finement s'exprime.
Le goût n'est rien qu'un bon sens délicat;
Et le génie est la raison sublime.'

A great deal might be said against this view, but it was long that of a whole French school, and at one time threatened to become that of our English writers, when the devotional school to which Donne, Vaughan and Herbert belonged died out, and the critical school, of which Pope is the best representative, arose, a school belonging to the town and the educated who lived in towns, elegant, cold and clear, a school which would certainly have rejected Shakespeare as a classic. It was emphatically to this company of writers that Boileau belonged. His inspiration all comes from 'reason and good sense;' he is calm and keen, without creative power, or the mighty indignation which uplifts some of Dryden's satires into magnificent poetry. This good sense showed him exactly within what limits he could work, and he set himself an eminently useful mission, namely to bring French verse to the same perfection which French prose had attained. Voltaire, with that neat French antithesis which is almost wit in itself, remarks, 'Boileau a très bien fait

ce qu'il voulait faire, et très bien dit ce qu'il voulait dire.' This 'poet of good sense' and 'legislator of Parnassus,' had an extraordinary influence over his contemporaries, and therefore deserves special notice, the more that he is now far too little read, and that his advice is more than ever worth studying in these days of careless writing.

Nicolas Boileau belonged to a literary family. An elder brother, Gilles, was an author, a younger, a historian, but his fame has entirely eclipsed theirs, although as a boy he was considered hopelessly dull. 'Colin,' his father once said, 'will be a good sort of lad; he is far from clever, and will never say ill of any one,' and a brother-in-law declared that he would be nothing but a fool all his life. This brother-in-law was also an author in his fashion. He held the post of clerk to the Parliament of Paris, and had been dictating an official paper of his own composition to Boileau, who fell asleep over it and grievously hurt his feelings by this slight to his style. One of Boileau's teachers however formed a different opinion of him; struck by his love of study and turn for versification, he predicted a great literary career for him. One hopes he lived to see his prophecy fulfilled.

Like so many other great French authors, Boileau was trained in youth as a lawyer; later he entered holy orders, but soon abandoned law and theology for literature. He held a small benefice for nine years, and then gave it up, bestowing the revenues which he had drawn from it upon the poor. An abbé scoffed at his scrupulosity. 'The income is very comfortable to live on,' he said. 'To live on! Yes, but to die on, monsieur, to die on?' replied Boileau. The accusation of being too fond of money was often brought against him, but it seems difficult to believe it of a man who could act thus.

His family were dismayed by his giving himself to literature, and thought he would certainly starve, but they were soon reassured. Born in A.D. 1636 (the year in which Corneille's *Cid* was first performed), in A.D. 1666 he published his Satires, which at once made him equally admired and feared, and so greatly attracted the attention of Louis Quatorze, then just escaping from the rule of Mazarin, that he requested him to write a history of his reign conjointly with his friend Racine, a scheme however never carried out until long after Voltaire wrote his *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*. It is to the credit both of the King and of Boileau that the great satirist very rarely flattered the Grand Monarque, and indeed spoke very plain truths to him. When Louis showed him a copy of very poor verses and asked his opinion of them, Boileau replied, 'Your Majesty can do whatever you choose; you have chosen to write bad verses, and you have succeeded.'

In his verses, however, he was much more complimentary—much too complimentary in fact—to the King. It is curious to observe what a different impression his personality makes on the writers who

deal with him, some dwelling on the arrogance and moroseness which they find in him, with almost personal animosity, while others speak of him as a faithful friend, an honest man in a hypocritical and servile society—a kind of French Dr. Johnson. There is no doubt that his satire was sometimes almost brutally severe, and that the temptation to use it against his personal enemies was irresistible, or at all events, not resisted. He was long kept out of the Academy by members whose writings he had lashed in his verse. Chapelain could not forget that couplet which invokes him thus:

'Maudit soit l'auteur dur dont l'âpre et rude verve
Son cerveau tenaillant rima malgré Minerve;'

nor that passage where Boileau expresses such malicious and naïve wonder that he should be supposed to have criticised him more than did every one else—

'"Il a tort," dira l'un; "pourquoi faut-il qu'il nomme?
Attaquer Chapelain! ah! c'est un si bon homme!
Balzac en fait l'éloge en cent endroits divers.
Il est vrai, s'il m'eut cru, qu'il n'eût point fait de vers.
Il se tue à rimer: que n'écrit-il en prose?"
Voilà ce que l'on dit. Et que dis-je autre chose?'

The Abbé de Sure, who had made himself ridiculous by a bad translation of Quintilian and by an attack on Molière's *Précieuses*, found himself equally gibbeted. 'On rampe dans la fange avec l'Abbé de Sure;' and a certain Rolet became famous through the line 'J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rolet un fripon.'

Lines like these, neat and cutting, and made as it were for quotation were on every one's lips, amusing, incensing, rousing up society. It is easy to understand why Boileau was kept out of the Academy, where his brother Gilles, a mere rhymester compared to him, sat for twenty-five years before Boileau-Despréaux, as he later called himself, was admitted. Gilles however was also a critic and had made enemies, Scarron among them, as may be seen from a very bitter letter addressed by that waspish author to Fouquet, then in power.

Boileau's first satire is an imitation of the 3rd of Juvenal; it is here that the line about a cat and Rolet is found, which has become as proverbial as our 'Call a spade a spade.' The second is a hearty tribute to Molière, and gives a glimpse of the difficulty which Boileau found in satisfying himself with his own work:

'Mais mon esprit, tremblant sur le choix de ses mots,
N'en dira jamais un, s'il ne tombe à propos,
Et ne saurait souffrir qu'une phrase insipide
Vienne à la fin d'un vers remplir la place vide:
Ainsi, recommençant un ouvrage vingt fois,
Si j'écris quatre mots, j'en effacerai trois.'

There never was anything impulsive and young in Boileau's verse; his earliest satires might have been written by a middle-

aged man; their very courage and audacity—of which there assuredly is enough and to spare—is deliberate. His aim was to do for verse what Pascal had done for prose. The *Provinciales* had given prose writers an admirable standard, Boileau sought to offer one to poets. Poetry in France was at a very low ebb indeed. Let us try to imagine the condition of poetry in France when Boileau appeared on the scene—poetry looked on as an art. Among inferior writers there was a kind of conventional jargon; 'the Golden Age,' 'fatal laurel,' 'fair star,' and the like strewed their pages, one rhyme seemed necessarily to call for a certain other, as Pope describes in the poetasters of his day—

> 'While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
> With sure returns of still-expected rhymes;
> Where e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
> In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
> If crystal streams "with pleasing murmur creep,"
> The reader's threatened, not in vain, with "sleep."'

That versification should demand careful study was as yet a new thought; Molière's genius perhaps could dispense with it; La Fontaine did not trouble himself about any laws of poetry; Corneille was entirely careless of them, and Racine was tempted to be equally so. Corneille was too old to change his style, but the influence of Boileau is evident on the others. They laid more or less to heart his excellent advice:

> 'Surtout qu'en vos écrits la langue révérée
> Dans vos plus grands excès vous soit toujours sacrée....
> Travaillez à loisir, quelque ordre qui vous presse,
> Et ne vous piquez point d'une folle vitesse.
> Un style si rapide, et qui court en rimant,
> Marque moins trop d'esprit que peu de jugement.
> J'aime mieux un ruisseau qui, sur la molle arène,
> Dans un pré plein de fleurs lentement se promène,
> Qu'un torrent débordé, qui, d'un cours orageux,
> Roule, plein de gravier, sur un terrain fangeux.
> Hâtez-vous lentement; et sans perdre courage,
> Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage:
> Polissez-le sans cesse, et le repolissez:
> Ajoutez quelquefois, et souvent effacez.'

There was a terrible stir among the authors of the day in France when Boileau's crusade began—Chapelain at their head. Fortunately the great Minister Colbert appreciated and protected the daring young satirist, and, like Louis Quatorze, delighted both in reading his works and hearing him converse. This is enough to show that Boileau could not have been—at all events when young—the morose personage that we are sometimes told he was, but had a family likeness to his merry brother, the merry Abbé Jacques, who was famous for his jokes and puns, even if we had not his bust by Giradon, to show a face which, if the lips and nostrils suggest sarcasm, has also something good and honest in it, something fine and attractive. He

could play practical jokes too, and went with Racine to call on Chapelain, who did not know him, and to whom he was introduced as M. le bailli de Chevreuse, a gentleman lately come to Paris, and very desirous of knowing so great a literary man. All went well until Chapelain began to praise Italian comedy at the expense of Molière, on which the pretended bailli took fire so dangerously that Racine had to cut the visit short. On the stairs they met the Abbé Cotin, to whom Boileau had been extremely uncivil in his satires, but luckily he did not recognise them.

The satires made Boileau's reputation, but they are not his best work, except indeed the ninth, which is a masterpiece. It is a defence of literary satire. In his others he is far below our own Pope, and Horace, his avowed model. The *Epîtres* stand higher; the one addressed to Racine, when a base cabal had hissed *Phèdre* and applauded a poor play by Pradon, with its strong encouragement, and its fine tribute to the genius of Molière is grandly written. The fourth is also held to be a *chef-d'œuvre*, but the present day sees so little to admire in *le grand Monarque* that praise addressed to him seems mere servile flattery. It could not have appeared so then, for the greatest and best in France combined to render it. The want of newspaper reporters and freedom of the press perhaps prevented Paris from knowing very precisely what passed in foreign wars, and nobody at that time was amused or astonished at Boileau's celebrating what after all was a very trivial success, the passage of the Rhine by the French armies. As reported, the war and its victories no doubt seemed on a grand scale. There is a touch of humour in Boileau's plaintive lamentation that Louis had taken places for which it is difficult to find rhymes, and his wish that he were fighting where more melodious names are to be found:

'En vain, pour te louer, ma muse toujours prête,
Vingt fois de la Hollande a tenté la conquête:
Ce pays où cent murs n'ont pu te résister,
Grand roi, n'est pas en vers si facile à dompter.
Des villes que tu prends les noms durs et barbares
N'offrent de tous parts que syllabes bizarres....
Et qui peut sans frémir aborder Woërden?
Quel vers ne tomberait pas au seul nom de Heusden?
Quelle muse à rimer en tous lieux disposée
Oserait approcher des bords du Zuiderzée?
Comment en vers heureux assiéger Doesbourg?
Zutphen, Wageninghen, Harderwic, Knotzembourg?
Il n'est fort, entre ceux que tu prends par centaines,
Qui ne puisse arrêter un rimeur six semaines:
Et partout sur le Whal, ainsi que sur le Leck,
Le vers est en déroute, et le poëte à sec!'

Le Lutrin is a satire, with a touch of the epic. It consists of six books, and is founded on a dispute between the treasurer and choir-master in the Sainte-Chapelle. The former, affronted by the important airs assumed by the latter in church, attempted to set up a desk or lectern which the choirmaster had had removed, because it hid him

from the congregation. On this theme Boileau has embroidered a heroic-comic poem, which is a little masterpiece. It begins with a passage which amusingly imitates Virgil and Tasso—

'Je chante les combats, et ce prélat terrible
Qui, par ses longs travaux et sa force invincible
Dans une illustre église exerçant son grand cœur,
Fit placer à la fin un lutrin dans le chœur.
C'est en vain que le chantre, abusant d'un faux titre,
Deux fois l'en fit ôter par les mains du chapitre;
Ce prélat, sur le banc de son rival altier,
Deux fois le reportant, l'en couvrit tout entier.'

Peace had hitherto reigned in the Sainte-Chapelle, but now Discord, black with crimes, 'leaving the Cordeliers to seek the Minorites,' as Boileau archly observes, paused before the Palais de Justice, to watch her loyal Normans flock to look after their lawsuits—the Normans seem to have brought a true Scandinavian love of a lawsuit with them into France—and marquis and countess, clergy, nobles, peasant and bourgeois enter; only the Sainte-Chapelle was at peace, with plump, rosy canons, softer than their own ermine capes, who sang matins in bed. Discord vows to destroy this serene state of things, appears in a dream to the prelate who represents the treasurer in the poem, and suggests hiding the choirmaster behind an old lectern, long banished to the sacristy. The choirmaster also has an evil dream, goes to the church, and sees the lectern.

'O ciel! quoi! sur mon banc une honteuse masse
Désormais me va faire un cachot de ma place!
Inconnu dans l'église, ignoré dans ce lieu,
Je ne pourrai donc plus être vu que de Dieu!'

The poem is rather spoiled by the last book, which is a eulogy to the President Lamoignon, and overweights the composition, as Boileau must have known.

The *Art poétique* is of course modelled on Horace, like Pope's essay on Criticism; it is well worth while to compare the two. There are passages which recall the gentle satire of Cowper in his '*Conversation*,' a charming piece of writing, too much forgotten. A friendly critic has hinted at some slight defects:

'De ce vers, direz-vous, l'expression est basse?'

The author starts resentfully:

'Ah, monsieur, pour ce vers je vous demande grâce!'

The other continues: 'Ce mot me semble froid. Je le retrancherais. C'est le plus bel endroit!' answers the author, wounded. 'Ce tour ne me plaît pas.—Tout le monde l'admire.'

And so on. But the passages worth quoting and considering are endless. Young authors would do well to study the *Art poétique* closely; it is true that Boileau's system, pushed too far, led to an

artificial and conventional style of writing, but the faults of the present day lie in quite an opposite direction.

His latest writings are unworthy of him; the satire against women has some clever lines; on the whole they are best forgotten; but he always earnestly sought to support religion and morality, and towards the end of his life would say: 'It is a great comfort for a poet about to die never to have sinned against morality.' 'Great power of language, honesty of purpose, delicate raillery, elegance of diction, accurate allegory, and often subtle flattery distinguish Boileau's style,' observes Van Laun, in his excellent History of French Literature, 'while his character stands out favourably among the men who surrounded him. Sarcastic only when writing, but always willing to aid even his enemies; facile of conversation, and far from morose in daily intercourse—except during the latter part of his life—never denying a friend, and completely deserving the description which an English poet has given of one of his heroes, 'truest friend and noblest foe,' seldom humbling himself merely before the great, not even before the king, he appears to me the model of the literary men of his age. So great was the estimation in which he was formerly held that Voltaire, speaking to young authors already inclined to shake off traditional fetters, would say, 'Speak no ill of Nicolas; it brings ill-luck.' And certainly it did so to one of his detractors, Marmontel, whose chastisement it was to write poetical prose and prosaic poetry! The romantic school of course revolted against him, and had a great deal to say on their side, but still 'Nicolas has brought ill-luck,' wherever his precepts have been set too entirely aside, for they are the fruit of experience, good sense and good taste.

Competition Questions.

1. Is it just to consider Boileau as the central literary figure of the 17th century? Give reasons for and against this view.
2. Give a sketch of Boileau's life.
3. Compare a passage from Pope's *Art of Criticism* with Boileau's *Art Poétique.*
4. In what sense may we consider that he continued the work of Malherbes?
5. What English poets are of the same school as Boileau?
6. What is implied by the Classic and the Romantic Schools?

THE FIERY SUNRISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'FISHERFOLK'S WELCOME.'

MY DEAR MARIA,

You have shown such a kindly interest in the account of the 'Fisherfolk's Welcome,' that I think you may like to hear a little more about some of the people that are mentioned in my former letter; I will therefore try to describe to you what happened at Saltpool one January morning, about thirty years ago, before the village possessed a lifeboat or rocket apparatus of any kind. Our sturdy old house stood on a kind of promontory and commanded an unlimited view of the North Sea. One of the windows of my room was a sort of oriel, facing east and directly over the sea. Looking from this window on the morning in question, I remarked that the sun rose with portentous grandeur from the ocean, the heavens glowed with flaming light, and the clouds assumed fantastic shapes, as if all the armies of the skies were about to engage in mortal combat. The sea looked like a vast lake of fire; the red sandstone cliffs caught the ruddy tinge as it gradually crept onwards, till sky, sea, and land all wore the same vivid hue. The fishing cobles were gently stealing out of the Haven with scarcely breeze enough to fill their large brown sails. Ere long the gorgeous pageant faded; the sea and sky became of a dull lead colour, and all was grey and gloomy.

An hour or two later, my father and mother, Hugh and myself, were as usual assembled in our breakfast-room, when a low moaning, wailing sound seemed to fill the air. My father observed from behind his newspaper, 'Dirty weather coming,' and again he was absorbed in the columns of *John Bull*. Hugh strolled to look out at the north window, and announced that the storm glass was disturbed, and sending up 'stars,' and that the gulls were flying low and inshore. My mother wondered if the boats were out, and when I described the scene from my window at sunrise, she rang the bell to order the great kettles to be put on the stove preparatory to making the 'caudle,' which was always in great demand when the fishermen landed in stormy weather, cold, wet, and hungry. This caudle was a kind of oatmeal gruel, with beer and spice in it. The village *nose* used quickly to scent the aromatic 'mess,' and the back door was soon besieged by applicants of all ages and sizes, bearing jugs and mugs, and cups and basins of every conceivable and inconceivable shape and colour, for a 'soop o' the mistress's grool.' The smallest families usually produced the biggest jugs, and *vice versâ*. Our cook, Martha,

kind soul, with untiring patience, would endeavour to persuade Molly Pearson, with a huge jug and no children, to exchange with Betty Dunn, with a little cup and a dozen bairns, undertaking on her own responsibility that the big jug and the little cup should be faithfully restored to their respective owners on the very next 'broth day.' She used to make broth twice a week for sixty families during the winter months. But I must now return to my story. When Rachel appeared in answer to the bell, she said that Ailsie Robson was in the kitchen waiting to see me. I went down and found the poor old woman in great perturbation. 'Eh! missy ma jool, tell us, Ninny, what the "bottle" (storm glass) says the morn, for the sea's coomin' awa fra the nowth-east, and the lads is oot wi' the cobbles, and there's bonny wark amang the wives and lassies o' the bank top.' I could not give poor old Ailsie much comfort, as the 'bottle' was becoming more and more disturbed, and the 'stars' were forming into a crown of white at the top; the moaning of the wind, too, was fast increasing to a heavy gale.

The storms on our coast are especially dangerous, as they frequently come on with great rapidity and overtake the fishing boats before they can return to shelter. My father and Hugh, on hearing Ailsie's report, equipped themselves in their foul-weather costume and sallied forth to the Haven, where a scene of the greatest excitement presented itself. The tide was about half-flood, and the north-easterly wind drove the huge billows madly before it towards the shore. The position of the sunken rocks, lying between the two headlands which guard the entrance of the little Haven, was defined by a line of white and angry surf, while the dark barrier of the cliffs was dimly seen through a veil of misty spray. The strip of sand which the rising tide had not yet covered, was crowded with anxious spectators, as were the green banks which crown the cliffs. Wives and mothers, old women and young girls, clad in full short blue flannel skirts and jackets, with gay coloured kerchiefs tied over their white caps, shrieked and tossed their arms in the air, after their custom, when under any painful excitement. Strong men in oilskin coats and petticoats, with sou'-westers on their heads, stand watching with compressed lips and anxious faces as each coble approaches the perilous 'bar,' ready to lend any possible assistance as one by one the graceful little boats shoot through the narrow entrance, and, gliding into the calmer water of the sheltered Haven, swing rapidly round, and are hauled stern foremost on to the sandy beach.

But, alas! one boat is missing, the *Lovely Jane*, with old John Latimer and his sons, Joe and Frank. Where is she? Joe's young wife is standing there amongst the watchers, pale and speechless, wet to the skin, and shivering with cold, her eyes fixed on the pitiless ocean. She will not listen to the advice of those around her to go home, until one, more subtle than the rest, tells her Joe will be cold and hungry when he lands, and she must have a 'soop hot tea for

him ready i' the hoose;' and so, poor girl, she yields and leaves the Haven before the worst is known. Still the *Lovely Jane* is nowhere to be seen. One of the men suggests that old John, fearing to risk entering the Haven, has run for Priorscliffe.

'Na, na, Bartie,' says another, who has only just landed; 'old John was astarn o' me oot bye, and he's oot by the noo.' And sure enough as he spoke, the *Lovely Jane* was seen rounding the Northern Point and making for the Haven.

The storm was now at its utmost height; the frail little craft was flying before the furious wind, now borne on the foaming crest of a huge wave, now lost to sight in the seething hollow. She's gone—no, there she is! Again she sinks from view, she must be swamped as the hurrying waves chase her; but no, she still comes on, with her tiny mite of sail, all she dare carry, strained to the utmost, she rushes on, she reaches the harbour bar. Can she clear the rocks, those cruel sunken rocks that at half-tide almost close the entrance? Yes, she shoots over the first reef; but where is she now? There she is again! No, this time she is really gone; a huge wave has swept over her low stern and overwhelmed her. But what is that dark object floating in the white water where she was seen so lately?—not the *Lovely Jane*, but her master, poor old John Latimer, fighting for his life. Once he is swept so close in shore that Hugh tries to grasp his clothing from the rock on which he and many others are watching the heart-rending scene. But there is no rescue for poor old John; his grey head is dashed against the rocks, his heavy fishing-boots drag him down, and the next wave carries his lifeless body out to sea, beyond all hope of recovery. His youngest son is never even seen; he is probably sucked under the shelving rocks by the irresistible current. But where is the third occupant of the ill-fated coble? Is that a tangled mass of seaweed lying on the small isolated rock, around which the hungry waves are roaring? or is it, can it be, the senseless form of a human being? Surely it is Joe Latimer, thrown there by the sea when the coble foundered. On the sandy beach the crowd of men, women, and children are still looking on in an agony of suspense. Suddenly Saunders, one of the pilots, a noble-looking, powerful man, throwing off his fishing coat and boots, shouts out, 'Noo, lads, I'se getten a bit line roond the body o' me; hand ye on til the twa eends o't for dear life. I'se ganging to fetch yon puir bit lad off yon rock, an' the Lord will; and when ye see me gie the signal wi' the hand o' me, haul me ashore, deed or alive.' So saying, he plunged into the sea, and striking out with all his strength, he swam towards the rock on which poor Joe was lying, to all appearance dead. Six picked men, up to their waists in water, are holding on bravely to the two ends of the rope attached to Saunders, when suddenly a cry of horror rises above the howling of the storm. Saunders has reached the rock, but the rope has proved to be too short, and the six men, almost out of their depth, are compelled to abandon it, so Saunders.

and Joe are now in equal danger on an isolated fragment of rock in a raging sea. The roaring of the wind and the thundering of the waves against the cliffs render all communication with Saunders impossible. Three times he endeavours to gain a footing, and three times he is washed off from the rock; at last he succeeds. (I had this account from his own lips.) His first care is to free himself from the useless rope; he then rouses Joe to partial consciousness, and assists him to drag off his fatal fishing boots, and saying, 'Joe, ma canny lad, I'll dee wi' ye, but I'll never leave ye,' he fastens the rope securely round Joe, and taking the end of it in his own teeth, he slips off the rock into the sea, and, drawing his helpless charge after him, he supports him as best he can, and slowly swims back towards the shore. Wind and tide are now in his favour; once within reach of his comrades on the beach, his toil and danger are over. A rope is thrown to him, and he and his now insensible companion are safely drawn to land amidst the deafening shouts of the bystanders. Poor Joe is raised by four sturdy fishermen and tenderly laid on some clean straw in Hunt's cart, while Saunders, wrapping his fishing coat round him and shaking the water out of his curly black hair, quietly trudges up the bank after the cart, in company with my father and Hugh, and after assisting them to lay Joe safely in a warm bed, he retires to his 'ain hoose,' and shortly reappears in a full suit of 'pilot blue.' Under the influence of a long clay pipe, he relapses into his usual state of dignified repose, his glowing face and dripping hair alone bearing evidence of his recent unusual exertion.

In the course of the afternoon he arrived at our house to report the amount of loss caused by the foundering of the coble that my father might forward the particulars to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, to which many of our men belonged. My father also wrote a report to the Royal Humane Society, who at once sent their silver medal to Saunders as a reward for his bravery, with the record of his act on a framed vellum. This he greatly prized, and always called it his 'picktur.' He could not read, and I think he looked on the written lines as a sort of charm. The medal he did not care so much for; he did not see the use of wearing a 'half-croon on a bit o' blew ribbin,' but he used to appear with it dangling from a button on grand occasions, looking rather ashamed of such vanity.

The next morning, hearing Joe had in some degree revived, I went to see him, and found him sitting on a 'crackit,' or low wooden stool, in the middle of his room, gazing with vacant eyes at a tangled mass of torn fishing tackle which had been washed ashore. He was pale and dejected, his grief was too deep for words. He had lost his father, his brother, his boat, and all his means of earning a living. His poor young wife, a delicate girl of about nineteen, sat on another crackit, slowly rocking herself to and fro, with a red kerchief bound tight over her forehead, as a sign of deep mourning, under her full-bordered white cap, her blue flannel jacket and full short petticoat tied closely

round her slender waist, and her little bare white feet peeping from beneath the ample folds. The room was very clean, the stone floor freshly sanded, a white sheet hung across the window, and the little looking-glass on the chest of drawers also covered with a white cloth, showing that death had visited the family. The blue-and-white checked curtains were drawn closely round the large four post bedstead, and before the blazing fire sat a large and solemn-looking tabby cat. Joe bent his head as I entered, and waved me to a seat in the full front of the fire, the place of honour. We sat some time in silence; at last I said, 'I have come to ask what you think you most need at the present time.'

There was a pause, then Effie, looking up, said—

'Missy, I canna reetly say; I had ighteen pence i' the hoose when they brought my master home yestreen, but that is a' gaen the noo. It's hard, missy, to ken where lies the sairest need. It's the Lord's will, and He might ha ta'en Joe thegither wi the puir auld man and the lad; we mauna (may not) compleen.' And the young head drooped, and silence again reigned in the house of mourning. I then tried to rouse poor Joe by asking him to make out a list, as soon as he felt able, of all the things most necessary for a fresh start in fishing, as some kind friends had offered to join us in defraying the expense of an outfit for him, and Saunders was willing to give him a place in his own boat if Joe could find his gear. Joe shook his rough curly head dismally, and with his own peculiar little bow, replied, 'Missy, the kind gentlefolk dinna ken the cost o' the gear; it wad coom to mair siller than ony one wad gie to the likes o' me;' and his eyes wandered sadly back to the heap of torn and tangled lines lying on the floor.

At this juncture Babbie Potter came in with some nice hot broth that my mother had sent, and I endeavoured to coax Joe and Effie to take some of it; but their trouble seemed to have overcome all sense of hunger and fatigue, so I left them, thinking that time would do more than I could to restore them. They were both very young, and adversity was new to them.

We will now pass to a brighter scene. One fine fresh morning, about a fortnight after the loss of the coble, Effie came to say that Joe was 'biding o' the hoose, wad we gang and gie the guid word to the new gear.' So we went, and found Joe seated before the fire in state, dressed in a new suit of white flannels and yellow oilskins, with a very clean red face, surmounted by a shining bright blue sou'-wester, and a huge pair of new fishing boots on his legs. On the floor were several new 'swills' (flat oval wicker baskets) full of exquisitely arranged fishing lines, the bait on the hooks looking like rows of shining pebbles on the dark coils. Saunders had given Joe a place in his boat, and all was ready for a start. We examined and approved all the various articles, gave the 'good word,' and off went Joe on his new venture. Later in the day Effie came to our back door, bright and smiling, a large haddock hanging

on each of her thumbs, with Joe's 'kind reminds' to the master and the mistress, and a little fish in her apron for 'missy's pussy,' the first fruits of the new lines. After this, Saunders and Joe continued to fish together until the latter was able to buy a boat for himself. When last I saw Joe and Effie, they were a thriving and prosperous couple, steadily pursuing a course of honest industry. The 'fiery sunrise' was followed by a day of storm and anxiety, but before evening the clouds dispersed and the winter sun set in calm and glorious beauty. The strife was over! So may it prove with Joe and Effie Latimer. The early morning of their wedded life was clouded with sorrow, and succeeded by many days of hard and anxious toil before their afternoon of rest arrived; they earned their repose, and when the evening shadows fall upon them, may the sunset be one of peace!

Soon after the loss of the *Lovely Jane*, a fine life boat, with carriage and rocket apparatus, was presented to the village of Saltpool by the good and great Lord of the Manor; that boat has been the means of saving many lives.

The noble donor, the brave simple-hearted Saunders, and many loved and revered ones, who worked for the good of the primitive fisherfolk, have long since passed away, but their memory lives, and 'their works do follow them.'

Your affectionate friend,

FENELLA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Of the various debates of the year Chelsea China thinks that the question of the necessity of agreement in belief and opinion for intimate friends called forth the most interesting discussion.

The rights and wrongs of bazaars for Church purposes, and the advantages, as against the dangers of high ritual, have also been very successful.

The year finishes up with an extra contribution from *Bildad* on this last topic. One from *A Northumbrian Lassie* on agreement in friendship, and another from the same hand drawing a distinction between Unselfishness and Self-denial.

Chelsea China bids farewell to her friends of 1890 and hopes to welcome them to enlarged quarters in 1891.

It is stated, that any *injury* done to character by the custom of expressing feelings of devotion, etc., through elaborate ceremonial is superficial only; but that the good effects, though less apparent, are real. Is this so?

No. Harm done by formality is more than superficial. Unless the soul is quickened and roused by outward visible signs, and is taught by these means to seek and find the Invisible, it is being slowly deadened and killed. The *good* effects of expressing one's feelings by outward acts of devotion are generally apparent and lasting. To those who are unable, from various reasons, to comprehend and fully enter into the beauty and happiness of worshipping God with both body and soul, and to whom ritual and outward observances are but so many meaningless forms, the real harm done goes deep, and injures not only themselves, but those with whom they come in contact. It seems to me impossible that one can receive harm and good from the same source at the same time.* Each must judge for himself in matters of devotion and follow earnestly the convictions of his own heart. Let us avoid what we *know* to be harmful to our souls in matters of religion, and ever seek and find comfort in that which we know in our innermost heart draws us to a closer union with Christ, and in doing so helps us to realise most fully the grandness and wide comprehensiveness of the Communion of Saints.

BILDAD.

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* *Query?*—Chelsea China.

Is agreement of belief and opinion necessary to a close friendship?

'I do not see how it is possible for a close friendship to exist between people who differ in belief and opinion. Of course it is impossible for two people to think alike on every subject, but I think there could not be a true friendship without agreement on most points. I cannot understand a close friendship between people of different religions. 'Cor ad cor loquitur,' was the motto of the great Cardinal who has just passed to his rest, and unless that can be said of a friendship, how can it be a close one? and if there is not agreement on the subjects nearest the heart of each, how can it be said? No one who remembers friendships between many of the Saints can fail to believe that a friendship is a gift of God's, to be used to His glory and the good of our own and our friends' souls, and to attain this, I think agreement of belief and opinion is necessary.

A Northumbrian Lassie.

It seems to me that the difference between self-denial and unselfishness is, that the former need not concern any one except ourselves, while the latter must, from its very nature, concern a second person. The motive of self-denial is to do ourselves good, but the motive of unselfishness is to do good to some one else. I think it is quite possible that self-denial, carried to a great extent, may injure the characters of those we come in contact with, because in our desire to mortify and deny ourselves, we may easily overlook the effect we are producing on others. I do not see now unselfishness can do this, as from its nature it compels us to think entirely of our neighbour's true welfare, and not to do anything that might injure him. Our sole aim must be to follow as closely as possible the one great example of perfect unselfishness, and to do everything for His glory and the true happiness of our fellow-creatures.

A Northumbrian Lassie.

Question for December.

Answers will appear in February, 1891.

Is it well, to encourage amusements for working girls, or to teach them to go without?

(The subject divides into two parts:

1. Amusements provided by philanthropic agencies.
2. Amusements provided by themselves or their equals.)

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before January 1st, 1891.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Reformed Benedictines.

Questions for December.

41. Give a full account of the Order of Clugni, and name any celebrated Cluniacs you can remember.

42. How did the Cistercian Order differ from the Benedictine, and name as many celebrated Houses of the Order as possible?

43. Describe a Carthusian monastery, and give a short account of half-a-dozen famous monks belonging to this Order, the Camaldolesi and the Olivetani.

44. Short accounts of St. Giovanni Gualberto, St. Aelred of Rievaulx, and a somewhat longer one of St. Bernard; and compare very shortly the motives which led to the foundation of the chief Reformed Orders.

N.B. The subjects this month designedly advance into next year's period.

Bog-Oak will be merciful as to length this time.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by January 1st.

September Class List.

First Class.

Cocksmoor . . . 39	Charissa Andromache . . . 36 Malacoda	Vorwärts Λαμβδα 33
Water Wagtail Papaver . . 38 Sycorax	Sophy Verena 35	Firenze Violets 32
Etheldreda Honeysuckle . . 37	Ierne Veritas 34	Fidelia Bluebell . . . 31 Hegesippus

Second Class.

Καθολικος Cecilia 23	Esclairmonde . . . 22	Spider . . . . . 21 Countess 20

Third Class.

Trudel 18

Remarks.

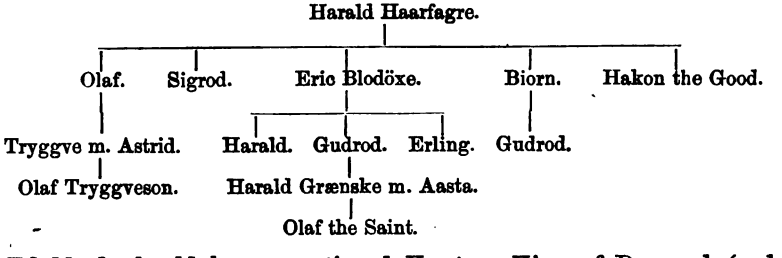
29. A glance at the Class List shows that most of the Papers this time are excellent; but even two months time has not insured many papers. The holiday month is not quite a success.* The lives of St.

* Bog-Oak is sorry that *Kentigern* and *Decima* have been quite unavoidably hindered from writing.

Anskar are capital, the following having full marks for it: *Etheldreda, Cocksmoor, Water Wagtail, Firenze, Papaver, Charissa, Sycorax, Sophy, Violets, Verena, Ierne, Bluebell, Veritas, Andromache, Countess,* Λαμβδα, *Hegesippus, Malacoda,* and *Honeysuckle.*

30. *Etheldreda, Andromache,* and *Honeysuckle* seem to say all that there is to say about England's influence in the conversion of the North. The chief points are, Willibrod taking Danish youths to educate; Alfred's conversion of the Danes in England; Hakon's English education, etc.; the conversion of Eric Blodöxe and his sons (which prevented their hindering, if they did not help, Christianity in Norway); Olaf Tryggveson's conversion here and mission; St. Olaf's English friends and missionaries, and his sending an English Bishop to Iceland; Olaf the Lapking's English Bishop Sigfrid, etc.; Knut's conversion in England, and his founding thirteen Bishoprics in Denmark. *Charissa* tells of the recent consecration of an English Church in Norway; though a Norwegian 'Bishop' was present, Bog-Oak fears there is nothing to be said for Norwegian Orders at present, and but little for Swedish. *Sophy* says Hakon was educated by Guthrum the Dane in Alfred's time; *Bluebell* that Ethelbert brought him up. It was Æthelstane, some fifty years later.

31. The lives of the two Olafs and Knut are best done, on the whole, by *Cocksmoor, Water Wagtail, Papaver, Verena,* and Λαμβδα. Some have written two pages on Olaf Tryggveson, yet his conversion and his people's, which alone connect him with Church history, are relegated to a line and a half each. *Bluebell:* How could he have a stepmother, when his own mother survived his father? *Cecilia:* He did not fight at Andover, but Ælphege, Bishop of Winchester, brought him there up the Test Valley from Southampton to meet King Ethelred, who was holding his Court in Andover, and here the Sea-King was confirmed. *Spider:* Olaf did not die in a fight with Raud, whom he slew long before, but with Svend Tveskæg and Olaf the Lapking. *Sophy:* Jaroslav was a person, not a place. *Veritas:* St. Olaf was second cousin once removed to Olaf Tryggveson, *not* grand-nephew. Here is the pedigree:



Etheldreda should have mentioned Knut as King of Denmark (and Norway by conquest) as well as of England. Olaf Tryggveson is decidedly the favourite Olaf, and Λαμβδα is the only one to choose Knut, one of the greatest kings who ever lived.

32. *Cocksmoor*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Charissa*, *Sycorax*, and *Malacoda* give the best accounts of Christianity in Iceland; not omitting the early Culdee hermits and Auda the Rich, the missions of Bishop Frederic and Thaugbrand, the Althing of Thorgeir, and the fostering care of St. Olaf and Harald Hardrada, whom *Veritas* calls Haarfagre.

Subjoined is the scheme for 1891. Bog-Oak hopes her members will read for themselves the 'lines left out,' as it is impossible to cover nearly the whole ground in these Papers. It will be better not to send the subscriptions (1*s.*) for 1891 till the January Papers come in.

SCHEME FOR 1891.

PERIOD OF THE CRUSADES, AND OF THE RISE OF PAPAL POWER.

I. *The East.*

January.—Separation of East and West.
February.—The Crusades.
March.—The Military Orders.

II. *The West.*

April.—England in the Twelfth Century.
May.—The Pontificate of Innocent III.
June.—The Mendicant Orders.
July.—England in the Thirteenth Century.

III. *Theological Opinions.*

August. } Eucharistic Controversies.
September. }
October.—The Schoolmen.
November.—Waldenses and other Mediæval Sects.

December:—IV. *Church Architecture and Art.*

Books recommended: *Beginnings of Church History*, by C. M. Yonge, 5*s.* *Student's English Church History*, by Perry, 1st Period, 7*s.* 6*d.* (Murray). *Grossetête*, by Perry (S.P.C.K.), 2*s.* 6*d.* *Landmarks of Mediæval History*, by C. M. Yonge (Smith & Innes), 3*s.* Cox's *Crusades* (Longmans), in Epochs of History Series, 2*s.* 6*d.* And for those who can see them: *Lectures on Mediæval Church History*, Trench (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.), 12*s.* Montalembert's *Monks of the West.* Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* (Murray), Books vii., viii., ix. Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, Vols. ii. and iii. Giles' *Life of Becket.*